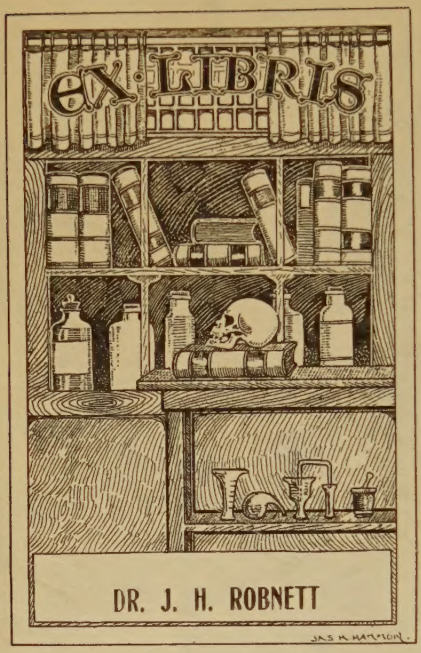
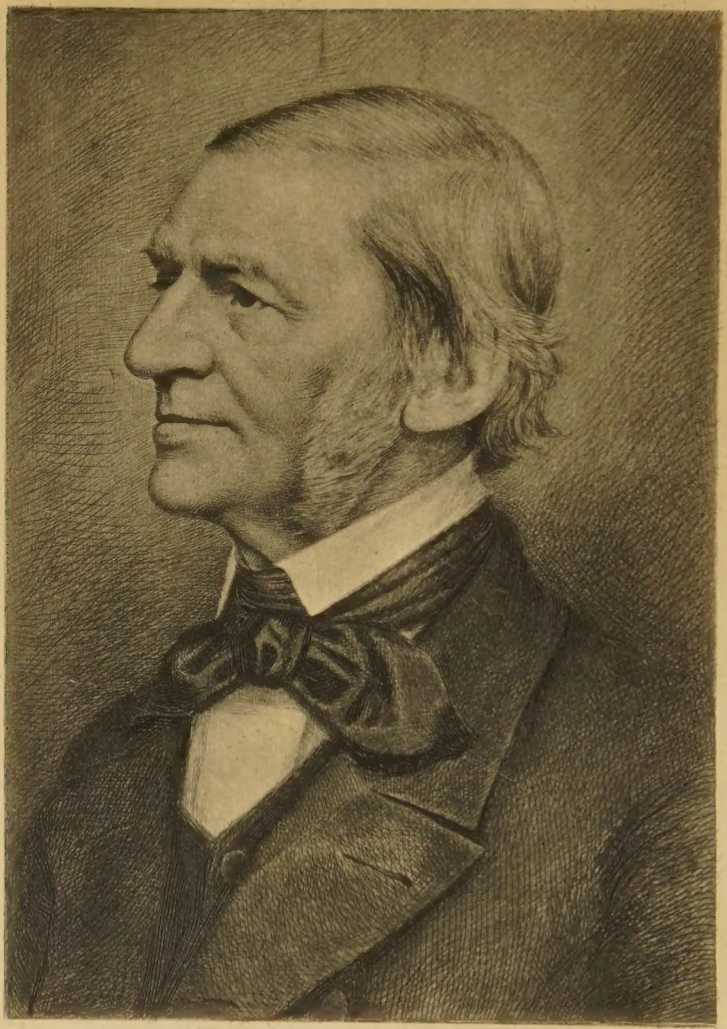

ex·LIBRIS
DR. J. H. ROBNETT
JAS H HARMON



THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Photogravure—From an etching by E. Reich.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

CLARK RIDPATH

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC
EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Photogravure—From an etching by E. Reich.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC
EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature

A Biographical and Bibliographical Summary of the World's Most Eminent Authors, including the Choicest Selections and Masterpieces from their Writings, Comprising the Best Features of Many Celebrated Compilations, Notably

The Guernsey Collection The De Puy Collection
The Ridpath Collection

CAREFULLY EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR IN CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1908

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German u, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
th as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

COPYRIGHT, 1906
BY
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY

All rights reserved

LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. IX

PAGE

EDGREN (êd′ grên), ANNE CHARLOTTE LEFFLER..... 7
EDMUND KIRKE (ed′ mund kêrk), *see* GILMORE, JAMES ROBERTS .....
EDNA LYALL (ed′ nạ lī ạl), *see* BAYLY, ADA ELLEN....
EDWARDS (ed′ wạrdz), AMELIA BLANDFORD..... 10
EDWARDS, JONATHAN 14
EDWARDS, MATILDA BARBARA..... 20
EEKHOUD (āk′ hout), GEORGES..... 22
EGGLESTON (eg′ l stŏn), EDWARD..... 25
EGGLESTON, GEORGE CARY..... 29
EGINHARD (eg′ in härd), ... 32
EICHENDORFF (ī′ ken dorf), JOSEPH VON..... 34
ELIA (ē′ li ạ), *see* LAMB, CHARLES.....
ELIOT (el′ i ŏt), CHARLES WILLIAM..... 38
ELIOT, GEORGE, *see* EVANS, MARY ANN.....
ELIOT, JOHN 41
ELIOT, SAMUEL 42
ELIZABETH WETHERELL (ē liz′ạ beth weṫh′ êr el), *see* WARNER, SUSAN .....
ELLET (el′ et), ELIZABETH FRIES..... 49
ELLICOTT (el′ i kot), CHARLES JOHN..... 53
ELLIOT (el′ i ŏt), GILBERT..... 57
ELLIOT, JEAN 60
ELLIOTT (el′ i ŏt), CHARLES WYLLYS..... 62
ELLIOTT, EBENEZER 67
ELLIS BELL (el′ lis bel), *see* BRONTË, EMILY.....
ELLIS (el′ lis), EDWARD SYLVESTER..... 71
ELLIS, HENRY 74
ELLIS, SARAH STICKNEY..... 77
ELLIS, WILLIAM 80
ELLWOOD (el′ wůd), THOMAS..... 82
ELY (ē′ li), RICHARD THEODORE..... 85
EMERSON (em′ êr sŏn), RALPH WALDO..... 88
EMPEDOCLES (em ped′ ō klēz), ... 118
E. NESBIT (ē nez′ bit), *see* BLAND, EDITH NESBIT.....
ENGLISH (ing′ glish), THOMAS DUNN..... 122
ENNIUS (en′ i us), QUINTUS..... 131

PAGE

Eötvös (êt' vêsh), Josef 134
Epictetus (ep ik tē' tus) 139
Epicurus (ep i kū' rus) 142
Erasmus (ē raz' mus), Desiderius 147
Erceldoune (er'sil dön), Thomas of 154
Ercilla Y Zuniga (ār thēl' yä ē thön yē' gä), Alonso de 157
Erckmann-Chatrian (erk' män shä trē oñ) 162
Ernst Verner (ernst fer' ner), *see* Burstenbinder, Elizabeth .....
Erksine (êrsk' in), Thomas 170
Espronceda (es prōn thä' dä) José de 175
Esquiros (es kē rōs'), Henri François 178
Ethel Lynn (eth' el lin), *see* Beers, Ethelinda Eliot.
Euler (oi' ler), Leonhard 183
Euripides (ū rip' i dēz), ... 186
Eusebius of Cæsarea (ū sē' bi us ōv ses ā rē'ą) 203
Evans (ev' ąnz), Augusta J., *see* Wilson, Augusta E.
Evans, Christmas 206
Evans, Mary Ann 210
Evarts (ev' ąrts), William Maxwell 232
Evelyn (ev' e lin), John 239
Everett (ev' êr et), Alexander Hill 245
Everett, Edward 251
Ewald (ā' vält), Johannes 259
Ewbank (ū' bangk), Thomas 264
Ewing (ū' ing), Juliana Horatia Gatty 269

F

Faber (fā' bêr), Cecilia Böhl von 273
Faber, Frederick William 277
Faber, George Stanley 285
Fabyan (fā' bi ąn), Robert 291
Faidit (fā dē), Gaucelm 295
Fairfax (fâr' faks), Edward 298
Falconer (fâk' nêr or fâ' kō nêr), William 302
Fanny Crosby (fan' i kroz' bi), *see* Van Alstyne, Frances Jane .....
Fanny Fern (fan' i fêrn), *see* Parton, Sara Payson..
Fanshaw (fan' shâ), Anne Harrison 306
Faraday (far' a dā), Michael 308
Fargus (fär' gus), Frederick John 314

PAGE
FARIA Y SOUSA (fä rē' ä ē sō' zä), MANOEL DE..... 317
FARINI (fä rē' nē), CARLO LUIGI..... 320
FARJEON (fär' jŏn), BENJAMIN LEOPOLD..... 324
FARQUHAR (fär' kwär), GEORGE..... 329
FARRAR (far' är), FREDERICK WILLIAM..... 333
FATHER PROUT (fäth' êr prout), *see* MAHONEY, FRANCIS S. .....
FAWCETT (fâ' set), EDGAR..... 340
FAWCETT, HENRY 345
FAWKES (fâks), FRANCIS..... 346
FAY (fā), THEODORE SEDGWICK..... 350
FEDERALIST (fed' e rąl ist), THE..... 353
FELLTHAM (fel' thąm), OWEN..... 369
FÉNELON (fān loñ), FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC..... 372
FENN (fen), GEORGE MANVILLE..... 382
FENN, JOHN 390
FERGUSON (fêr' gu sŏn), ADAM..... 393
FERGUSON, SAMUEL 395
FERGUSSON (fêr' gu sŏn), ROBERT..... 400
FERNAN CABELLERO (fer' nän kä bā lā' rō), *see* FABER, CECILIA BÖHL VON.....
FERREIRA (fer rā' ē rä), ANTONIO..... 402
FERN (fêrn), FANNY, *see* PARTON, SARA PAYSON.....
FERRIER (fer' i êr), SUSAN EDMONDSTONE..... 406
FEUERBACH (foi' er bäch), LUDWIG ANDREAS..... 410
FEUILLET (fê yā), OCTAVE..... 415
FICHTE (fich' te), JOHANN GOTTLIEB..... 418
FIELD (fēld), EUGENE..... 427
FIELD, HENRY MARTYN..... 435
FIELD, MARY KATHERINE KEMBLE..... 439
FIELD, ROSWELL MARTIN..... 442
FIELDING (fēl' ding), HENRY..... 444
FIELDS (fēldz), JAMES THOMAS..... 451
FIGUEROA (fē gā rō' ä), FRANCISCO DE..... 461
FIGUIER (fē gyā), GUILLAUME LOUIS..... 462
FILICAJA (fē lē kä' yä), VINCENZO DA..... 465
FINCH (finch), FRANCIS MILES..... 470
FINLAY (fin' lā), GEORGE..... 473
FINLEY (fin' li), JOHN..... 475
FIRDAUSI (fēr dō' sē), ... 477
FIRENZUOLA (fē ren zö ō' lä), AGNOLO..... 489
FISCHER (fish' er), ERNST KUNO..... 492
FISHER (fish' êr), GEORGE PARK..... 495
FISHER, JOHN 498

E

EDGREN, ANNE CHARLOTTE LEFFLER, a Swedish novelist and dramatist; born at Stockholm, October 16, 1849; died at Naples, Italy, October 24, 1892. She was the daughter of School Superintendent Leffler of Stockholm, where she received a thoroughly good education, being, as her biographer says, far better educated than the majority of women, as she grew up in the companionship of two brothers, who were afterward professors. Her first work, a little play in two acts, entitled *The Actress*, was published under the pseudonym of "CARLOT," when she was nineteen years old. Other of her early writings were issued anonymously; and still others under the pen name of "ABRUN LEIFSON." In 1872 she married a brother of Professor Edgren of the University of Lund. Her husband was in the service of the government; their married life was an unhappy one, and was ended by a divorce; and Madame Edgren became a lecturer and an acknowledged leader of the Swedish woman's rights movement. During her travels she became acquainted with the Duke of Cajanello, an Italian mathematician, professor at the Lyceum at Naples. She fell desperately in love with him; and in May, 1890, a little more than two years before her

death she became the Duchess of Cajanello. In her dramas and novels she advocated the cause of the emancipation of woman. Of the former, the principal are *Skadespelerskan* (1873); *Under Toffeln* (1876); *Elfvan* (1880); *Sanna Kvinnor* (1883); *En Raddende Engel* (1883); *Huru Man Gor Godt* (1884). A collection of her stories was published at Stockholm in 1882 in four volumes, under the title *Ur Lifvet;* this has passed through many editions. A recent critic says that *Elfvan* (The Elf) is her best play; and that *Aurora Bunge* and *Love and Womanhood* are by far the best of her stories, her longest completed novel being *A Tale of Summer.*

Laura Marholm Hansson, in her psychological sketches in *Modern Women,* thus expresses her opinion of Madame Edgren: "The age in which we live has produced a class of women who, since they represent the strongest majority, must be reckoned as the type. It is natural that they should have neither the influence nor the fascination of the older generation, and they are not as happy. They are neither happy themselves, nor do they make others happy; the reason is that they are less womanly than the others were. From their midst the modern authoresses have gone forth, women who in days to come will be named in connection with the progress of culture; and I think that Anne Charlotte Edgren, Duchess of Cajanello, will long be remembered as the most characteristic representative of the type.

"Fru Edgren belonged to that class of women whose senses slumber long because their vital strength gives them the expectation of long youth. But when the day comes that they are awakened the same vitality that kept them asleep overflows with an intensity that

attracts like a beacon on a dark night. It is the woman who attracts the man, not the reverse. Fru Edgren found in her fortieth year that which she had sought for in vain in her twentieth and thirtieth,— love! The unfruitful became fruitful; the emaciated became beautiful, the woman's rights woman sang a song to the mystery of love; and the last short years of happiness, too soon interrupted by death, were a contradiction to the long insipid period of literary production."

SÓNYA KOVALÉVSKY.

It is but natural that my first meeting with Sónya, now that she is dead, should be vividly recalled to my mind, even to its slightest details. She arrived by the evening boat from Finland, and came to my brother Leffler's house as my guest; and I went there the next day. We had already heard so much of each other, that we were quite ready to be friends, and in haste to become personally acquainted. Perhaps she looked for more than I did; for she was much interested in that which was my particular aim, while I was thinking that a mathematical woman might be too much of an abstract thing for me. When I reached the house, she was standing by the window. The most noticeable features of her countenance were the eyes, which lent to her whole face that intellectual nobility with which all who saw her were impressed; — eyes which were now green, now brown, always, as it were, changing, and never of any certain color; great, luminous eyes, piercing to the innermost recess of your soul, but tender and loving, sympathetically responsive, and winning from you your most secret secrets by their magnetic charm.

With a quick movement she turned toward me, and stretching out her hands crossed the room to me; yet with an appearance of bashfulness that gave to the first meeting somewhat the air of a formality. She had had the toothache; and that was the subject of our first conversation: I said I would show her to a dentist's office. Truly a pleasing reason for taking a walk through a

strange town; but she was not the person to give much time or attention to so small a matter.

It happened at this time that I was trying to work out the plot of my drama *The Way to Do Good;* but as yet I had not put it down in writing. But ere we had got to the office of the dentist — and here was Sónya's influence in the directing the thoughts of another — I had not only told her all the play, but had myself thought it out in a breadth and a minuteness of detail far beyond what I had ever intended or thought of before.

And this was the beginning of the power which, ever after this, she exercised upon my writings. Her insight, her sympathy with another's thoughts, were of so exceptional a character; so enthusiastic, so fervent, was her praise when pleased; so just was her criticism, that I, with my receptive nature, could never get on with my work while her approbation was wanting. Whatever I had at any time, if her criticism was unfavorable, I rewrote; and nothing was finished till she was pleased. And thus began our collaboration in authorship.—*From Sónya Kovalévsky.*

EDWARDS, Amelia Blandford, an English Egyptologist and novelist; born at London in 1831; died at Weston Super Mare, Somerset, April 15, 1892. She was educated at home. Her first novel was *My Brother's Wife* (1855). It was followed by *The Ladder of Life* (1857); *Hand and Glove* (1859); *Barbara's History* (1864); *Half a Million of Money; Miss Carew; Short Stories and Ballads* (1865); *Debenham's Vow* (1869); *In the Days of my Youth* (1871); *Monsieur Maurice* (1873), and *Lord Brackenbury* (1880). After 1880 she devoted herself to archæological studies. In 1883 she was made honorary secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

She received the title of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia College, New York, and lectured on the antiquities of Egypt in 1889 and succeeding years in the United States. She also wrote *A Summary of English History* (1856); *The History of France* (1858); *The Story of Cervantes* (1863); *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys* (1873); *A Thousand Miles up the Nile* (1877), and *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers* (1891). She was one of the leading Egyptologists of England, a member of the Biblical Archæological Society and of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, and was a contributor to English and foreign journals and to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

IN ROME.

We lived on the Pincian Hill, close by the gardens of the French Academy. Far and wide beneath our windows lay the spires and housetops of the Eternal city, with the Doria pines standing out against the western horizon. At the back we had a *loggia* overlooking the garden studios of the French school, with the plantations of the Borghese Villa and the snow-streaked Apennines beyond. Ah, what glorious sights and sounds we had from those upper windows on the Pincian Hill! What pomp and pageantry of cloud! What mists of golden dawn! What flashes of crimson sunset upon distant peaks! How often we heard the chimes at midnight, rung out from three hundred churches, and were awakened in the early morning by military music, and the tramp of French troops marching to parade! After breakfast, we used to go down into the city to see some public or private collection; or, map in hand, trace the sight of a temple or a forum. Sometimes we made pious pilgrimages to places famous in art or history, such as the house of Rienzi, the tomb of Raffaelle, or the graves of our poets in the Protestant Burial-ground. Sometimes, when the morning was wet or dull, we passed a few

pleasant hours in the studios of the Via Margutta, where the artists "most do congregate," or loitered our time away among the curiosity shops of the Via Condotti. Later in the day our horses were brought round, and we rode or drove beyond the walls, toward Antemnæ or Veii; or along the meadows behind the Vatican; or out by the fountain of Egeria, in sight of those ruined aqueducts which thread the brown wastes of the Campagna, like a funeral procession turned to stone. Then, when evening came, we piled the logs upon the hearth and read aloud by turns; or finished the morning's sketches. Now and then, if it were moonlight, we went out again; and sometimes, though seldom, dropped in for an hour at the Opera, or the Theatre Metastasio. . . . Thus the winter months glided away, and the springtime came, and Lent was kept and ended. Thus Rome made holiday at Easter, and the violets grew thicker than ever on the grave of Keats; and the primroses lay in clusters of pale gold about the cypress glades of Monte Mario. Thus, too, we extended our rambles for many a mile beyond the city walls, trampling the wild flowers of the Campagna; tracking the antique boundaries of Latium and Etruria; mapping out the battle-fields of the *Æneid;* and visiting the sites of cities whose history has been for long centuries confounded with tradition, and whose temples were dedicated to a religion of which the poetry and the ruins alone survive. It was indeed a happy, happy time; and the days went by as if they had been set to music. . . .

One day, as the Spring was rapidly merging into Summer, we drove out from Rome to Albano. It was quite early when we started. The grassy mounds of the Campo Vaccino were crowded with bullock-tracks as we went down the Sacred Road; and the brown walls of the Colosseum were touched with golden sunshine. The same shadows that had fallen daily for centuries in the same places, darkened the windings of the lower passages. The blue day shone through the uppermost arches, and the shrubs that grew upon them waved to and fro in the morning breeze. A monk was preaching in the midst of the arena; and a French military band was practising upon the open ground behind the building.

"Oh, for a living Cæsar to expel these Gauls!" muttered Hugh, aiming the end of his cigar at the spurred heels of a dandy little *sous lieutenant* who was sauntering "delicately," like King Agag, on the sunny side of the road.

Passing out by the San Giovanni gate we entered upon those broad wastes that lie to the southeast of the city. Going forward thence, with the aqueducts to our left, and the old Appian Way, lined with crumbling sepulchres, reaching for miles in one unswerving line to our far right, we soon left Rome behind. Faint patches of vegetation gleamed here and there, like streaks of light; and nameless ruins lay scattered broadcast over the bleak shores of this "most desolate region." Sometimes we came upon a primitive bullock-wagon, or a peasant driving an ass laden with green boughs; but these signs of life were rare. Presently we passed the remains of a square temple, with Corinthian pilasters — then a drove of shaggy ponies — then a little truck with a tiny pent-house reared on one side of the seat, to keep the driver from the sun — then a flock of rusty sheep — a stagnant pool — a clump of stunted trees — a conical thatched hut — a round sepulchre, half buried in the soil of ages — a fragment of broken arch; and so on, for miles and miles, across the barren plain. By and by we saw a drove of buffalos scouring along toward the aqueduct, followed by a mounted herdsman, buskined and brown, with his lance in his hand, his blue cloak floating behind him, and his sombrero down upon his brow — the very picture of a Mexican hunter. Now the Campagna was left behind, and Albano stood straight before us, on the summit of a steep and weary hill. Low lines of whitewashed wall bordered the road on either side, inclosing fields of *fascine*, orchards, olive-grounds, and gloomy plantations of cypresses and pines. Next came a range of sand-banks with cavernous hollows and deep undershadows; next, an old *cinque-cento* gateway, crumbling away by the roadside; then a little wooden cross on an overhanging crag; then the sepulcre of Pompey; and then the gates of Albano, through which we rattled into the town, and up to the entrance of the Hôtel de Russie. Here we tasted the

wine that Horace praised, and lunched in a room that overlooked the brown sea of Campagna, with the hazy Mediterranean on the farthest horizon, and tower of Corioli, standing against the clear sky to our left.—*Barbara's History.*

EDWARDS, JONATHAN, an American theologian and metaphysician; born at East Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703; died at Princeton, N. J., March 22, 1758. He entered Yale College at thirteen, and was licensed to preach at nineteen; but before accepting any regular pastoral charge, he resolved to devote two more years to study. From 1724 to 1726 he was tutor at Yale. Early in 1727 he was ordained as colleague to his maternal grandfather, Mr. Stoddard, the pastor at Northampton, Mass., becoming sole minister, two years later, upon the death of Mr. Stoddard. His ministry at Northampton lasted twenty-four years. Disputes upon ecclesiastical points arose between him and his congregation, and he was forced to resign. He then became a missionary among the remnant of the Housatonic Indians at Stockbridge, Mass., where he wrote the *Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will; God's Last End in the Creation,* the treatises on *The Affections; On Original Sin;* and on *The Nature of True Virtue,* and a projected voluminous *History of Redemption,* which had been begun several years before. In 1757 his son-in-law, Rev. Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College, died, and Edwards was chosen as his successor. He was installed in this office in February, 1758, but died a month after, from an attack of small-

pox. Besides the works already mentioned and a *Life of David Brainerd,* his son-in-law, numerous *Sermons* of Edwards' were published during his lifetime and after his death. Several editions of his *Works* have been published; the most complete of which, with a *Memoir,* is by his great-grandson, Sereno Edwards Dwight (10 vols., 1830; afterward in a more compact form in 4 large volumes).

THE WILL DETERMINED BY THE STRONGEST MOTIVE.

By determining the Will — if the phrase be used with any meaning — must be intended, causing that the act of the Will or choice should be thus, and not otherwise; and the Will is said to be determined when in consequence of some action or influence, its choice is directed to, and fixed upon a particular object. As when we speak of the determination of motion, we mean causing the motion of the body to be such a way, or in such a direction, rather than another. To talk of the determination of the Will, supposes an effect, which must have a cause. If the Will be determined, there is a determiner. This must be supposed to be intended even by them that say the Will determines itself. If it be so, the Will is both determiner and determined; it is a cause that acts and produces effects upon itself, and is the object of its own influence and action.

With respect to that grand inquiry, What determines the Will? it is sufficient to my present purpose to say, it is a motive, which, as it stands in the view of the mind, is the strongest, that determines the Will. By *motive* I mean the whole of that which moves, excites, or invites the mind to volition, whether that be one thing singly, or many things conjunctly. Many particular things may concur and unite their strength to induce the mind, and, when it is so, all together are as it were one complex motive. And when I speak of the *strongest motive,* I have respect to the strength of the whole that operates to induce to a particular act of volition, whether that be the strength of one thing alone, or of many together.

Whatever is a motive, in this sense, must be something that is extant in the view or apprehension of the understanding, or perceiving faculty. Nothing can induce or invite the mind to will or to act anything, any further than it is perceived, or is in some way or other in the mind's view; for what is wholly unperceived, and perfectly out of the mind's view, cannot affect the mind at all. It is most evident that nothing is in the mind, or reaches it, or takes any hold of it, any other wise than as it is perceived or thought of.

And I think it must be allowed by all that every thing that is properly called a motive, excitement, or inducement to a perceiving, willing agent, has some sort and degree of *tendency* or *advantage* to move or excite the Will, previous to the effect, or to the act of the Will excited. This previous tendency of the motive is what I call the *strength of the motive*. That motive which has a less degree of previous advantage, or tendency to move the Will, or that appears less inviting, as it stands in view of the mind, is what I call a *weaker motive*. On the contrary, that which appears most inviting, and has, by what appears concerning it to the understanding or apprehension, the greatest degree of previous tendency to excite and induce the choice, is what I call the *strongest motive*.

Things that exist in the view of the mind have their strength, tendency, or advantage to move or excite its Will, from many things appertaining to the nature and circumstances of the thing viewed, the nature and circumstances of the mind that views, and the degree and manner of its views, of which it would perhaps be hard to make a perfect enumeration. But so much I think may be determined in general, without room for controversy, that whatever is perceived or apprehended by an intelligent and voluntary agent, which has the nature and influence of a motive to volition or choice, is considered or viewed as good; nor has it any tendency to invite or engage the election of the soul in any further degree than it appears such. For to say otherwise, would be to say that things that appear have a tendency by the appearance they make, to engage the mind to elect them, some other

way than by their appearing eligible to it; which is absurd. And therefore it must be true, in some sense, that the Will is always as the greatest apparent good is.

I use the term *good* as of the same import as *agreeable*. To appear good to the mind, as I use the phrase, is the same as to *appear agreeable,* or *seem pleasing* to the mind. Certainly nothing appears inviting and eligible to the mind, or tending to engage its inclination and choice, considered as evil or disagreeable; nor, indeed, as indifferent, and neither agreeable nor disagreeable. But if it tends to draw the inclination and move the Will, it must be under the notion of that which suits the mind. And, therefore, that must have the greatest tendency to attract and engage it, which, as it stands in the mind's view, suits it best, and pleases it most; and in that sense it is the greatest apparent good. The word *good,* in this sense, includes in its signification the removal or avoiding of evil, or of that which is disagreeable and uneasy. It is agreeable and pleasing to avoid what is disagreeable and unpleasing, and to have uneasiness removed.

When I say, the Will is as the greatest apparent good is or that volition has always for its object the thing which appears most agreeable, it must be carefully observed that I speak of the *direct* and *immediate* object of the act of volition; and not of some object that the act of the Will has not an immediate but only an indirect and remote respect to. Many acts of volition have some remote relation to an object that is different from the thing most immediately willed and chosen. Thus, when a drunkard has his liquor before him, and he has to choose whether to drink or no, the proper and immediate objects about which his present volition is conversant, and between which his choice now decides, are his own acts, in drinking the liquor or letting it alone; and this will certainly be done according to what, in the present view of his mind, taken in the whole of it, is the most agreeable to him. If he chooses or wills to drink it, and not to let it alone, then his action, as it stands in the view of his mind, with all that belongs to its appearance there, is more agreeable and pleasing than letting it alone.

But the objects to which this act of volition may relate

more remotely, and between which his choice may determine more indirectly, are the present pleasure the man expects by drinking, and the future misery which he judges will be the consequence of it. He may judge that this future misery when it comes, will be more disagreeable and unpleasant than refraining from drinking now would be. But these two things are not the proper objects that the act of volition spoken of is nextly conversant about. For the act of Will spoken of is concerning present drinking or forbearing to drink. If he wills to drink, drinking is the proper object of the act of his Will; and drinking, on some account or other, now appears most agreeable to him, and suits him best. If he chooses to refrain, then refraining is the immediate object of his will, and is most pleasing to him. If in the choice he makes in the case, he prefers a present pleasure to a future advantage, which he judges will be greater when it comes, then a lesser present pleasure appears more agreeable to him than a greater advantage at a distance. If, on the contrary a future advantage is preferred, then that appears most agreeable and suits him best. And so still the present volition is as the greatest apparent good at present is.— *The Freedom of the Will, Part I., Section 2.*

THE IMMINENT PERIL OF SINNERS.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopped, the more rapid and mighty is its course when once it is let loose. It is true that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but your guilt in the meantime is constantly increasing, and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are constantly rising, and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God that holds the waters back, that are unwilling to be stopped, and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw His hand from the floodgate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the

fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea, ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and Justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow; and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God — and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all — that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood. Thus all you that never passed under a great change of heart, by the mighty power of the Spirit of God upon your souls; all of you that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from being dead in sin, to a state of new and before altogether unexperienced light and life, are in the hands of an angry God. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion, in your families and closets, and in the house of God, it is nothing but His mere pleasure, that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell — much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire — abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. His wrath toward you burns like fire; He looks upon you as being worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire. He is of purer eyes that to bear to have you in His sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in His eyes than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended Him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet it is nothing but His hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else that you did not go to hell the last night; that you were suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up. There is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell since you

have sat here in the house of God, provoking His pure eyes by your sinful, wicked manner of attending his solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not at this very moment drop down into hell.—*Sermon, "Sinners in the Hand of an angry God."*

EDWARDS, MATILDA BARBARA BETHAM, an English novelist; born at Westerfield, Suffolk, in 1836. Her first novel, *The White House by the Sea,* published in 1857, passed through several editions. She has since contributed critical and social papers to *Punch,* the *Pall Mall Gazette, Fraser's Magazine,* and other periodical publications, and has written numerous novels and books for children. Among them are *Holidays Among the Mountains; or, Scenes and Stories of Wales;* and *Little Bird Red and Little Bird Blue* (1861); *John and I* and *Snow-Flakes and the Stories They Told the Children* (1862); *Doctor Jacob* (1864); *A Winter with the Swallows* (1867); *Dr. Campany's Courtship* and *Through Spain to the Sahara* (1868); *Kitty* (1869); *The Sylvestres* (1871); *Mademoiselle Josephine's Fridays* (1874); *A Year in Western France* (1877); *Holidays in Eastern France* (1879); *Six Life Studies of Famous Women* (1880); *Pearla* (1884). *Arthur Young's Travels in France,* with notes, biography, and general sketch of France (1889); *The Roof of France, or Travels in Lovère* (1889); *Forestalled, or the Life-quest* (1891); *France of To-day* (1892); *A North Country Comedy* (1892); *The Romance of a French Parsonage* (1892); *The Curb of Honor* (1893); *A Romance of Dijon* (1894).

Her hymn, *God Make My Life a Little Light,* is included in Dr. Julian's great dictionary of *Hymnology.*

KITTY'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

I am a social gypsy; born of them, bred among them, made love to by them. We lived like vagabonds on the face of the earth, taking no care for the morrow; feasting one day, starving the next; but we broke no laws except those of custom and comfort. The men were honest, the women were good, and a universal tie of kindness and charity bound them together. It was a merry life that we led in this Bohemia of ours, and as free from care as the life of the birds in the woods. If one of us wanted a shilling, a coat or a loaf of bread, there were neighbors ready for us; and toward myself the goodness was such as I should be wicked to forget. It was not a life of inward, if of outward, vulgarity. We adored pictures, and music, and beautiful things, and often went without food to get a taste of them. Yet as I grew to be a woman I hated the life. I longed for softness and refinement, as other women long for finery and admiration. Perhaps it was because I came of gentle blood — so they told me — and the instinct of respectability was too strong for me. I felt like an alien, and I determined to elevate myself, some day or other, at any cost. I used to sit at home — a very Cinderella among the ashes — thinking, thinking; scheming, scheming. I had no gifts; that was the worst of it. I could act passably, but not well enough to go on the stage. I could sing and play a little, but had no musical instinct in me; I could not draw a line to save my life. My only natural gift seemed the art of acquiring popularity — I ought to say affection. People always liked me better than anybody else. It was as if wherever I went I exercised a magnetic influence, and this often without any volition of my own. If we were dunned by some hard-hearted grocer or butcher I went to him and talked him into waiting for his money a little longer. There was a poor old Pole in our little colony, a teacher of languages, who would go without bread to buy me sweetmeats. If Mrs. Cornfield's pupils brought little gifts of

flowers of fruit they were always presented to me. When one of them, Laura Norman, asked me to stay at her father's house in the country, and I went, of course old Dr. Norman, who was a widower of forty-five, fell in love with me; and his son, a youth of nineteen, fell in love with me, too, and I had no more sought their love than I had sought the love of the others at home. In an ill-advised moment I consented to become Dr. Norman's wife, and if Myra had not offered me a home with her I should have married him; whether for good or evil I know not — I fancy for evil. You know how entirely Myra leaned upon me and looked up to me. I believe she would have given me the half of her fortune in her generous, impulsive affection; and we were as happy together as two women can be, when the only tie that binds them together is that of helplessness on one side and capability on the other. Myra is a mere child, as you know, and it was not likely that we should have much in common. Then I came to know you, and just when I have grown fonder of you than of all these lovers of mine — I must go. To lose the others pained me chiefly on their account; but to lose you who have been my companion, my teacher, my ideal, is like going into a strange land, where I should be of no more account than thousands of forlorn emigrants. "It is very hard," Kitty said sorrowfully; "so hard that it leads me to doubt whether things are always ordered for the best," and she broke into a vehement, indignant sob.— *Kitty.*

EEKHOUD, GEORGES, a Belgian poet and novelist; born at Antwerp, May 27, 1854. He became known as the editor of the Antwerp *Précurseur;* from which post he passed to the position of literary critic of the *Étoile Belge.* In 1877 he published a collection of poems entitled *Myrtes et Cyprès;* which was followed, in 1879, by *Zigzags Poétiques*

and *Les Pittoresques.* Of the pieces published in these books, the most remarkable, in the opinion of French scholars, are *Mare aux Sangsues; Nina; Raymonne;* and, above all, *La Guigne,* a realistic poem. Later works are *Kees Doorik* (1884); *Les Kermesses* (1884); *Les Milices de Saint-François* (1886); *Las Nouvelles Kermesses* (1887); *La Nouvelle Carthage* (1888), and *La faneuse d'amour* (1900).

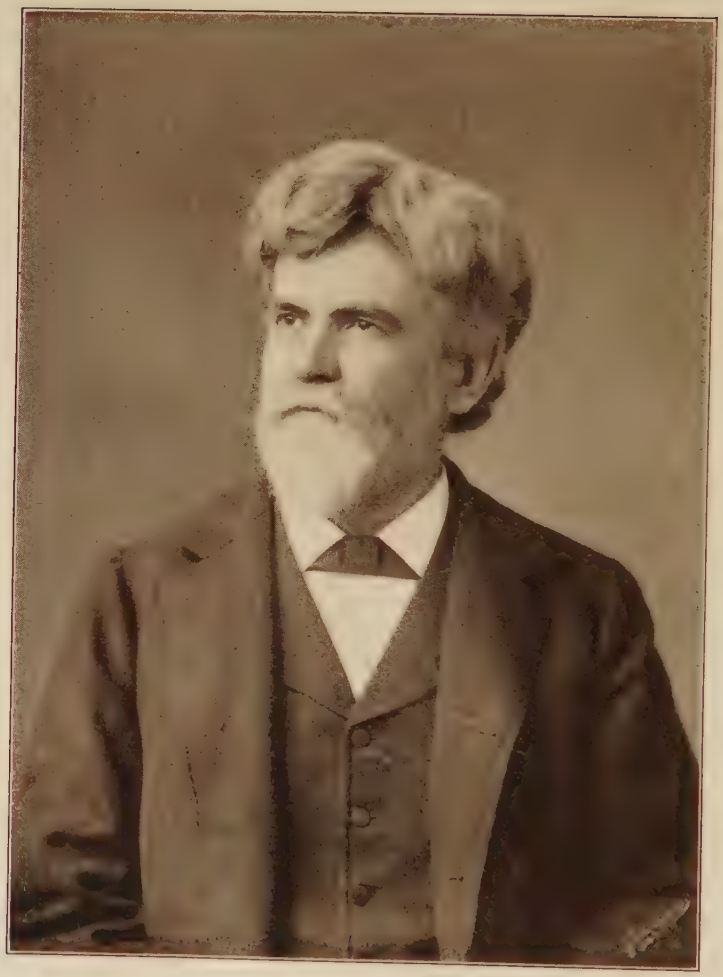
"Of all the writers of the Young Belgium school," says Larousse, "M. Eekhoud is the one who has made the most strenuous effort to keep himself free from imitation of contemporaneous French authors." Gubernatis calls him an author "full of talent, but of pessimistic tendencies."

Eekhoud's fame will rest doubtless upon his narrative and descriptive prose. His realism is very blunt; but to this there are beautiful exceptions, as in the pathetic little reminiscent piece, *Ex Voto,* from which the following description of a kermesse dinner is taken:

LITTLE GEORGES AND HIS VISIT.

I was just making myself at home with the big dog, Spitz, when we were called to the house, where the kermesse dinner awaited our return. My father had declared that the family must eat with us, or he would eat nothing; so all the men-folks joined us, while the women excused themselves as being needed to wait on the table. And now my delighted eyes embraced the whole room, where all to me was novel — the bed-recesses in which lodged the father and mother and all the larger ones, hidden within the wall behind the gay flowers of the curtains; the broad mantel by the chimney, set off with its crucifix and with its ornamental dishes resplendent with historical pictures; the consecrated branch of boxwood pendent beneath, and then the great spits and

the big chimney-hook. But the savor of the tureen of soup, the cabbage and the bacon, that Yana brought now to the table, would have given a relish to the very dead themselves. We signed ourselves with the sign of the cross; we bowed our heads and we clasped our hands together above the soup-dishes, and the delightful perfume of the soup went up to the smoke-blackened beam as the savor of incense. And in this brief silence we heard but the lowing of the cattle in their stalls, and the buzzing of the flies against the windows, and the striking of the S'Gravenwezel clock mingling its noon-time note with the sad silver sound of the village chime. And then, the dinner; — what a delicious dinner we did have! My father, to sing the praises of that soup, conjured up all the most telling adjectives of the patois; and I lauded the eggs that enclosed as in a frame of gold the red and white slices of the ham. Under our busy forks the mountain of mealy potatoes soon vanished. My appetite was of the robust rustic sort! Yana was touched; her master, she said, for a whole month had not eaten so heartily! All the various products of the place must needs be sampled: the butter, the milk, the creamy cheese, the early garden-stuff, and the fruit. Then I laughed at the idea of Yana having brought along our provisions! I guessed she hadn't known the lavish hospitality of this paternal roof! But as the contents of her astonishing basket came to light my fun-making disappeared: — rare old wine, two bottles of it; plum-tart, made with her own hands, and now set in triumph in the very middle of the table. And then my father's health was drunk all round, and mine; and a prosperous life for us at S'Gravenwezel. "And so," cried my father, "it's settled; and in one week — you all hear me? — you come to my housewarming! And now, my little Jorss, let us be off; for you're itching, I see, to get a peep at our new nest." . . . Within the week he died; and I? — ah, me! — I remember it all! And so it is that, evermore, I love this Flemish land; the land he loved who left it me; the land of him, the only man who never did me harm.— *Translation of* M. D. SHEPPERSON.



EDWARD EGGLESTON.

EGGLESTON, Edward, an American novelist, clergyman, and journalist; born at Vevay, Ind., December 10, 1837; died at Lake George, N. Y., September 2, 1902. Delicate health prevented him from acquiring a collegiate education, but he studied the classics and became familiar with standard literature. He entered the Methodist ministry, and at nineteen rode a "Hoosier circuit." He held pastorates at St. Paul, St. Peter, Stillwater, and Winona, Minn., and acted as agent of the American Bible Society. In 1870 he removed to the East and engaged in editorial and literary work. In 1874 he became pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor, a church without a creed, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and in 1879 his health again failing, he resigned his charge and removed to Lake George, N. Y., and began the preparation of a work entitled *A History of Life in the United States.* His style is entertaining narrative, the scenes of his stories being laid mostly in Indiana and Minnesota in the pioneer days. His books have been widely read. He was successively editor of the *Little Corporal* magazine and *The Sunday-School Teacher* in Chicago, and of the *Hearth and Home* in New York. Among his works are *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871); *The End of the World* (1872); *The Mystery of Metropolisville* (1873); *The Circuit Rider* (1874); *The Schoolmaster's Stories* (1875); *Roxy* (1878); *The Hoosier Schoolboy* (1883), a series of *Biographies* of famous American Indians; a *Sunday-School Manual:* a *Guide to Sunday-School Work; First Book of American History; The Graysons* (1887); *Household History of the United States* (1888); *The Faith Doctor*

(1891); *Duffels* (1893); *The Beginnings of a Nation* (1896), and *The Transit of Civilization* (1900).

PATTY'S CONVERSION.

It happened that upon the very next Sunday Russell Bigelow was to preach. Far and wide over the West had traveled the fame of this great preacher, who, though born in Vermont, was wholly Western in his impassioned manner. . . . Even Patty declared her intention of going, much to the Captain's regret. The meeting was not to be held at Wheeler's, but in the woods, and she could go for this time without entering the house of her father's foe. She had no other motive than a vague hope of hearing something that would divert her; life had grown so heavy that she craved excitement of any kind. She would take a back seat and hear the famous Methodist for herself. But Patty put on all of her gold and costly apparel. She was determined that nobody should suspect her of any intention of "joining the church." Her mood was one of curiosity on the surface, and of proud hatred and quiet defiance below.

No religious meeting is ever so delightful as a meeting held in the forest; no forest is so satisfying as a forest of beech; the wide-spreading boughs — drooping when they start from the trunk, but well sustained at the last — stretch out regularly and with a steady horizontalness; the last year's leaves form a carpet like a cushion, while the dense foliage shuts out the sun. To this meeting in the beech-woods Patty chose to walk, since it was less than a mile away. As she passed through a little cove, she saw a man lying flat on his face in prayer. It was the preacher. Awe-stricken, Patty hurried on to the meeting. She had fully intended to take a seat in the rear of the congregation, but being a little confused and absent-minded she did not observe at first where the stand had been erected, and that she was entering the congregation at the side nearest to the pulpit. When she discovered her mistake it was too late to withdraw, the aisle beyond her was already full of standing people; there was nothing for her but to take the only vacant seat in sight. This

put her in the very midst of the members, and in this position she was quite conspicuous; even strangers from other settlements saw with astonishment a woman elegantly dressed, for that time, sitting in the very midst of the devout sisters — for the men and women sat apart. All around Patty there was not a single "artificial," or piece of jewelry. Indeed, most of the women wore calico sun-bonnets. The Hissawachee people who knew her were astounded to see Patty at meeting at all. They remembered her treatment of Morton, and they looked upon Captain Lumsden as Gog and Magog incarnated in one. This sense of the conspicuousness of her position was painful to Patty, but she presently forgot herself in listening to the singing. There never was such a chorus as a backwoods Methodist congregation, and here among the trees they sang hymn after hymn, now with the tenderest pathos, now with triumphant joy, now with solemn earnestness. They sang "Children of the Heavenly King," and "Come let us anew," and "Blow ye the trumpet, blow, and "Arise, my soul, arise," and "How happy every child of grace!" While they were singing this last, the celebrated preacher entered the pulpit, and there ran through the audience a movement of wonder, almost of disappointment. His clothes were of that sort of cheap cotton cloth known as "blue drilling," and did not fit him. He was rather short, and inexpressibly awkward. His hair hung unkempt over the best portion of his face — the broad, projecting forehead. His eyebrows were overhanging; his nose, cheek-bones, and chin large. His mouth was wide and with a sorrowful depression at the corners, his nostrils thin, his eyes keen, and his face perfectly mobile. He took for his text the words of Eleazer to Laban — "Seeking a bride for his master," and according to the custom of the time, he first expounded the incident, and then proceeded to "spiritualize" it, by applying it to the soul's marriage to Christ. Notwithstanding the ungainliness of his frame, and the awkwardness of his postures, there was a gentlemanliness about his address that indicated a man not unaccustomed to good society. His words were well chosen; his

pronunciation always correct; his speech grammatical. In all of these regards Patty was disappointed.

But the sermon. Who shall describe "the indescribable!" As a servant he proceeded to set forth the character of the Master. What struck Patty was not the nobleness of his speech, nor the force of his argument; she seemed to see in the countenance that every divine trait which he described had reflected itself in the life of the preacher himself. For none but the manliest of men can ever speak worthily of Jesus Christ. As Bigelow proceeded, he won her famished heart to Christ. For such a Master she could live or die; in such a life there was what Patty needed most — a purpose; in such a life there was a friend; in such a life she would escape that sense of the ignobleness of her own pursuits, and the unworthiness of her own pride. All that he said of Christ's love and condescension filled her with a sense of sinfulness and meanness, and she wept bitterly. There were a hundred others as much affected, but the eyes of all her neighbors were upon her. If Patty should be converted, what a victory! And as the preacher proceeded to describe the joy of a soul wedded forever to Christ — living nobly after the pattern of His life — Patty resolved that she would devote herself to this life and this Saviour, and rejoiced in sympathy with the rising note of triumph in the sermon. Then Bigelow, last of all, appealed to courage and to pride — to pride in its best sense. Who would be ashamed of such a Bridegroom? And as he depicted the trials that some must pass through in accepting Him, Patty saw her own situation, and mentally made the sacrifice. As he described the glory of renouncing the world, she thought of her jewelry and the spirit of defiance in which she had put it on. There, in the midst of that congregation, she took out her ear-rings, and stripped the flowers from the bonnet. We may smile at the unnecessary sacrifice to an overstrained literalism, but to Patty it was the solemn renunciation of the world — the whole-hearted espousal of herself, for all eternity, to Him who stands for all that is noblest in life. Of course this action was visible to most of the congregation — most of all to the preacher himself. To the Methodists it was

the greatest of triumphs, this public conversion of Captain Lumsden's daughter, and they showed their joy in many pious ejaculations. Patty did not seek concealment. She scorned to creep into the kingdom of heaven. It seemed to her that she owed this publicity. For a moment all eyes were turned away from the orator. He paused in his discourse until Patty had removed the emblems of her pride and antagonism. Then, turning with tearful eyes to the audience, the preacher, with simple-hearted sincerity and inconceivable effect, burst out with "Hallelujah! I have found a bride for my Master!"— *The Circuit Rider.*

EGGLESTON, GEORGE CARY, an American journalist and novelist, brother of Edward Eggleston; born at Vevay, Ind., November 26, 1839. He was educated at the Indiana Asbury University, and at Richmond College, Va., studied law in Lexington, Va., and became a journalist in New York. He served through the Civil War in the Confederate army. He was literary editor of the New York *Evening Post* between 1875 and 1881, in 1886 became editor-in-chief of the New York *Commercial Advertiser,* and in 1897 joined the editorial staff of the New York *World.* Among his publications are *How to Educate Yourself* (1872); *A Rebel's Recollections* (1874); *How to Make a Living* and *The Big Brother* (1875); *Captain Sam, or the Boy Scout* (1876); *The Signal Boys* (1877); *Red Eagle* (1879); *A Man of Honor* (1880); *The Wreck of the Red Bird* (1882); *Strange Stories From History* (1886); *American War Ballads and Lyrics* (1889); *Juggernaut* (1891); *A Carolina Cavalier* (1901); *The First of the Hoosiers* (1903);

The Master of Warlock (1903); *Evelyn Byrd* (1904), *A Captain in the Ranks* (1904); *Running the River* (1905); and *The American Immortals* (1905).

A DEED OF DARING.

When the news of the massacre at Kimball's reached Fort Glass a detachment of ten men was sent out to recover the bodies, which they brought to Fort Sinquefield for burial. The graves were dug in a little valley three or four hundred yards from the fort, and all the people went out to attend the funeral. The services had just come to an end when the cry of "Indians! Indians!" was raised, and a body of warriors under the prophet Francis dashed down from behind a hill upon the defenceless people, whose guns were inside the fort. The first impulse of every one was to catch up the little children and hasten inside the gates, but it was manifestly too late. The Indians were already nearer the fort than they, and were running with all their might, brandishing their knives and tomahawks, and yelling like demons. There seemed no way of escape. Sam Hardwicke took little Judie up in his arms, and quick as thought calculated the chances of reaching the fort. Clearly the only way in which he could get there was by leaving his little sister to her fate and running for his life. But Sam Hardwicke was not the sort of boy to do anything so cowardly as that. Abandoning the thought of getting to the fort, he called to Tom to follow him, and with Judie in his arms he ran into a neighboring thicket, where the three, with Joe, a black boy of twelve or thirteen years who had followed them, concealed themselves in the bushes. Whether they had been seen by the Indians or not, they had no way of knowing, but their only hope of safety now lay in absolute stillness. They crouched down together and kept silence. . . . Meantime the situation of the fort people was terrible. Cut off from the gates and unarmed, there seemed to be nothing for them to do except to meet death as bravely and calmly as they could. A young man named Isaac Harden happened to be near the gates, however, on horseback, and accompanied by a

pack of about sixty hounds. And this young man, whose name has barely crept into a corner of history, was both a hero and a military genius, and he did, right then and there, a deed as brilliant and as heroic as any other in history. Seeing the perilous position of the fort people, he raised himself in his stirrups and waving his hat, charged the savages with his pack of dogs, whooping and yelling after the manner of a huntsman, and leading the fierce bloodhounds right into the ranks of the infuriated Indians. The dogs being trained to chase and seize any living thing upon which their master might set them, attacked the Indians furiously. Harden encouraging them and riding down group after group of the bewildered savages. Charging right and left with his dogs, he succeeded in putting the Indians for a time upon the defensive, thus giving the white people time to escape into the fort. When all were in except Sam's party and a Mrs. Phillips who was killed, Harden began looking about him for a chance to secure his own safety. His impetuosity had carried him clear through the Indian ranks, and the savages, having beaten the dogs off, turned their attention to the young cavalier who had balked them in the very moment of their victory. They were between him and the gates, hundreds against one. His dogs were killed or scattered, and he saw at a glance that there was little hope for him. The woods behind him were full of Indians, and so retreat was impossible. Turning his horse's head toward the gates, he plunged spurs into his side, and with a pistol in each hand, dashed through the savage ranks, firing as he went. Blowing a blast upon his horn to recall those of his dogs which were still alive, he escaped on foot into the fort, just in time to let the gate shut in the face of the foremost Indian. His horse, history tells us, was killed under him, and he had five bullet holes through his clothes, but his skin was unbroken.— *The Big Brother.*

EGINHARD, or EINHARD, a German historian; born at Maingau, on the river Main, in 770; died at Mühlheim, March 14, 840. Though much has been published, little is accurately known concerning his early life on account of the unreliable character of the history of his time. He was educated at the monastery of Fulda, and was a pupil of Alcuin, who introduced him at the Court of Charlemagne, by whom he was placed in charge of the public buildings. He is supposed to have constructed the basilica and other public buildings at Aix-la-Chapelle. He married Imma, a noble lady, who afterward figured in legend as Charlemagne's daughter. In 815 Louis, the successor of Charlemagne, bestowed upon Eginhard and his wife the estates of Michelstadt and Mühlheim. He was afterward abbot of several monasteries. In becoming abbot he did not leave his wife, and she proved a valuable helpmeet to him in all his undertakings. In 830 he withdrew to Mühlheim, which he named *Seligenstadt* ("The City of the Saints"), and erected a church to which he conveyed the relics of St. Marcellinus and St. Peter. His most famous work is the *Life of Charlemagne*, written after the emperor's death. He also wrote the *Annals of the Franks from* 741 to 829; *Epistolæ*, and an *Account of the Transfer of the Relics of St. Marcellinus and St. Peter.*

CHARLEMAGNE.

Charles was large and strong, and of lofty stature, though not disproportionately tall (his height is well known to have been seven times the length of his foot); the upper part of his head was round, his eyes very large

and animated, nose a little long, hair fair, and face laughing and merry. Thus his appearance was always stately and dignified, whether he was standing or sitting; although his neck was thick and somewhat short, and his belly rather prominent; but the symmetry of the rest of his body concealed these defects. His gait was firm, his whole carriage manly, and his voice clear, but not so strong as his size led one to expect . . . He used to wear the national, that is to say, the Frank dress; next his skin a linen shirt and linen breeches; and above these a tunic fringed with silk; while hose fastened by bands covered his lower limbs, and shoes his feet, and he protected his shoulders and chest in winter by a close-fitting coat of otter or marten skins. Over all he flung a blue cloak, and he always had a sword girt about him, usually one with a gold or silver hilt and belt; he sometimes carried a jewelled sword, but only on great feast-days or at the reception of ambassadors from foreign nations. He despised foreign costumes, however handsome, and never allowed himself to be robed in them, except twice in Rome, when he donned the Roman tunic, chlamys, and shoes; the first time at the request of Pope Hadrian II., to gratify Leo, Hadrian's successor. On great feast-days he made use of embroidered clothes, and shoes bedecked with precious stones; his cloak was fastened by a golden buckle, and he appeared crowned with a diadem of gold and gems: on other days his dress varied little from the common dress of the people.

Charles had the gift of ready and fluent speech, and could express what he had to say with the utmost clearness. He was not satisfied with the command of his native language merely, but gave attention to the study of foreign ones, and in particular was such a master of Latin that he could speak it as well as his native tongue; but he could understand Greek better than he could speak it. He was so eloquent, indeed, that he might have passed for a teacher of eloquence. He most zealously cultivated the liberal arts, held those who taught them in great esteem, and conferred great honors upon them. He took lessons in grammar of the deacon Peter of Pisa, at that time an aged man. Another deacon, Albin of Britain,

surnamed Alcuin, a man of Saxon extraction, who was the greatest scholar of the day, was his teacher in other branches of learning. The King spent much time and labor with him studying rhetoric, dialectics, and especially astronomy. He learned to reckon, and used to investigate the motions of the heavenly bodies most curiously, with an intelligent scrutiny. He also tried to write, and used to keep tablets in blanks in bed under his pillow, that at leisure hours he might accustom his hand to form the letters; however, as he did not begin his efforts in due season, but late in life, they met with ill success.

He cherished with the greatest fervor and devotion the principles of the Christian religon, which had been instilled into him from infancy. Hence it was that he built the beautiful basilica at Aix-la-Chapelle, which he adorned with gold and silver and lamps, and with rails and doors of solid brass. He had the columns and marbles for this structure brought from Rome and Ravenna, for he could not find such as were suitable elsewhere. He was a constant worshipper at this church as long as his health permitted, going morning and evening, even after nightfall, besides attending mass; and he took care that all the services there conducted should be administered with the utmost possible propriety, very often warning the sextons not to let any improper or unclean thing be brought into the building, or remain in it. He provided it with a great number of sacred vessels of gold and silver, and with such a quantity of clerical robes that not even the door-keepers were obliged to wear their every-day clothes when in the exercise of their duties.— *Life of Charlemagne; translation of* TURNER.

EICHENDORFF, JOSEPH VON, BARON, a German poet and novelist; born at Lubowitz (his father's baronetcy), near Ratibor, Silesia, March 10, 1788; died at Neisse, November 26, 1857. He studied law at Halle and Heidelberg from 1805 to

1808. He resided for some time at Vienna and Paris, and in 1813 he entered the Prussian army as a volunteer and served two years in the War of Liberation. After the war he was appointed successively Government Counsellor at Breslau, Dantzic, Königsberg, and Berlin. In 1844 he retired from the public service and resided at Dantzic, Vienna, Dresden and Berlin. He wrote *Ahnung und Gegenwart* (Presage and Presence) (1815); *Krieg den Philistern* (War on the Philistines, a dramatized fairy tale) (1824); *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts* (From the Life of a Good-for-Nothing) (1826). In 1837 he published a collection of poems, and in 1842 his complete poetical works were published in four volumes at Berlin under the title *Sammtliche Poetisch Werke,* and five volumes of *Vermischte Schriften* (Miscellaneous Writings) in 1866.

Eichendorff was one of those later German romanticists who drew their inspiration from Goethe, who, though they could not hope to equal *Wilhelm Meister,* enriched the German language with the wealth of their imagination and the bulk of their work after classic models. His genius was distinctly lyrical. Though he wrote a couple of tragedies and a comedy he seemed to be deficient in that constructive faculty which is such an essential element in dramatic writing. Himself a wanderer, influenced by the popular songs of the day, a favorite subject of his lyrics was the wandering minstrel of the Middle Ages. He liked to write poems from the stand-point of some particular character, such as a soldier, sailor, huntsman, fisherman, shepherd, miller, apprentice, etc., putting his songs of love and joy into their own mouths. Many of his lyrics were set to music and sung by composers of

eminence. Scherer says, in his *History of German Literature:* "Eichendorff's *Taugenichts* is written in the most delightful vein; it is an improbable story, full of misunderstanding, error and strange occurrences, and the reader is most infected with the light hearted mood of the hero, who triumphs over all obstacles, sings the most beautiful songs, never knows what is happening around him, but is always dreaming and loving." In his later years Eichendorff published several valuable works on literary history and criticism, including *Ueber die Ethische und Religiose Bedeutung der Neueren Romantischen Poesie in Deutschland* (1847); *Der Deutsche Roman des Achtzehnten Jahrhundert in Seinem Verhältnis zum Christenthum* (1851); *Geschichte der Poetischen Literatur Deutschlands* (1856).

"His poems, writes Professor Goebel, "are of an unusual sweetness of melody, tenderness, and depth of feeling, and elegance of form." His *History of the Poetical Literature of Germany,* "written," says the same authority, "from the stand-point of the faith of a Roman Catholic, is an interesting and valuable work."

"He was superior," says another critic, "to all his fellows as a lyric poet. His simplicity and love of nature, his realism and avoidance of the antiquated and conventional, have made him a real favorite with the people."

CONSOLATION.

Many poets have chanted their lays
  In Germany's lovely land;
To an echo their songs have waned,
  The bards repose in the sand;

But as long as the silvery stars
With their wreath encircle the earth,
Will hearts. in new melodies give
To the olden beauty new birth.

Though crumbling lies in the sand
The house of the heroes of old,
Come Spring, from the gates and the halls,
Each year her new charms to unfold; —
Where weary the warriors sink
In the battle, courageous and stout,
Springs up a new vigorous race,
And fights it manfully out.

— *Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

MORNING PRAYER.

O silence, wondrous and profound!
O'er earth doth solitude still reign;
The woods alone incline their heads,
As if the Lord walked o'er the plain.

I feel new life within me glow; —
Where now is my distress and care?
Here in the blush of waking morn,
I blush at yesterday's despair.

To me, a pilgrim, shall the world,
With all its joys and sorrows, be
But as a bridge that leads, O Lord,
Across the stream of time to Thee.

And should my song woo worldly gifts,
The base rewards of vanity:
Dash down my lyre! I'll hold my peace
Before Thee to eternity!

— BASKERVILLE'S *translation.*

THE MILL.

Far in a shaded valley
A water-mill appears;
But she I love has vanished
From scenes of happier years.

She promised to be faithful,
She pledged it with a ring;
But faithless hath she proven:—
Her gift in twain did spring.

And sadly now, a minstrel,
Throughout the world I roam,
My weary ballad singing,
Afar from friends and home.

A soldier, would I hasten
Where rages fierce the fight;
And by the watch-fire linger
Through all the gloomy night.

Yet whilst the mill I'm hearing
I know not what my mind;
Ah! would my days were ended,
I then should quiet find!

—*Translation from Das Zerbrochene Ringlein.*

ELIOT, Charles William, an American educator; born at Boston, Mass., March 20, 1834. He was graduated from Harvard in 1853, and during the next three years was a tutor in mathematics there. From 1858 to 1863 he was Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard. He then spent two years in

Europe investigating educational methods, and upon his return to the United States, was appointed Professor of Analytical Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1869 he became President of Harvard University.

Professor Eliot soon became one of the foremost writers and speakers upon educational and social problems. His works include *Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis* and *Manual of Inorganic Chemistry* (with F. H. Storer); *Civilization and Other Essays; Educational Reform;* and *The Happy Life.* The latter work, published in 1896, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, was a previous expression of the thought contained in *The Simple Life* by Charles Wagner.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

We know that education spreads, knowledge grows, and public liberty develops; but can we be sure that public and private happiness increase? What the means and sources of happiness are in this actual world, with our present surroundings, and with no reference to joys or sorrows in any other world, is a natural, timely and wholesome inquiry. We may be sure that one principle will hold throughout the whole pursuit of thoughtful happiness — the principle that the best way to secure future happiness is to be as happy as is rightfully possible to-day. To secure any desirable capacity for the future, near or remote, cultivate it to-day. What would be the use of immortality for a person who cannot use well half an hour? asks Emerson.

In trying to enumerate the positive satisfaction which an average man may reasonably expect to enjoy in this world, I, of course, take no account of those too common objects of human pursuits, wealth, power, and fame; first, because they do not as a rule contribute to happiness; and secondly, because they are unattainable by mankind in general. I invite you to consider only those means of

happiness which the humble and obscure millions may possess. The rich and famous are too few to affect appreciably the sum of human happiness. I begin with satisfactions of sense.

Sensuous pleasures, like eating and drinking, are sometimes described as animal, and therefore unworthy. It must be confessed, however, that men are, in this life, animals all through — whatever else they may be — and that they have a right to enjoy without reproach those pleasures of animal existence which maintain health, strength, and life itself. Familiar ascetic and pessimistic dogmas to the contrary notwithstanding, these pleasures, taken naturally and in moderation, are all pure, honorable and wholesome. Moreover, all attempts to draw a line between bodily satisfactions on the one hand, and mental or spiritual satisfactions on the other, and to distinguish the first as beastly indulgences, and the second as the only pleasures worthy of a rational being, have failed and must fail; for it is manifestly impossible to draw a sharp line of division between pleasures, and to say that these are bodily, and those intellectual or moral. Are the pleasures of sight and hearing bodily or mental? Is delight in harmony, or in color, a pleasure of the sense, or of the imagination? What sort of a joy is a thing of beauty? Is it an animal or a spiritual joy? Is the delight of a mother in fondling her smiling baby a physical or a moral delight? But though we cannot divide pleasures into animal and moral, unworthy and worthy, we can, nevertheless, divide them into lower and higher pleasures; the lower, those which, like eating and drinking, prompt to the maintenance and reproduction of life, and which can be impaired or destroyed by prolongation or repetition; the higher, those which, like the pleasures of the eye or ear, seem to be ends in themselves; in the lower there can be destructive excess, in the higher excess is impossible.— *The Happy Life.* (Copyright, 1896, by THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY.)

ELIOT, JOHN, styled "The Apostle to the Indians," an American missionary; born at Nasing, Essex, England, in 1604; died at Roxbury, Mass., May 21, 1690. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, removed to New England in 1631, and in the following year became "teacher" of the church at Roxbury. He believed the North American Indians to be descended from the lost tribes of Israel; learned their language, in which he began preaching to them in 1646, and in 1660 organized a church of "praying Indians," which flourished for several years. He wrote a number of works, one of which, *The Christian Commonwealth,* printed in England in 1660, was denounced by the Government of the colony as "seditious," on the ground that it was opposed to the monarchy of England. In 1664 he published an *Indian Grammar* and a translation of the *Psalms* into Indian metre. His great work was the translation into Indian of the entire Bible, the New Testament being printed at Cambridge, Mass., in 1661, and the Old Testament in 1663. Its full title is:

Mamusse Wunneetupamatamwe Up-Biblum God naneeswe Nukkone Testament kah wonk Wusku Testament.

Indian words are usually very long, a word being not unfrequently a compound which in most languages would be represented by several words. One long word in Eliot's translation is Wutappesittukqussunnookwehtunkquoh which occurs in Mark i. 40, and means "kneeling down to him." The following is

Eliot's version of one of the shorter verses of the New Testament:

Nummeetsuongash asekesukokish assmaunean yeuyeu kesukod.

A second edition of this Indian Bible, revised by Rev. John Cotton, was printed in quarto at Cambridge in 1685. Copies are very rare. In 1868 a copy was sold in New York for $1,130. The Indian tribe for whom it was made have long been extinct, their language has utterly perished, and there have not probably lived during the last century half a dozen persons who could understand a single verse of it.

ELIOT, SAMUEL, an American educator and historian; born at Boston, Mass., December 22, 1821; died at Beverly, Mass., September 14, 1898. He was graduated from Harvard in 1839, was engaged in mercantile business in Boston for two years, and afterward traveled in Europe. From 1856 to 1864 he was Professor of History and Political Science in Trinity College, Hartford; being also President of the College from 1860 to 1866, and subsequently Professor of Political Science and Constitutional Law. In 1872 he became Head Master of the Girls' High School in Boston, and in 1878 Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools. He wrote *A Manual of the United States History* (1856), and in 1880 prepared a selection of *Poetry for Children*. His great work is *The History of Liberty*, which was

planned in 1845, while he was a resident at Rome. An instalment of this was published in 1847, under the title *Passages from the History of Liberty*, treating mainly of the early Italian reformers. Two years afterward appeared *The Liberty of Rome*. This was revised and re-written in 1853, and appeared as Part I. of *The History of Liberty*. In the Preface he says: "I have taken for my subject a principle in which all men are concerned, and to which all the events of human history are related. It has seemed to me that in tracing the course of this history, we might gain some new convictions respecting liberty. Such an aim is far too high to be attained by composing a work for the use merely of what is called the literary class. I write for my fellow-men as well as for my fellow-scholars."

LIBERTY AMONG THE ANCIENTS IN GENERAL.

Liberty is the ability of an individual or of a community to exercise the powers with which either may be endowed. As a right, it depends upon the character of the powers to which it supplies the means of exercise. They who have only the lowest powers have the right only to the lowest liberty. They who have the highest powers — and they alone — have the right to the highest liberty. In other words, liberty is the right to use, and to increase by using, the powers which constitute the endowments of humanity.

As a possession, actually in the hands of men or of nations, liberty depends upon laws as well as upon powers. One may have the noblest powers of which his nature is capable; but he may be incapable of exercising them on account of oppressive laws. Or he may have but imperfect powers; yet they may be developed until they seem to human vision almost perfect, in consequence of the laws encouraging their exercise. No man can possess liberty — whether personal or political, whether physical,

intellectual, or spiritual — except the laws above him allow the employment of the powers with which he has been created.

Now the laws under which men live are of two codes: One of these is derived directly from God, whose will it expresses, whose omnipotence it declares. The Divine law, wherever revealed, calls forth the highest powers of which mankind are susceptible. It kindles their holiest aspiration in the service of their Creator. It braces their most generous energies in the service of their fellow-creatures. Consequently, it gives them the right to perfect liberty. That which is made their right is by the same law, if it be obeyed, made their possession likewise. The other code contains human laws. So far as these support the Divine law, they support the liberty which that proclaims. So far, on the other hand, as they uphold the authority or the pleasure of men in contradiction to the will and the omnipotence of God, they are fatal to all liberty worthy of the name. If neither opposing nor maintaining the Divine law, they stand by themselves, unable to create the powers which entitle men to be truly free. The right to liberty declines under merely human laws. Under them, the possession also of liberty is insecure, if it be not wholly lost.

Over the ages of old there broods from first to last a giant shape, conjured up by human laws. Wherever men come together, upon the Eastern plains or around the Western citadels, they dwell in the shadow of centralization. This is one of the two systems by which society is constituted: the other is Union. Centralization binds men together; but it binds them together to the benefit of the minority; the majority is oppressed. Laws are in force not necessarily subverting, though necessarily not upholding, the Divine law. Liberty, as a right, is transformed from the right of developing one's own powers into that of controlling the powers of others. As a possession, it passes from the hands of the most powerful spiritually or intellectually, into those of the most powerful physically or politically. The laws on which it depends are merely human. As such, they recognize only the possessions or the rights of their framers. These are

the freemen of the nation united by centralization; the remainder of the nation consists of subjects or of actual bondmen. Centralization prevailed throughout antiquity. The ancient nations know no other laws but what were human, no other freemen but what were rulers. Amongst the masses there was no liberty.— *History of Liberty, Vol. I., Book 1, Chap. 1.*

THE LIBERTY OF THE HEBREWS.

The source of the Hebrew law was Divine. Its course was so shaped by men as to be merely human. As such, it made the Hebrews rulers. Those whom it made rulers — and those only — did it make freemen. The law was earnest in securing the liberty of the Hebrews. Not only did it divide the Promised Land equally amongst them all; but it provided for the recovery of every estate that might be lost by the indigence or the wilfulness of its possessor. Were he indifferent about regaining it, his children had the opportunity of reinstating themselves at each returning celebration of the national jubilee. The more frequent recurrence of the Lord's Release witnessed the liberation of every debtor from the confinement in which the law had been watching over him. Guarded against private, the Hebrews were also protected against public oppression. The first to be called by Moses to authority were "able men out of all Israel." Distinctions of families and tribe were lost in the common Congregation. To this body, the chiefs, whose titles are variously recorded as Heads of Families, Elders, and Princes, appear to have been accountable. The only immediate exception to this general equality was the elevation of a single tribe to the functions of the priesthood. But the privileges of this order were not so numerous as its obligations. A king was anointed prospectively; but he was to be one "whom the Lord shall choose."

Above all other authority was recognized that of the Deity; He ruled on earth as in Heaven; obedience to Him was the safeguard of liberty. It was likewise the security of dominion. "Take heed to thyself," forewarned the Hebrew law, "lest thou make a covenant with the inhabi-

tants of the land whither thou goest, lest it be for a snare in the midst of thee. But ye shall destroy their images, and cut down their groves: for thou shalt worship no other god." Again it was declared: "Of the cities which the Lord thy God hath give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth, but thou shalt utterly destroy them.' Yet the conquest was not to be so destructive as to leave none of whom subjects could not be made by the conquerors: "Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have," continued the law, "shall be of the heathens that are round you . . . and ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you . . . they shall be your bondmen forever."

Dominion over the Promised Land and its inhabitants proved insufficient for the Hebrews. Through the long conflicts in which they were involved under their Judges and their Kings, they strove to increase more frequently than to preserve their realms. The expectation, dimly embraced by Abraham, but clearly enunciated by Moses, concerning the appearance of a future Prophet, swelled into the anticipation of a universal empire. "And he shall smite the earth," exclaimed Isaiah, "with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his life shall he slay the wicked. . . . Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel! I will help thee, saith the Lord and they Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. And I will make thee a new sharp instrument, having teeth. Thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff."

Of all nations in ancient times, the Hebrews approached the nearest to the possession of the eternal principle upon which liberty rests. They were made acquainted with the existence and the omnipotence of their Creator. From Him they received the law to be holy and perfect. They rose with David to the heights of penitence and prayer. They lifted their voices with Isaiah in preparing the glory of the Lord; with Daniel in foretelling the endless majesty of His kingdom. Yet theirs was the shade, rather than the light, of the Divine law. Laws of their own, supporting the lowest forms of liberty, stood side by side with laws supporting its highest forms. Instead of re-

sisting the centralization that prevailed of old, the Hebrews were amongst its most unsparing champions.—*History of Liberty, Vol. I., Book 1, Chap. 10.*

THE LIBERTY OF THE ROMANS.

The moment Curius Dentatus disappears (290 B.C.), the questions of relief to the lower classes, and of union between them and the higher, sink into the back-ground. Four years afterward there occurred a general outburst of the difficulties which all the wiser men of the popular party had successively striven to repress. Debt was the mainspring of the insurrection in which the lower classes, disappointed in their hopes of relief from their superiors, seem to have seceded to the Janiculan Hill. There, perhaps, they would have remained unheeded, but for the approach of a hostile army, whose ravages may have made it necessary for the upper classes to conciliate them. It looks as though the popular party made the first advances. Indeed, it is not certain but that a portion of the party had gone out with the seceders to the Janiculan. At all events, popular leaders stand out in the final movements of the insurrection. One of their chiefs, Quintius Hortensius, is raised to the dictatorship. At his call the people come together to pass a law investing the decrees of the Tribes with plenary independence. This goes, of course, against the Senate, hitherto accepting or rejecting the legislative proceedings of the Tribes. Then Hortensius dies. It may have been his successor, it may have been a Tribune of the Plebeians, Mænius by name, who procured the passage of a bill directed against the Curias. To that ancient assembly little of a political character remained besides the right to sanction or annul the elections made in the Centurias to the higher magistracies. This right appears to have been abrogated by the Mænian law. A change in the organization of the Centurias, apparently rendering that body more popular, may have taken place at the same time.

With all its laws, Mænian and Hortensian, the popular party could not have been completely satisfied. Disguise it as they would, many must have felt a sensitive-

ness to the personal superiority still asserted by their antagonists. But a few years before the secession to the Janiculan, a time had been set apart by the Senate for solemn devotions in consequence of many strange presages that had been observed and feared. In the season of supplication, the wife of Lucius Volumnius, by name Virginia, a woman of Patrician birth, came to the temple of Patrician Chastity to offer up her vows. The Patrician ladies gathered at the shrine denied her the right to worship there, because, said they, she was married to a Plebian. "I thought," she exclaimed, "I had as good a right here as any. But if it be on my husband's account that I am thus affronted, I say I am neither ashamed of him, nor of his exploits nor of his honors." She then withdrew, and, for her sole revenge set up an altar in her house to Plebeian Chastity, to whose worship she invited her Plebeian countrywomen. If a Patrician wife of a Plebeian could be so excluded from a temple, the Plebeians must have found it still difficult to reach the privileges to which they aspired.

Where, meanwhile, were the lower classes who had seceded to the Janiculan? How were the debtors saved from bondage, the starving from death? There is no answer to be found in the ancient histories. Yet it was the popular party of Curius Dentatus and of Valerius Corvus that had so far triumphed. Did they do nothing for the inferior Plebeians — nothing for the still inferior aliens and slaves? Again there is no answer in the ancient histories. The popular party spent its liberality in contests with its superiors. It had little besides illiberality to show toward its inferiors. Instead of encouraging continual growth in freedom amongst the lower orders, it seems as if the popular party had stood like full-grown trees that divert the sunshine from the lowlier plants, incapable, indeed, of pushing up their branches all at once, but designed to lift their breathing leaves nearer and nearer to the height of the older foliage.

This settled the question as to the extent of Roman liberty. It was to remain in a few hands. Its freemen were they who had risen: they who had yet to rise were bondmen. The mind reverts to the city as it stood upon

its seven hills. The temple with its company of columns holds the foremost place. Beneath, the square, decked with monuments and trophies, lies open for the assemblies of the nation. On the right and on the left, scaling every hill, and covering nearly every level space, are the dwellings, the gardens, the fields, and the woods of the richer citizens. To find the poorer classes we must thread the crooked streets where the dampness of day and the darkness of night maintain continual gloom.— *History of Liberty, Vol. I., Book 3, Chap. 15.*

ELLET, Elizabeth Fries Lummis, an American poet and historian; born at Sodus Point, N. Y., October 9, 1818; died at New York, June 3, 1877. She was an industrious and careful writer, and her works have considerable value. She published a volume of *Poems, Original and Selected,* in 1835, wrote several books, mostly of a historical or biographical character, and was a frequent contributor to periodicals. Her principal works are *Characters of Schiller* (1841); *Women of the American Revolution* (1848); *Domestic History of the American Revolution* (1850); *Watching Spirits* (1851); *Pioneer Women of the West* (1852); *Summer Rambles in the West* (1853); *Women Artists in all Ages and Countries* (1861); *Queens of American Society* (1867); *Court Circles of the Republic* (1869); *Cyclopædia of Domestic Economy* (1872).

The following words of praise were penned by Mrs. Sarah Hale as early as 1850, and were inserted in the first edition of her *Woman's Record:* "Mrs. Ellet has tried nearly all varieties of literature, original and translation — poetry, essay, criticism, tragedy, biogra-

phy, fiction, history, and stories for children; to say, as we truly can, that she has not failed in any is sufficient praise. Still, she has not probably done her best in any one department; the concentration of genius is one of the conditions of its perfect development. She is yet young, hopeful, and studious. Nor are her accomplishments confined to the merely literary: in music and drawing she also excels; and in the graces that adorn society, and make the charm of social and domestic intercourse, she is eminently gifted."

Upon the appearance of Mrs. Ellet's *Domestic History of the American Revolution,* the *Literary World* said: "We owe her our thanks, not only for a volume of pleasant and interesting reading, but for the noble incentives which this compilation cannot fail to create in the hearts of her readers. Would that the same unanimity now prevailed and we were all united, as were our ancestors in that olden time when they leagued together freed from sectional jealousy or party bitterness to do their heroic duty. If stimulus is wanting, this book will furnish plenty, in the anecdotes which are told of all classes and conditions."

ANECDOTE OF A REVOLUTIONARY GIRL.

Some of the women in Philadelphia, whose husbands were in the American army, used to procure intelligence through a market boy, who came into the city to bring provisions, and carried the dispatches sent by his friends in the back of his coat. One morning, when there was reason to fear that he was suspected, and his movements watched, a young girl undertook to get the papers. She went to market, and in a pretended game of romps threw her shawl over the boy's head, thus securing the prize. She hastened with the papers to her friends, who read them with deep interest, after the windows had been carefully closed. When news came of Bur-

goyne's surrender this sprightly girl, not daring to give vent openly to her exultation, put her head up the chimney and gave a shout for Gates.— *From Domestic History of the American Revolution.*

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

While attempting to pay a tribute but too long withheld to the memory of women who did and endured so much in the cause of liberty, we should not be insensible to the virtues of another class, belonging equally to the history of the period. These had their share of reverse and suffering. Many saw their children and relatives espousing opposite sides; and with ardent feelings of loyalty in their hearts, were forced to weep over the miseries of their families and neighbors. Many were driven from their homes, despoiled of property, and finally compelled to cast their lot in desolate wilds and an uncongenial climate. And while their heroism, fortitude, and spirit of self-sacrifice were not less brightly displayed, their hard lot was unpitied, and they met with no reward.— *From Women of the American Revolution.*

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

In the library of William H. Prescott, at his residence in Boston, are two swords, crossed above the arch of an alcove. One belonged to his grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the American troops in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. The other was the sword of Captain Linzee, of the royal army, who commanded the British sloop-of-war, the Falcon, then lying in the Mystic; from which the American troops were fired upon as they crossed to Bunker Hill. Captain Linzee was the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott. The swords of those two gallant soldiers who fought on different sides upon that memorable day — now in the possession of their united descendants, and crossed — an emblem of peace in the library of the great American historian — are emblematic of the spirit in which our history should be written. Such be the spirit in which we view the loyalists of those days.— *From Women of the American Revolution.*

REST FOR THE WEARY.

O weary heart, there is a rest for thee!
  O truant heart, there is a blessèd home,
An isle of gladness in life's wayward sea,
  Where storms that vex the waters never come!
There trees perennial yield their balmy shade;
  There flower-wreathed hills in sunlit beauty sleep;
There meek streams murmur through the verdant glade;
  There heaven bends smiling o'er the placid deep;
Winnowed by wings immortal that fair isle;
  Vocal its air with music from above!
There meets the exile eye a welcoming smile;
  There ever speaks a summoning voice of love
Unto the heavy-laden and distrest —
  "Come unto Me," and I will give you rest!"

TO THE LANCE-FLY.

Forth with the breezy sweep
  Of spirit wings upon my path of light,
Thou creature of the sunbeam! upward keep
  Thine earth-defying flight!

The glowing west is still;
  In hallowed slumber sinks the restless sea;
And heaven's own tints have wrought o'er tree and hill
  A purpling canopy.

Go — bathe thy gaudy wing
  In freshened azure from the deepening sky —
In the rich gold your parting sunbeams fling,
  Ere yet their glories die.

The boundless air is thine,
  The gorgeous radiance of declining day,
Those painted clouds their living hues entwine,
  To dark thy heavenward way.

Soar on! my fancies too
  Would quit awhile the fading beauties here,
To roam with thee that waste of boundless blue,
  And view yon heaven more near!

Lost! in the distant page,
  Ere my bewildered thoughts for flight were free;
Farewell! in vain upon the void I gaze,—
  I cannot soar like thee!

—*From Poems, Original and Translated.*

ELLICOTT, CHARLES JOHN, an English theologian; born at Whitwell, Stamford, April 25, 1819. He was educated at Cambridge, where he was graduated with honors in 1841, and was elected a fellow of St. John's College. In 1848 he was collated to the rectorship of Pilton, which he held for ten years, when he resigned it in order to become Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. In 1859 he was appointed Hulsean Lecturer, and in 1860 was elected Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. His Hulsean Lectures for that year on the "Life of our Lord Jesus Christ" attracted great attention by their eloquence and rare scholarship. In 1861 he was nominated by the Crown to the Deanery of Exeter, and in 1863 to the united sees of Gloucester and Bristol, which had become vacant by the promotion of Bishop William Thomson to the Archbishop of York. Bishop Ellicott's publications are numerous. His *Hulsean Lectures* have been republished in several editions. He has written *Commentaries* on several of the Pauline Epistles, and an elaborate essay on the *Apocryphal Gospels* (1856); *The Destiny*

of the Creature and Other Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge (1858); *Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament* (1870; republished in 1884 with other essays by Canon Lightfoot and Archbishop Trench and an introduction by Dr. Philip Schaff); *Six Addresses on Modern Skepticism* (1877); *Six Addresses on the Being of God* (1879); numerous papers in the publications of "The Christian Evidence Society;" *Diocesan Progress; Present Dangers to the Church of England* (1881); *Are We to Modify Fundamental Doctrines* (1885); *Salutary Doctrine* (1890); *Foundations of Sacred Study* (1893). He has also edited a *Commentary on the Old and New Testaments,* by various writers. He was for eleven years the Chairman of the "Company of the Revisers of the Authorized Version of the New Testament," published in 1881.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

I neither feel nor affect to feel the slightest sympathy with the so-called popular theology of the present day: but I shall trust that, in the many places in which it has been almost necessarily called forth in the present pages, no expression has been used toward sceptical writings stronger than may have been positively required by allegiance to catholic truth. Toward the honest and serious thinker who may feel doubts or difficulties in some of the questions connected with our Lord's life, all tenderness may justly be shown.—*Preface to Lectures.*

THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

In the retirement of that mountain-hamlet of Bethany —a retirement soon to be broken in upon — the Redeemer of the world may with reason be supposed to have spent His last earthly Sabbath. There, too, either in their own house or, as seems more probable, in the

house of one who probably owed to our Lord his return to the society of his fellow-men, did that loving household "make a supper" for their Divine Guest. Joyfully and thankfully did each one of that loving family instinctively do that which might seem most to tend to the honor and glorification of Him whom one of them had declared to be, and whom they all knew to be, the Son of God that was to come into the world. So Martha serves; Lazarus, it is specially noticed, takes place at the table, the visible living proof of the omnipotence of his Lord; Mary performs the tender office of a mournfully foreseeing love, that thought nought too pure or too costly for its God — that tender office which, though grudgingly rebuked by Judas and, alas! others than Judas, who could not appreciate the depths of such a devotion, nevertheless received a praise which it has been declared shall evermore hold its place on the pages of the Book of Life.

But that Sabbath soon passed away. Ere night came on numbers even of those who were seldom favorably disposed to our Lord, now came to see both Him and the living monument of His merciful omnipotence. The morrow probably brought more of these half-curious, half-awed, yet, as would now seem, in a great measure believing visitants. The deep heart of the people was stirred, and the time was fully come when ancient prophecy was to receive its fulfilment, and the daughter of Zion was to welcome her King. Yea, and in kingly state shall He come. Begirt not only by the smaller band of His own disciples but by the great and now hourly increasing multitude, our Lord leaves the little wooded vale that had ministered to Him its Sabbath-day of seclusion and repose, and directs His way onward to Jerusalem. As yet, however, in but humble guise and as a pilgrim among pilgrims. He traverses the rough mountain-track which the modern traveler can even now somewhat hopefully identify; every step bringing him nearer to the ridge of Olivet, and to that hamlet or district of Bethpage, the exact site of which it is so hard to fix, but which was separated perhaps only by some narrow valley from the road along which the procession was now wending its way.

But the Son of David must not solemnly enter the

city of David as a scarcely distinguishable wayfarer amid a mixed and wayfaring throng. Prophecy must have its full and exact fulfilment; the King must approach the city of the King with some meek symbols of kingly majesty. With haste, it would seem, two disciples are dispatched to the village over against them, to bring to Him "who had need of it" the colt "whereon yet never man sat;" with haste the zealous followers cast upon it their garments, and all-unconscious of the significant nature of their act, place thereon their Master — the coming King. Strange it would have been if feelings such as now were eagerly stirring in every heart had not found vent in words. Strange indeed if, with the Hill of Zion now breaking upon their view, the long prophetic past had not seemed to mingle with the present, and evoke those shouts of mysterious welcome and praise, which first beginning with the disciples and those immediately round our Lord, soon were heard from every mouth of that glorifying multitude. And not from them alone. Numberless others there were fast streaming up Olivet, a palm-branch in every hand, to greet the raiser of Lazarus and the conqueror of Death; and now all join. One common feeling of holy enthusiasm now pervades that mighty multitude, and displays itself in befitting acts. Garments are torn off and cast down before the Holy One; green boughs bestrew the way; Zion's King rides onward in meek majesty, a thousand voices before, and a thousand voices behind, rising up to heaven with Hosannas and with mingled words of magnifying acclamation, some of which once had been sung to the Psalmist's harp, and some heard even from angelic tongues. If the suddenly opening view of Zion may have caused the excited feelings of that multitude to pour themselves forth in words of triumphant praise, surely we know that on our Redeemer's nearer approach to the city, as it rose up, perhaps suddenly, in all its extent and magnificence before him, tears fell from those Divine eyes — yea, the Saviour of the world wept over the city wherein He had come to suffer and die. The lengthening procession again moves onward, slowly descending into the deep valley of the Kedron, and slowly winding up the opposite slope, until at length by one of the eastern gates

it passes into one of the now crowded thoroughfares of the Holy City. Such was the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.— *Lectures on the Life of Our Lord.*

ELLIOT, Sir Gilbert, a Scottish philosopher and poet; born at Teviotdale, in September, 1722; died at Marseilles, France, January 11, 1777. He attended the Dalkeith Grammar School, entered the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently studied at Leyden. He was early known as "a distinguished classical scholar," and said himself, in a letter written before he was thirty years old, that he had read through almost all the classics, both Greek and Latin. He was called to the Scotch bar in 1742, and in 1754 he entered Parliament. He became Lord of the Admiralty in 1756, Treasurer of the Chambers in 1762, Keeper of the Signet in Scotland in 1767, and Treasurer of the Navy in 1770. Walpole characterized him as one of the ablest members of the House of Commons, where, according to the historian Robertson, no one excelled him in acuteness of reasoning and practical information; and Boswell quotes his elocution as a model for Scotch orators. He was the special confidant of George III., whom he supported in his unhappy policy toward America. He was intimate with the principal literary celebrities of his time, and several famous authors submitted their manuscripts to him before publication. Hume sent him the draft of his *Dialogues of Natural Religion,* desiring his collaboration; which, however, was refused, and Elliot — who "disapproved of the scep-

tical philosophy"— wrote Hume a long criticism on the latter's general theory. Sir Gilbert is said to have left a manuscript volume of poems, but only a few of his lines have been published. He has been wrongly credited with the authorship of several poems, and both he and his father have been erroneously spoken of as introducers of the flute into Scotland. Sir Gilbert's sister Jean was the author of the patriotic song *The Flowers of the Forest;* his own fame as a song-writer rests upon *Amynta,* styled by Sir Walter Scott "the beautiful pastoral song." It was printed in the first volume of Yair's *Charmer,* 1749. In vol. ii. of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* it was, by a mistake of the printer, published under the title *My Apron Dearie,* that being the name of the tune to which it was set. Elliot's verses on Colonel Gardiner, killed at Prestonpans in 1745, *'Twas at the Hour of Dark Midnight,* were printed in vol. iii. of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* to the tune of *Sawnie's Pipe.* The *Fanny* of the song was Colonel Gardiner's daughter Richmond. Some stanzas entitled *Thoughts Occasioned by the Funeral of the Earl and Countess of Sutherland in Hollyrood House,* published in *Scots Magazine* with the editorial note, *Composed we believe by a person of distinction,* were republished in *Censura Literaria,* where they are attributed by Sir Edward Bridges to Sir Gilbert Elliot.

AMYNTA.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove:
For Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love.
O, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at my fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

'TWAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing,
When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,
With hollow murmurs blowing;
When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,
Sad on her bed was lying,
And from the ruined tow'rs she heard
The boding screeching-owl crying.

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept.
"O night presaging sorrow:
O dismal night," she said, and wept,
"But more I dread the morrow.
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night
I saw fell death wide sweeping;
And all the matrons of the land
And all the virgins weeping."
And now she heard the massy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
"O speak," she cried, "My father's slain!
I see, I see him bleeding!"
"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the threshold of his gate
The foe of life bereft him.

"Bold, in the battle's front he fell,
With many a wound deformed:
A braver knight, nor better man,
This fair isle ne'er adorned."
While thus he spake, the grief-struck maid
A deadly swoon invaded;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
And sad was our complaining;
But oh! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining!
But why complain? the hero's soul
Is high in Heaven shining:
May Providence defend our isle
From all our foes designing.

ELLIOT, JEAN, or JANE, a Scottish poet; born at Minto House, Teviotdale, in 1727; died there March 29, 1805. She was a daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second baronet of Minto. It is said that she early gave evidence of unusual penetration and sagacity, and that her father, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, took a pride in her criticisms on his law papers. Once, when she was about nineteen,

she displayed much strength of character and presence of mind by entertaining with graceful courtesy a party of Jacobites in search of her father as an obnoxious Whig. He had had time to escape to the neighboring crags and conceal himself, and the behavior of his daughter completely outwitted his pursuers, who withdrew without accomplishing the object of their mission. Sir Gilbert was himself a man of literary tastes. It was Gilbert who is said to have suggested to Jane the subject of her exquisite ballad *The Flowers of the Forest,* her only known poem. On account of the quaint pathos and the touching allusions to the remote past, readers were long inclined to believe the *Flowers of the Forest* was a relic of antiquity. Burns was, however, one of the first to insist that this ballad was a modern composition, and when Sir Walter Scott wrote his *Border Minstrelsy* he inserted it (in 1803) as *by a lady of family in Roxburghshire.* Together with Scott, Ramsay of Ochtertyre and Dr. Somerville share the credit of discovering the authorship of the famous ballad.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lassies a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

ELLIOTT, CHARLES WYLLYS, an American novelist and historian; born at Guilford, Conn., May 27, 1817; died August 20, 1883. After engaging in mercantile business in New York, he became a pupil in landscape gardening of A. J. Downing, and in 1853 was appointed one of the commissioners for laying out the Central Park in New York. About 1872 he took up his residence at Cambridge, Mass. Besides being a frequent contributor to periodicals, he wrote books on a great variety of subjects, some of them having been published anonymously. Among his acknowledged works are *Cottages and Cottage Life* (1848); *Mysteries, or Glimpses of the Supernatural* (1852); *St. Domingo, its Revolution and Hero* (1855); *The New England History* (1857); *Wind and Whirlwind* (1868); *American Interiors* (1875); *Pottery and Porcelain* (1878).

Speaking of Elliott's *New England History,* Professor Adams, of Cornell University, in his *Manual of Historical Literature,* says: "This work is not without real merits. The chapters on the discovery of the continent by the Northmen give a good view of the foundations on which a belief in the discovery rested at the time the work was written."

THE FIRST SPRING AT PLYMOUTH.

With the return of spring came the sailing of the *Mayflower.* They had struggled through the winter, and the ship had always been in sight, a place of refuge and relief in any desperate emergency. While she lay in the bay, the pilgrims had a hold upon friends, civilization, and Christianity; but let the ship once depart, and on the one hand there would be the broad, deep, tempestuous sea, and on the other, wide unknown forests, peopled by savages and wild beasts. Port Royal was the nearest point where they could find white men, and that was away some five hundred miles. The future was before them with all its uncertainties, which they must march forward to meet; yet not one of the number returned to the ship. The sailing of the *Mayflower* surpasses in dignity, though not in desperation, the burning of his ships by Cortés. This small band of men, women, and children were grouped on the shore, watching her as she slowly set her sails and crept out of the bay and from their sight. When the sun set in the western forest, she disappeared in the distant blue. A few Indians might have been hovering on the neighboring heights, watching the departure of the great sea-bird; but the last eyes that bade farewell to the *Mayflower* were those of women.

But the sky was not inky, nor was their future desperate. The sun still shone gloriously, the moon still bathed the earth with light, and the stars kept their ceaseless vigils. Spring here, as of old, followed winter; the murmurings of the streams was heard, and the song of the turtle; birds builded their nests, the tender grass sprung up under their feet, and the trees budded and

burst forth into wondrous beauty. God was over all — their God, their friend, their protector here as in the Old World; why should He not be more their friend than ever before? Life had not been altogether lovely to them in the past; it had not been pleasant in England to be put into dungeons, or to have one's ears dug out, or to be plundered by low-bred policemen, or to be hunted like wild beasts into mountains and holes of the earth. Here there was freedom, room. He can only value this who has lost it; yet no man lives, however low in the scale of civilization, who does not long for it, and will not suffer to get it: will suffer danger, pain and starvation rather than not be free. "Here," said one, "all are freeholders; rent-day does not trouble us." Here, if anywhere, might not every one sit under his own vine? Earth and sea had fruits, and they were free. No monopolist, with subtle alchemy, gathered the earnings of men; no Church collected the unwilling tithes; no tax-gatherer waited on them with hungry coffers; no king, no pope, no soldier, challenged their gratitude for having taken their money to govern them. They could govern themselves. Social, religious, and political anomalies and technicalities had not yet become grievous burdens, bearing down soul and body at the earth. "Here," said Cushman, 'we have great peace, plentie of the Gospel, and many sweet delights and varietie of comforts."— *The New England History, Vol. I., Chap. IX.*

NEW ENGLAND MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

New England seems to have suffered for the want of two things: Amusement and Art. Why was this? Necessity forced men to work — for the fertile lands were scarce, and the long winters required much food and shelter for man and beast. In a tropical land constant fruits seduce the body to repose; but in a colder region the first warm sunshine of Spring must be watched, and seized, and planted along with the sprouting seed; the early hours and the eventide must be devoted to hasten the crops, which in the short summer must grow and blossom, and bear their fruit. Nature does much, but

man must do much; he is the gnome whose cunning hand is to work up her black earths and rocks into golden grains. God helps those who help themselves was a doctrine practiced in New England; and however they prayed, they always worked. Through eight months in the year, no man or woman had time for amusement. Habits were thus fixed; and when the Winter came, those who had passed the hey-day of life, were content with rest.

The young now and then indulged in outbursts of amusements, and ran into excesses which they might have escaped, had fathers and mothers taken part in the dance and the song. Another element had a marked influence upon manners. Not only must the body be sustained though despised; but the soul must be saved. Serious men and women passed, into serious years, feared the wrath of God. Ignorant as all were of the laws of health, they feared to be cut down in a moment, and they sat with Death at their board. To such, mere forgetfulness seemed sinful, and a song savored of evil, while a light word or a laugh might be an insult to that God who shook the heavens and the earth with His thunders and said unto them, "Repent, repent, for the day of the Lord is at hand!" It is plain that they could not indulge in trifling amusements, and must discountenance it in their children. . . .

Art was neglected for much the same reasons that Amusement was discouraged. The necessities of a new country forbade one to make painting, or sculpture, or music, or poetry, the occupation of his life. Such a person would have failed to receive respect or support. Neither would those occupations have seemed consistent with the idea that a man was standing in the presence of an awful God, and liable at any moment to be called to judgment. Of the fine arts, music only received a brief attention as an accessory to the Sunday service. Art, therefore, failed to impart that grace and delicacy and ornament to life in New England, which is its province if properly used. . . .

The women of New England were truly help-meets for men. They bore fully their share of labors and trials.

They were the housewives, spinners and weavers, tailors, nurses, and doctors of New England; they were dairy-maids and cooks, as well as friends and sweethearts. They kept the gardens, where beds of herbs ripened "for sickness," where roses and hollyhocks opened for beauty. They studied the weather and the almanac, and were wise to predict that if the moon's horns dipped we should have rain; if the moon changed on Friday it would rain on Sunday. In New England women were never made the slaves or inferiors of men; they were co-equal in social life, and held a position superior to that held by them in England. Society did not, however, recognize their political rights. . . .

The children probably had as poor a time as any portion of the people, for the prevailing principles did not favor too much gayety. Besides the Catechisms, which were apt to prove indigestible to children, there was an infinite quantity of work to be done, and both women and children were required to do their share. To the latter fell a class of work known as "chores;" and these chores they were deputed to do, morning and night, besides their school duty. They consisted of bringing in the wood, feeding and milking the cow, taking her to and from pasture, picking up chips, making snow-paths, going of innumerable errands, carrying cold victuals to the poor, and so on — the odds and ends of daily life; this early inured the children to the responsibility of life; and although it made them old before their time, it guarded them from that levity and recklessness which has ruined many a fine promise and wrecked many a high hope. So that the child-life of New England had its good side; and many a hearty and genial and generous man has grown out of these "chore-boys."— *The New England History, Vol. II., Chap. I.*

ELLIOTT, Ebenezer, an English poet; born at Masborough, Yorkshire, March 17, 1781; died near Barnsley, December 1, 1849. His father was an iron-founder, and the son worked in the foundry until he was twenty-three. He then set up in business for himself, but was not successful. At thirty he made another and successful attempt, with a borrowed capital of £100. At sixty he retired from business, with a competent fortune, and passed the remainder of his life in his villa at Barnsley, near Sheffield. He began to write poetry as early as his seventeenth year, and some of his early productions attracted the favorable notice of Southey. His *Corn Law Rhymes* began to appear about 1830, and from these he derived the appellation of "The Corn Law Rhymer." A complete edition of his works up to that date was brought out in 1833–35. He, however, added to them at intervals, and soon after his death was published in two volumes, *More Prose and Verse by the Corn Law Rhymer,* and also a brief *Autobiography.* Only a small part of Elliott's writings are of a political character. The greater portion of them are of a domestic nature, marked by a tender sentiment for nature, and the warmest feelings for humanity.

THE EXCURSION.

Bone-weary, many-chided, trouble-tried!
  Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died,
  This day drink health from Nature's mountain-bowl;
  Nay, why lament the doom that mocks control?

The buried are not lost, but gone before.
  Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crowned yon time-dark heights of yore;
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them.
  Oh, thank the Lord for all He gives or takes:
The withered bud, the living flower or gem!
  And He will bless us when the world forsakes!
  Lo! where thy fisher-born abstracted takes
With his fixed eyes the trout he cannot see.
  Lo! starting from his earnest dream he wakes!
While our glad Fancy, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noë's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn-
    tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
  When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit from the trees,
  Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
  When clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
  By that bright pencil which good spirits know.
Alike in earth and heaven —'tis sweet once more
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-birds soar.

. . . . . .

Bright Eyebright! loveliest flower of all that grow
  In flower-loved England! Flower whose hedgeside gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth now know
  Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
  The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
  Which the lone bard most loveth in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
  Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave;
  While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops;
  While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops;

While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops,
Kicks at the strangers, then turns round to stare,
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

HYMN TO BRITAIN.

Nurse of the Pilgrim Sires, who sought,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
For fearless truth and honest thought,
A refuge and a home!
Who would not be of them or thee
A not unworthy son?
That hears, amid the chained or free,
The name of Washington!

Cradle of Shakespeare, Milton, Knox!
King-shaming Cromwell's throne!
Home of the Russells, Watts, and Lockes!
Earth's greatest are thine own:—
And shall thy children forge base chains
For men that would be free?
No! by thy Elliots, Hampdens, Vanes,
Pyms, Sydneys, yet to be!

No! — for the blood which kings have gorged
Hath made their victims wise;
While every lie that fraud hath forged
Veils wisdom from his eyes:—
But Time shall change the despot's mood;
And Mind is mightiest then,
When turning evil into good
And monsters into men.

If round the soul the chains are bound
That hold the world in thrall —
If tyrants laugh when men are found
In brutal fray to fall —
Lord! let not Britain arm her hands
Her sisters state to ban;
But bless through her all other lands,
Thy family of man.

For freedom if thy Hampden fought,
For peace if Falkland fell,
For peace and love if Bentham wrote,
And Burns sang wildly well —
Let Knowledge, strongest of the strong,
Bid hate and discord cease;
Be this the burden of her song —
"Love, liberty, and peace!"

Then, father, will the nations all,
As with the sound of seas,
In universal festival,
Sing words of joy, like these:—
Let each love all, and all be free,
Receiving as they give.
Lord! — Jesus died for love and Thee!
So let Thy children live!

SONNET OF SPRING.

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoiced that Winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
Wild Apple! thou art bursting into bloom;
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed Thorn!
Wake, buried Lily! Spirit, quit thy tomb;
And thou, shade-loving Hyacinth, be born!
Then haste, sweet Rose! Sweet Woodbine hymn the morn,
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea; while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under Heaven expands.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the poor:
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;

His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace — and the grave.
Sin met thy brother everywhere!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great
He blessed the steward whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare:—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man,
Who drew them as they are.

ELLIS, EDWARD SYLVESTER, an American educational and juvenile writer; born at Geneva, Ohio, January 11, 1840. For several years he was Superintendent of the Public Schools in Trenton, N. J., but resigned to devote himself wholly to literature. He has written *The People's Standard History of the United States; The Life of Daniel Boone; The Life of David Crockett;* and over 100 books for young people, including *The Deerfoot Series; The Log Cabin; Pioneer; War Chief; North-west; True Grit; Colonial,* and *Jack Hazard* series. Each of these series contains from six to ten volumes, each volume being a complete story.

A reviewer in writing of the *Deerfoot* books says:

"Edward S. Ellis, the fascinating raconteur of pioneer romance and adventure, and creator of that delectable character, Deerfoot, has again pursued his hero through other exciting events of a most entrancing nature. No boy who has ever in imagination accompanied Deerfoot through his labyrinthine exploits will forget the spell-bound fascination with which he turned the pages, and none shall fail to be elated at the opportunity of again coming face to face with this unrivalled character in the realm of juvenile fiction. Mr. Ellis has a most graphic pen, is a worthy successor of James Fenimore Cooper, and depicts for young readers the early settlement phases and primitive characters of American pioneer life with a realism and historical fidelity unapproached in our recent literature. The fortunes of the heroic little band that journeys in these pages from the Ohio to the Pacific, and returns in that time of daring when Lewis and Clark were engaged in their adventurous expedition, are recounted with a compelling glamor which exceptional illustration enhances."

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

Daniel Boone was the ideal of the American pioneer — brave, cool, self-reliant, a dead shot with his rifle, a consummate master of wood-craft, with sturdy frame, hopeful at all times, and never discouraged by disasters which caused many a weaker spirit to faint by the way. All that the pen of romance depicts in the life of one whose lot is cast in the Western forests, marked the career of Boone. In the lonely solitudes he encountered the wild animal and the fiercer wild man; and he stood on the bastions at Boonesborough through the flaming sun or the solemn hours of night, exchanging shots with the treacherous Shawanoe, when every bullet fired was meant to extinguish a human life; he was captured by Indians three times, his companions were shot down at his side, his daughter was carried away by savages and quickly rescued by himself and a few intrepid comrades; his oldest boy was shot dead before he set foot in Ken-

tucky, and another was killed while bravely fighting at Blue Licks; the border town named after him was assaulted and besieged by overwhelming bodies of British and Indians; his brother was slain and he himself underwent all manner of hardship and suffering. Yet through it all, he preserved his honest simplicity, his unswerving integrity, his prudence and self-possession, and his unfaltering faith in himself, in the future of his country, and in God. He lived through this crucial period to see all his dreams realized, and Kentucky one of the brightest stars in the grand constellation of the Union. Such a life cannot be studied too closely by American youth; and in the following pages, we have endeavored to give an accurate description of its opening, its eventful progress and its peaceful close, when, in the fullness of time and in a ripe old age, he was finally laid to rest, honored and revered by the great nation whose possessions stretch from ocean to ocean, and whose "land is the fairest that ever sun shone on!" — *Introduction to The Life of Daniel Boone*

SIMON KENTON

The war of 1812 finished, Kenton returned to the obscurity of his humble cabin, where he lived until 1820, when he removed to the headwaters of Mad River, Logan County, Ohio, near the very spot where, many years before, he had been tied to the stake by the Indians, when they condemned him to death.

It seemed impossible for the old pioneer to escape the annoyance of the land-sharpers. He was still the owner of many large mountain tracts of Kentucky, but he was "land poor," in its fullest sense, and these were forfeited for taxes.

Kenton became so worn out, and so distressed by poverty, that in 1824, when nearly seventy years old, he rode to Frankfort, while the Legislature was in session, to petition that body to release these comparatively worthless lands from the claims upon them for unpaid taxes.

The old hunter was clothed in dilapidated garments, and his rickety horse looked so woe-begone that the wonder was how he could carry such a large man as he was. But

when it became known that Simon Kenton was in town, it caused an excitement like that which the arrival of the menagerie and circus excites.

There was no one in the capital of Kentucky who had not heard of the wonderful exploits of Kenton, and the tall handsome figure of the hunter, with his mild prepossessing features, would have attracted attention anywhere. It was hard to believe that this old gentleman with his gentle blue eyes, his soft musical voice, and his humble Christian bearing, was the hurricane-like fighter, who had torn the reeking scalp from the head of the fierce savage, who had run the gauntlet more than once, who had trailed the red Indian through the gloomy depths of the forest and who had lived in the wilderness in storm and sunshine, week after week and month after month, when he never closed his eyes with certainty he would not be awakened for an instant by the crash of the tomahawk as it clove his skull in twain.

But this was Simon Kenton, and the crowds began to gather. General Thomas Fletcher recognized him and donned him in a good respectable suit of clothing. Then he was taken to the Capitol and placed in the Speaker's chair, where the multitude, in which were the legislators and the most prominent citiens, filed through the building and were introduced to the great adventurer, who smilingly shook their hands, exchanged a few pleasant words, and blushed like a school boy.—*The Life of Daniel Boone.*

ELLIS, Sir Henry, an English diplomat and antiquarian; born at London, November 29, 1777; died there January 15, 1869. He was chief librarian of the British Museum from 1827 to 1856. He edited Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (1813); introduction to *Doomsday Book* (1816); Dugdale's *Monasticon* (1817), and published *Original Letters Illustrative of English History* (1824–46), mostly

from material in the Museum. He wrote *Elgin Marbles of the Classic Ages* (1847) and *The Townley Gallery of Sculpture* (1847). He was Third Commissioner in Lord Amherst's embassy to China, in 1816, of which he wrote a narrative in 1817. This work is of special value as giving an account of the second formal attempt to open diplomatic relations between Great Britain and China.

LORD AMHERST AT THE CHINESE COURT.

Mandarins of all buttons were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them; the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene unparalleled in the history of even oriental diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message from Ho (Koong-yay), stating that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, and the commissioners immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of His Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. During this time the room had filled with spectators, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their curiosity. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting through the Koong-yay a humble request to his imperial majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and an-

other mandarin finally proposed that His Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst, having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. He shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; he further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign. At all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his imperial majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient and more private. This Lord Amherst declined. The Koong-yay, having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject. A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford to His Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and His Excellency proceeded to his carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately, buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands.

ELLIS, Sarah Stickney, an English essayist; born at London, 1812; died at Hoddesdon, Herts, June 16, 1872. For many years she conducted a school for girls in Hertfordshire. In 1837 she became the wife of the Rev. William Ellis. By her writings she rendered valuable service to the cause of female education. She was the author of numerous works, among them *The Poetry of Life; Home, or the Iron Rule,* and *Women of England* (1838); *Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees* (1841); *The Daughters of England* (1842); *The Wives of England* and *The Mothers of England* (1843); *Family Secrets* (1841–43); *Pictures of Private Life* (1844); *Look to the End* (1845); *The Island Queen,* a poem, and *Social Distinctions, or Hearts and Homes* (1848–49); *Mothers of Great Men* (1860); *Education of the Heart* (1869), and *Melville Farm* (1871).

"Artistically speaking," writes Mrs. Hale in her work on *Distinguished Women,* "*The Poetry of Life* is the best work of Mrs. Ellis. It shows refined taste and a well cultured mind; and, like all the books of this author, an attempt at something more than merely pleasing — the wish to inculcate the purest morality based upon the religion of the Bible." Speaking of the novels of Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Hale says: "We are loath to believe she pictures truly the condition of her country-women; because, if she does, the character of the men of England must be selfish, sensual, hard and coarse!" The same distinguished American authority gives the crown of superiority in the higher sense of usefulness to the works which her

English contemporary has addressed particularly to the women of her own land. "Candid and conscientious, her principles grounded on sincere religion, it seems to be the aim of this excellent woman to be humbly useful in her generation and to make the most use of her talents in doing good. *The Women of England,* and the other manuals of this series, are written professedly to direct the young, the unwise, and the ignorant. Well-known truths, and the sensible reiteration of useful advice are plainly set forth, and the guide of the whole is Christian doctrine. Such works must do good."

A writer in *Chambers' English Literature* says that "this lady is the Hannah More of the present generation. She has written fifty or sixty volumes, nearly all conveying moral or religious instruction, and all written in a style calculated to render them both interesting and popular."

THE CIRCLE OF GAVARNIE.

The Circle of Gavarnie is so named from its being a sort of basin, enclosed on all sides but one; and at the time we saw it, the depth of the hollow was covered with a thick bed of snow. Of its perpendicular height an idea may be formed by the great cascade, which falls over a surface of rock of fourteen hundred feet, thus forming the highest waterfall in Europe. On the first melting of the snows, and at the season when we beheld it, it is as magnificent in the volume of water which descends as in its height. At the summit where it rolls over the lofty precipices, two gigantic masses of rock stand forth, as if to guard its fall, which is not interrupted until the last quarter of the distance, where a bolder and darker mass separates the column of water, without the majestic line of the whole cascade being broken. In order to form a correct idea of the beauty

of the whole scene, it is necessary to imagine the rocks of the finest marble, streaked and variegated with every tint, from the deepest brown and purple, to the brightest yellow, sometimes varying even to rose-color. A perpendicular wall of this structure rises beyond the great waterfall; and down its side were precipitated twelve other waterfalls, while over its summit lay a vast field of snow: again another wall of marble, diversified with cascades, more faint and blue in the distance; and above all, the more majestic wall on which stand the two mighty rocks, called the Towers of Marboré, crowned with eternal snows, and all formed of the most beautiful marble, fluted like the columns of a Grecian temple. The highest of these walls of marble rises at a perpendicular height of about one thousand feet above the amphitheatre, which is formed by the receding of the different beds of snow, in the form of a semicircle. To the right the snows and the pinnacles of rock seem to mingle into a mere chaotic mass; while, rising immediately from the bed of the hollow basin, are bold buttresses of the adjoining mountain, standing out like barriers to protect the whole; and over their perpendicular sides the most beautiful cascades were pouring, some of them like silver threads, making in all sixteen within the circle.

It is over this portion of the circle that the celebrated *Breche de Rolande* appears, a giant cleft in a solid wall of rock, about six hundred feet in height, said to have been made by the warrior from whom it derives its name, when he opened for himself a passage for his conquests over the Moors. Amongst the many wonders told of this more than mortal hero, he is said, after effecting this passage into Spain, to have reached with one leap of his horse, the centre of the rocky defile, now called Chaos; and our guide actually stopped as we passed through it, to show us the mark of his horse's foot-print on the stone where he alighted.

The appearance of the Circle of Gavarnie is very deceptive as to its actual extent. It seemed but a trifle to walk from where we stood at the entrance, to the base of the great waterfall; yet the guide told us it would take an hour to reach it; and I could the more readily believe

him, when I reflected that we could but just hear, from where we stood, the hissing fall of that immense body of water. Later in the season, when the heats of summer have prevailed with lengthened power, this waterfall works for itself an archway, which leaves a bridge of snow; and the waters then form a sort of lake in the hollow of the circle, the whole circumference of which is said to be about ten miles.— *Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

ELLIS, WILLIAM, an English missionary; born at London, August 29, 1794; died at Hoddesdon, Herts, June 9, 1872. In 1816 he went as a missionary to Polynesia, where he remained for eight years. After his return to England, he published a *Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii* (1826); *Polynesian Researches* (1828); *History of Madagascar* (1838), and a *History of the London Missionary Society* (1844). Between 1853 and 1856 he went thrice to Madagascar for the London Missionary Society, and in 1858 published *Three Visits to Madagascar.* He had the honor of setting up the first printing-press in the South Sea Islands. In 1825 Ellis and his wife arrived in New Bedford, Mass., on a sailing vessel from the South Seas, and gave descriptive lectures of the people and his work among them. In 1867 he published *Madagascar Revisited,* and *A Vindication of the South Sea Missions from the Misrepresentation of Otto von Kotzebue.*

MALAGASY TOMBS.

Few of the general indications of the peculiar customs of the Malagasy are more remarkable than their places

of sepulture. Most of their graves are family tombs or vaults. In their construction, much time and labor, and sometimes considerable property are expended. The latter is regulated by the wealth of the proprietor. In erecting a tomb, the first consideration is the selection of an eligible spot. Publicity and elevation are their two principal requisites. Sometimes a tomb is placed immediately in front of the house of the person by whom it is built, or it occupies a conspicuous place by the road-side. At other times, tombs are built on an elevation in the midst of the capital, or village, or where two or more roads meet, and very frequently they are built on the outskirts of the towns and villages. The site having been chosen, a large excavation is made in the earth, and the sides and roof of the vault are formed of immense slabs of stone. Incredible labor is often employed in bringing these slabs from a distance to the spot where the grave is to be constructed. When they are fixed in their appointed positions, each side or wall of a vault or tomb, six or seven feet high, and ten or twelve feet square, is often formed of a single stone of the above dimensions. A sort of subterranean room is thus built; which, in some parts of the country, is lined with rough pieces of timber. The stones are covered with earth to the height of from fifteen to eighteen inches. This mound of earth is surrounded by a curb of stone-work, and a second and third parapet of earth is formed within the lower curb or coping, generally from twelve to eighteen inches in height, each diminishing in extent as they rise one above another, forming a flat pyramidal mound of earth, composed of successive terraces with stone facing and border, and resembling, in appearance, the former heathen temples of the South Sea islanders, or the pyramidal structures of the aborigines of South America: the summit of the grave is ornamented with large pieces of rose or white quartz. The stone-work exhibits, in many instances, very good workmanship, and reflects great credit on the skill of the native masons. Some of these rude structures are stated to be twenty feet in width, and fifty feet long. The large slabs used in forming the tombs, as described already, are usually of granite or syenite.

The natives have long known how to detach blocks of stone from the mountain mass by means of burning cow-dung on the part they wish to remove and dashing cold water along the line on the stone they have heated. Having been thus treated, the stone easily separates in thick layers, and is forced up by means of levers. "Odies," charms, are employed in marking out the desired dimensions of the slab, and to their virtue is foolishly attributed the splitting of the stone, though they well know that not all the "odies" in the kingdom would split one stone, if the usual heat were not applied. When the slab is detached, bands of straw are fastened round it, to prevent breakage in the removal. Strong ropes are attached to the slab, and, amidst the boisterous vociferations of the workmen, it is dragged away from the quarry. . . . Sometimes five or six hundred men are employed in dragging a single stone. A man usually stands on the stone, acting as director or pioneer. He holds a cloth in his hand, and waves it, with loud incessant shouts, to animate those who are dragging the ponderous block. At his shout they pull in concert. . . . Holy water is also sprinkled on the stone as a means of facilitating its progress, till at length, after immense shouting, sprinkling, and pulling, it reaches its destination. When the tomb is erected for a person deceased, but not yet buried, no noise is made in dragging the stones for its construction. Profound silence is regarded as indicating the respect of the parties employed. . . . The entrance to the tomb is covered by a large upright block of stone.—*History of Madagascar.*

ELLWOOD, THOMAS, an English author; born at Crowell, Oxfordshire, in 1639; died at Amersham, March 1, 1714. He was of a wealthy family in Oxfordshire, but having while quite young become a member of the Society of Friends, he

was disowned by his father, and was several times imprisoned. In 1662, through the recommendation of Dr. Pennington, he was given the position of reader to John Milton, then blind and who always kept a man to read to him, generally some gentleman's son desirous of improving himself in classical literature. It was at Ellwood's suggestion that Milton wrote his second great epic poem, *Paradise Regained.* He had left the service of Milton on account of illness, and after his recovery suffered a term of imprisonment for his religious views and then went to visit Milton at his residence at Giles Chalfont. The great poet, during the course of an ordinary conversation, passed him the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* and asked him to read it at his leisure and return it with his critical opinion. When he brought home the manuscript Ellwood freely and modestly answered his question, and added: "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found? Milton made no reply but sat mute. At a subsequent meeting of the two men in London after *Paradise Regained* had been published, the author acknowledged his indebtedness for the subject to Ellwood. He wrote several controversial works, a *Digest* of the historical portions of the Old and New Testaments, a poem entitled *Davideis,* and an *Autobiography,* published after his death. In his *Autobiography* Ellwood gives several incidents of his intercourse with the poet.

MILTON AND "PARADISE REGAINED."

Mr. Milton received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he

dismissed me to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies. I went therefore and took a lodging near to his house, as conveniently as I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week; and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read. At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue — not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home — I must learn the foreign pronunciation. The Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another tongue. My master, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. . . .

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London (1665). I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited upon him, and seen him well settled in it; but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to welcome him into the country. After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and when I had done so, return it to him with my judgment thereon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the utmost attention, read it through, I paid him another visit, and returned him

his book, with due acknowledgment for the favor he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse I pleasantly said to him: "Thou has said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterward I went to wait on him there — which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London — he shewed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained,* and, in a pleasant tone said to me: "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of."

ELY, RICHARD THEODORE, an American political economist; born at Ripley, N. Y., April 13, 1854. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1876, and afterward studied at Heidelburg, Germany. In 1881 he became Professor of Political Economy at Johns Hopkins University. In 1892 he was made Professor of Political Economy and director of the School of Economics and Political Science at the University of Wisconsin. His works include *French and German Socialism in Modern Times* (1883); *Socialism and Social Reform* (1884); *Recent American Socialism* (1885); *Problems of Today* (1886); *The Labor Movement in America* (1886); *Political Economy* (1889); *Social Aspects of Christianity* (1889); *Social Law of Service* (1900); *Monop-*

olies and Trusts (1901); and *Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society* (1904).

The latter work is a valuable contribution to the practical discussion of the problems immediately pressing in modern industrial society. These problems are the outcome of the industrial evolution that has advanced so rapidly in the last century. The field, as he says, "belongs to the general borderland where economics, ethics, biology, and sociology meet," and it is a field that must be worked by men who approach it from the viewpoint of these several sciences. It is one, that is to which scientific observation and the study of actual phenomena must be applied rather than the abstract generalizations of the older conception of economic theory. In a review of this book, the New York *Times* says:

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.

The author begins with a general survey, tracing the idea of evolution in society as advanced by Darwin, Spencer, and their followers, and shows how it is specifically exemplified in industrial life, the present changes in the economic world being only a link in the great chain of human development from the hunting and fishing stage of human society through the pastoral, the agricultural, the handicraft, and the industrial stages. The process has left us in a more or less sharply defined segregation by industrial classes. In the course of this development there has been the growth of the idea of private property and its modification by restricting its extent, and by the extension of public property; the evolution of forethought and, most of all, the increasing prominence given to co-operation as the great law of social growth, and the increasing dependence of man upon man.

In the second part are treated "Some Special Problems of Industrial Evolution," in which many of the points suggested in the first part are developed at greater length.

Prof. Ely, as the readers of his previous essays are aware, holds advanced views as to many of the debated problems of modern economic life, and in this section of his book he presents them with great ability. He holds by competition, when competition is "worthy struggle"; it is a permanent feature of human society, the chief selective process, securing the survival of the fit. Competition, then, must never be allowed to cease, though at present it has its darker side, marked by very grave evils. Its converse, monopoly, is the subject of some of his most valuable chapters, in which, of course, the trusts are the central point of discussion. He estimates that the value of the monopolized businesses of the United States more probably exceeds a sixth of the entire valuation of property in the United States than falls short of this proportion. In his discussion of remedies for the growing economic tendency to effect combinations for the securing of monopoly he lays down the principle that there must be no measures to forbid the growth of business or combinations on the part of persons engaged in business when they find it advantageous to enter into combinations: "The so-called anti-trust legislation of the American Commonwealths has produced harm, and can produce nothing but harm. So far from lessening the concentration of production, it has rather increased it."

The remedies he advocates are first, education; secondly, the public control of natural monopolies; thirdly, the regulation of the transmission of property from generation to generation. Tariff reform he lays far less stress upon than many others, but is prepared to advocate it when monopoly clearly rests upon the tariff. The patent law should be reformed in a way that should render patents of less significance as a foundation of monopoly, without taking away the stimulus to invention. The proposition to have the Government reserve the right to purchase patents and throw them open to public use is one that Prof. Ely thinks well of. Finally, the reform of the law of private corporations to bring them under public control is of the greatest importance. Complete publicity is needed, and such extension of the criminal law as would send to the penitentiary as quickly the man guilty of

theft through the medium of a corporation as the man guilty of theft in his individual capacity.

Mr. Ely discerns a very marked trend in public opinion in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities, and, while admitting the difficulties of such a system, argues for it with much ability. It must come, however, in the right way, deliberately provided with adequate safeguards and as a part of other movements, especially of full civil service reform. He urges likewise the establishment of a parcels post, and National ownership of telephones and telegraphs. Railways present a much more intricate and difficult problem, because of the conflicting interests of different sections — a danger which he offsets against the present tendency of private ownership to create classes and class bitterness.

EMERSON, Ralph Waldo, an American philosopher and poet; born at Boston, May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were New England clergyman. His father died at forty-two, leaving a widow, a daughter, and four sons, of whom Ralph was the second. He entered Harvard College at thirteen. He was deficient in mathematics, but his renderings from Latin and Greek authors were better than those of his class-mates who excelled him in grammatical knowledge. He made much use of the college library, which was then the largest in the country, although it contained barely 25,000 volumes. "He read and re-read the early English dramatists, and knew Shakespeare almost by heart." This proficiency in English literature, however, did not count in college records. Measured by these, his standing

was a little above the middle in a class of sixty. In the estimation of his classmates he ranked much higher; for he was chosen by them as their poet for "class-day."

His elder brother, William, also a Harvard graduate, had established in Boston a school for girls, in which Ralph was a teacher for several years, during which he also studied theology. In 1826 he was "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association (Unitarian), and in 1829 he became colleague to Henry Ware in the pastorate of the Second Church (Unitarian) in Boston. In the following year Mr. Ware resigned in order to become a professor at Harvard, and Emerson became sole pastor of the Boston church. In 1830 he married Ellen Louisa Tucker; but she died in the following year. Emerson's career as a clergyman lasted about four years. He came to the conviction that the ordinance of the "Lord's Supper," was not established by Jesus as one of perpetual observance by His followers, and that the formal consecration of the sacramental bread and wine was something which he could not conscientiously do. The congregation held that the rite should be observed as it had always been, and Emerson resigned the pastorate. His farewell discourse is the only one of his sermons which has been printed; and that not till 1877 by Mr. Frothingham, in his volume *Transcendentalism in New England*.

Emerson's resignation of the pastorate was accepted by the "proprietors;" but they voted that his salary should be continued, evidently hoping that he would rescind his resolution. He seems to have taken a few weeks to consider the matter; but near the close of December, 1832, he addressed a tender farewell

letter to the people of his former charge, and immediately set out upon his first visit to Europe. His spirits were depressed by the recent loss of his young wife, and his health was seriously impaired. This visit to Europe lasted nearly a year. Most of the time was passed in Italy. But near the close he took a run to England; his main purpose being to see some half-dozen men — such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Carlyle, the last named of whom he had come to regard as "the latest and strongest contributor to the critical journals." His meeting with Thomas Carlyle was in many ways an important epoch in the lives of the two men. Emerson was barely thirty; Carlyle, eight years older, had for some years been living at the lonely farm-house of Craigenputtock, whither Emerson went to see him. This interview lasted only a few hours; but it resulted in a friendship which continued until both were old men. The two men never met again for some twenty years, when Emerson went to England upon a lecturing tour.

Emerson in withdrawing from the pulpit had abandoned the career upon which he had entered with brilliant prospects; but another was opened to him. The system of popular lecturing, which has come to be known as the "Lyceum," had begun to develop itself. It gave scope for any man who had anything to say upon any subject which anybody wished to hear about. Emerson availed himself of the opening. His first lecture, *Water*, was delivered before the Boston Mechanics' Association; this was followed by others upon his visit to Italy, upon *Man's Relations to the Globe;* then in 1834 by a series of five upon Michelangelo, Milton, Luther, George Fox, and Edmund Burke; the first two of which, soon after published in the *North*

American Review, were his first appearances in print. In 1835 he married Lidian Jackson, and took up his residence at Concord, Mass., which was his home during the remainder of his life. From this time his profession was that of delivering lectures in all parts of the United States. For forty successive years he lectured before the Lyceum of Salem, Mass. His principal "courses" were ten upon *English History;* twelve upon *The Philosophy of History;* ten upon *Human Culture;* ten upon *Human Life;* ten upon *The Present Age;* and seven upon *The Times.* These lectures, as such, have never been printed; but much of the substance of them is reproduced in his *Essays* and subsequent works.

Emerson's first book, entitled *Nature,* was published in 1836. It is a little book and found very few readers at first. It was some twelve years before the first edition of five hundred copies was disposed of. Considering that there were forty years between the date of *Nature,* his first book, and *Letters and Social Aims,* his last, Emerson was by no means a voluminous writer. The following is a list of his works arranged in the order of their dates of publication; but this is no certain indication of the time of their actual composition. Internal evidence indicates that some of the later ones were substantially composed long before the issue of some of those earlier published:

Nature (1836); *Essays* (first series, 1841; second series, 1847); *Poems* (1846); *Miscellanies,* consisting mainly of collegiate and other addresses, most of which had already been printed in *The Dial* (1849); *Representative Men* (1850); several chapters in James Freeman Clarke's *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli,* not included in Emerson's collected works (1852); *Eng-*

lish Traits (1856); *Conduct of Life* (1860); *May-day and Other Poems* (1867); *Society and Solitude* (1870); *Letters and Social Aims* (1875). All of the prose works after 1847, with the exception of *English Traits,* are properly so many new series of the *Essays.* To these should be added the *Letters to Thomas Carlyle,* extending through many years, and first published some years after the death of Emerson.

To complete the personal history of Emerson it is necessary only to add that in 1847 he again went to England in order to deliver lectures in the principal towns; and the results of his observations are embodied in *English Traits.* He went to England again in 1868; but does not appear to have written anything in regard to his visit. In the later years of his life a singular change took place in his mental condition. The faculty of memory was almost wholly lost. He could not call to mind the word by which the most common object was designated. When he stood by the coffin of Longfellow, whom he had known and loved for many years, he looked upon the face of the dead, and said that it must be that of a most noble and lovable man; but he had no apparent recollection that he had ever seen it before.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticisms. The foregoing generations beheld God face to face. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not of tradition, and a revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in Nature, whose floods of life

stream around and through us, and invite us, by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to Nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? . . .

Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life before he apprehends it as a truth. In like manner Nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the great apparition that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire to what end is Nature.

Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the *Not Me* — that is, both Nature and Art, all other men, and my own body — must be ranked under this name, *Nature,* in enumerating the values of Nature, and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses: in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. *Nature,* in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man — space, the air, the river, the leaf. *Art* is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things; as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations, taken together, are so insignificant — a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing — that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result.— *Nature, Introduction.*

NATURE.

Few adult persons can see Nature. Most persons do not see the sun; at least, they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover

of Nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with Nature becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of Nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. . . . Nature is a setting that fits equally well with a comic or a mourning piece. In good health the air is a cordial of inestimable value. Crossing a bare common in snow-puddles, at twilight, under a cloudy sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and a sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. . . . The greatest delight which the fields and the woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old; it takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

In certain hours Nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformation; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of Faerie; broad noon

HOME OF EMERSON, CONCORD, MASS.

shall be my England of the senses and the understanding: the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.— *Nature.*

BEAUTY,— THE MARK GOD SETS UPON VIRTUE.

The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it.

Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things, for which men plow, build, or sail, obey virtue," said an ancient historian. "The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun, and moon, and all the stars of heaven.

When a noble act is done,— perchance in a scene of great natural beauty,— when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed?

When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America,— before it, the beach lined with savages fleeing out of all their huts of cane,— the sea behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannas as fit drapery?

Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Henry Vane was dragged up the

Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out: "You never sat on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot, Lord Russell, to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side."

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple,— the sun as its candle. Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

GENUINE HEROISM.

The characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person: "Always do what you are afraid to do." A simple manly character need never make an apology but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion, when he admitted

that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.— *Essay on Heroism.*

CONSISTENCY.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon his guarded lips! Sew them up with pack-thread. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day, in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you will be sure to be misunderstood! Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word! Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.— *Essay on Self-Reliance.*

HAVING IT MADE UP.

Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation. I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher — a man esteemed for his orthodoxy — unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; and that the good are miserable; and then urged, from reason and from Scripture, a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon. Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised;

and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day — bank-stock and dubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, "We are to have such a good time as the sinners have now;" or, to push it to its extreme import, "You sin now; we shall sin by-and-by. We would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow." The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market value of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the Soul, the omnipotence of the Will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.— *Essay on Compensation.*

HUMANITY IN ART.

I remember when in my younger days I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied that great pictures would be great strangers; some surprising combination of color and form; a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the spontoons and standards of the militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of schoolboys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome, and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true; that it was the familiar and sincere; that it was the old, eternal fact I had met already in so many forms, unto which I had lived; that it was the plan *you* and *me* I knew so well, had left at home in so many conversations. I had the same experience already in a church at Naples. There I saw that nothing was changed with me but the place; and said to myself, "Thou foolish child, hast thou come out hither, over

four thousand miles of salt water, to find that which was perfect to thee there at home?" That fact I saw again in the Academeia at Naples, in the chambers of sculpture, and yet again when I came to Rome and to the paintings of Raphael, Angelo, Sacchi, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci. "What, old mole! workest thou in the earth so fast?" It had travelled by my side. That which I fancied I had left in Boston was here in the Vatican, and again at Milan, and at Paris, and made all travelling ridiculous as a tread-mill. I now require this of all pictures, that they domesticate me, not that they dazzle me. Pictures must not be too picturesque. Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are. The Transfiguration, by Raphael, is an eminent example of this peculiar merit. A calm, benignant beauty shines over all this picture, and goes directly to the heart. It seems almost to call you by name. The sweet and sublime face of Jesus is beyond praise; yet how it disappoints all fond expectations! This familiar, simple, home-speaking countenance is as if one should meet a friend. The knowledge of picture-dealers has its value, but listen not to their criticism when your heart is touched by genius. It was not painted for them; it was painted for you; for such as had eyes capable of being touched by simplicity and lofty emotions.—*Essay on Art.*

ALL IN EACH.

Inevitably does the universe wear our color, and every object fall successively into the subject itself. The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all things sooner or later fall into peace. As I am, so I see. Use what language we will, we can never say anything but what we are. Hermes, Cadmus, Columbus, Newton, Bonaparte, are the mind's ministers. Instead of feeling a poverty when we encounter a great man, let us treat the newcomer like a travelling geologist, who passes through our estate, and shows us good slate, or limestone, or anthracite, in our brush pasture. The partial action in each strong mind in one direction is a telescope for

the objects on which it is pointed. But every other part of knowledge is to be pushed to the same extravagance, ere the soul obtains her due sphericity. Do you see that kitten chasing so prettily her own tail? If you could look with her eyes, you might see her surrounded with hundreds of figures performing complex dramas, with tragic and comic issues, long conversations and many characters, many ups and downs of fate: and meantime it is only puss with her tail. How long before our masquerade will end its noise of tambourines, laughter, and performance? A subject and an object — it takes so much to make the galvanic circuit complete; but magnitude adds nothing. What imports it whether it is Kepler and the sphere; Columbus and America; a reader and his book; or puss with her tail?— *Essay on Experience.*

RECOGNIZING REAL WORTH.

In society high advantages are set down to the possessor as disadvantages. It requires the more weariness in our private estimates. I do not forgive in friends the failure to know a fine character, and to entertain it with thankful hospitality. When at last that which we have always longed for is arrived, and shines on us with glad rays out of that far celestial land, then to be coarse, then to be critical, and treat such a visitant with the jabber and suspicion of the streets, argues a vulgarity that seems to shut the doors of heaven. This is confusion, this the right insanity, when the soul no longer knows its own, nor where its allegiance, its religion, are due. Is there any religion but this: to know that wherever in the wide desert of being the holy sentiment we cherish has opened into a flower, it blooms for me? If none sees it, I see it; I am aware — if I alone — of the greatness of the fact. Whilst it blooms, I will keep sabbath or holy time, and suspend my gloom and my folly and jokes. There are many eyes that can detect and honor the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can discern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable. But

when that love which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring, which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world, sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our houses, only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it, is to own it. —*Essay on Character.*

RECEIVING AND GIVING.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift; and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence I think is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, corresponding to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at a level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, and all mine his. Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. The expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."—*Essay on Gifts.*

ENGLISH TRAITS.

The sources from which tradition derives the English stock are three. First, the Celts or Sidonians, of whose beginning there is no memory, and their end is likely to be still more remote in the future, for they have endur-

ance. They planted Britain, and gave to the seas and mountains names which are poems, and imitate the pure voices of Nature. They had no violent feudal tenure, but the husbandmen owned the land. They had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime ritual. They made the best popular literature of the Middle Ages, in the songs of Merlin and the tender and delicious mythology of Arthur. But the English come mainly from the Germans, whom the Romans found it hard to conquer — say impossible to conquer, when one remembers the long sequel; a people about whom, in the old empire, the rumor ran, "There was never any that meddled with them that repented it not." The Norsemen are excellent persons in the main, with good sense, steadiness, wise speech, and prompt action. But they have a singular turn for homicide. Their chief end of man is to murder or be murdered. Oars, scythes, harpoons, crowbars, peat-knives, hay-forks, are valued by them more for their charming aptitude for assassination. Never was poor gentleman so surfeited with life, so furious to get rid of it, as the Norseman. It was a proverb of ill condition to die the death of old age. The Normans came out of France into England worse men than they went into it one hundred and sixty years before. They had lost their own language, and learned the Romance, or barbarous Latin of the Gauls, and had acquired with the language all the vices it had names for. The Conquest has obtained in the chronicles the name of the "memory of sorrow." Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike. They took everything they could carry; they burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits by assuming for types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled.

Born in a harsh and wet climate, which keeps him

indoors whenever he is at rest, and being of an affectionate and loyal temper, the Englishman dearly loves his home. If he is rich, he buys a demesne and builds a hall; if he is in middle condition he spares no expense on his house. An English family consists of a very few persons, who from youth to age are found revolving within a few feet of each other, as if tied by some tie tense as that cartilage which we have seen uniting the two Siamese. England produces, under favorable conditions of ease and culture, the finest women in the world. And as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, the women inspire and refine them. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical, nothing more firm and based in nature and sentiment than the courtship and mutual character of the sexes.

The English Church has many certificates to show of humble, effective service in humanizing the people, in cheering and refining men, feeding, healing, and educating. It has the seal of martyrs and confessors; the noblest Book; a sublime architecture; a ritual marked by the same secular merits — nothing cheap or purchasable. From the slow-grown Church important reactions proceed; much for culture, much for giving a direction to the nation's affection and will to-day. The carved and pictured chapel — its entire surface animated with image and emblem — made the parish church a sort of book and Bible to the people's eyes. Then when the Saxon instinct had secured a service in the vernacular tongue it was the tutor and university of the people. The reverence for the Scriptures is an element of civilization; for thus has the history of the world been preserved, and is preserved. Here in England every day a chapter of *Genesis* and a leader in *The Times*. This is a binding of the old and the new to some purpose.— *English Traits.*

UPON GREAT MEN.

The search after great men is the dream of youth, and the occupation of manhood. We travel into foreign parts to find their works — if possible, to get a glimpse

of them. . . . I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and with difficulty. He has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light, and in large relations; while they must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. But the great man must be related to us. I cannot tell what I would know; but I have observed that there are persons who, in their character and actions, answer questions which I have not skill to put. One man answers some questions which none of his contemporaries put, and is isolated.— *Representative Men.*

PLATO.

Among books, Plato is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, "Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book." These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are corner-stones of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. A disciple in logic, arithmetic, ontology, morals or practical wisdom. There never was such range of speculation. Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift-boulders were detached. For it is fair to credit the broadest generalizer with all the particulars deducible from his genius. Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato — at once the glory and the shame of mankind; thus neither Saxon nor Roman have availed to add any idea to his categories. No wife, no children has he; and the thinkers of all civilized nations are his posterity and are tinged with his mind. How many great men Nature is incessantly sending up out of night to be *his men* — Platonists! The Alexandrians, a constellation of genius; the Elizabethans, not less, Sir Thomas More, Henry More, John Hales, John Smith, Francis Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Ralph Cudworth, Sydenham, Thomas Taylor, Marcilius Ficinus, and Picus Mirandola. Calvinism is in his *Phædo;* Christianity is in it. Mohammedanism draws all its philosophy,

in its hand-book of morals — the *Akhlak-y-Jalaly* — from him. Mysticism finds in Plato all its texts. The citizen of a town in Greece is no villager or patriot. An Englishman reads, and says, "How English!" A German "How Teutonic!" an Italian, "How Roman and how Greek!" As they say that Helen of Argos had that universal beauty that everybody felt related to her, so Plato seems, to a reader in New England, an American genius. His broad humanity transcends all sectional lines.— *Representative Men.*

SWEDENBORG.

His books have no melody, no emotion, no humor, no relief to the dead prosaic level. The entire want of poetry in so transcendent a mind betokens the disease; and, like a hoarse voice in a beautiful person, is a kind of warning. I think sometimes he will not be read longer. His great name will turn a sentence. His books have become a monument. His laurel is so largely mixed with cypress, a charnel-breath so mingles with the temple-incense, that boys and maidens will shun the spot. Yet in this immolation of genius and fame at the shrine of conscience is a merit sublime beyond praise. He lived to purpose, he gave a verdict. He elected Goodness as the clew to which the soul must cling in all this labyrinth of Nature. I think of him as of some transmigrating votary of Indian legend, who says, "Though I be dog, or jackal, or pismire in the last rudiments of nature, under what integument of ferocity, I cleave to the right as a sure ladder that leads up to man and to God. . . . Swedenborg has rendered a double service to mankind, which is now only beginning to be known. By the science of experiment and use he made his first steps. He observed and published the laws of Nature, and, ascending by just degrees from events to their summits and causes, he was fired with piety at the harmonies he felt, and abandoned himself to their joys and worship. This was his first service. If the glory was too bright for his eyes to bear, if he staggered under the trance of delight, the more excellent is the spectacle he saw — the

realities of Being which beam and blaze through him, and which no infirmities of the prophet are suffered to obscure; and he renders a second passive service to men not less than the first — perhaps in the great circle of being, and in the retribution of spiritual Nature, not less glorious or less beautiful to himself.— *Representative Men.*

The volumes entitled *Conduct of Life; Society and Solitude*, and *Letters and Social Aims* are made up of separate papers, with no special relation to each other; any one of them might as well have been placed in any other of the volumes. They may be properly considered as so many new series of the *Essays.*

IMMORTALITY.

Of Immortality, the soul when well employed, is incurious. It *is* so well, that it is sure it *will be* well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Power. The son of Antiochus asked his father when he would join battle: "Dost thou fear," replied the King, "that thou only in all the army wilt not hear the trumpet?" It is a high thing to confide that, if it is best that we should live, we shall live. It is a higher thing to have this conviction than to have the lease of indefinite centuries and millenniums and æons. Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it; and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now. It is a doctrine too grand to rest on any legend — that is, on any man's experience but our own. It must be proved, if at all, from our own activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their display.— *The Conduct of Life.*

ILLUSIONS THEMSELVES ILLUSIONARY.

There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe. Every God is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there he is

alone with them alone; they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snowstorms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd, which sways this way and that, and whose movements and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives him hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think on himself? Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when, by-and-by, for an instant, the air clears and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones — they alone with him alone.— *The Conduct of Life.*

A SERENE OLD AGE.

When life has been well-spent, age is a loss which it can well spare — muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in fourscore years; and dropping off obstructions, leaves, in happy subjects, the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whenever the name of man is mentioned, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to the constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and the whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill — at the end of life just ready to be born — affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiments.— *Society and Solitude.*

THE ULTIMATE GREATNESS.

Men are ennobled by morals and by intellect; but these two elements know each other, and always beckon to each other, until at last they meet in the man, if he is to be truly great. The man who sells you a lamp shows you that the flame of oil, which contented you before, casts a strong shade in the path of the petroleum which he lights behind it; and this again casts a shadow in the

path of the electric light. So does intellect when brought into the presence of character. Character puts out that light. We are thus forced to express our instinct of the truth by expressing the failure of experiences. The man whom we have not seen, in whom no regard of self degraded the explorer of the laws; who by governing himself governed others; sportive in manner, but inexorable in act; who sees longevity in his cause; whose aim is always distinct to him; who carries fate in his eye — he it is whom we seek, encouraged in every good hour that here or hereafter he shall be found.— *Letters and Social Aims.*

Considering that Emerson wrote verse at intervals from boyhood up to near the close of his life, his poetical productions are of no considerable bulk. The longest of these does not exceed six hundred lines, and few of them have more than fifty. The little poem *Brahma* presents a Buddhist view of universal existence.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
  Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the winding ways
  I keep, and pass and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near:
  Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
  And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
  When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
  And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
  And pine in vain the sacred seven,
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on Heaven

EMERSON'S LIBRARY.

Some of Emerson's most characteristic poems are prefixed by way of mottoes to one or another of his *Essays*:

MOTTO TO "EXPERIENCE."

The Lords of Life, the Lords of Life,
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift and spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the Inventor of the game,
Omnipresent without a name.
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from East to West,
Little Man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look:
Him by the hand kind Nature took:
Dearest Nature, strong and mild,
Whispered, "Darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face:
The Founder thou! these are thy race."

— *Essays.*

MOTTO TO "WORSHIP."

This is he who felled by foes,
Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows:
He to captivity was sold,
But him no prison bars would hold:
Though they sealed him on a rock,
Mountain chains he can unlock.
Thrown to lions for their meat,
The crouching lion kissed his feet:
Bound to the stake, no fears appalled,
But arched o'er him an honoring vault,
This is he men miscall Fate,

Threading dark ways, arriving late,
But ever coming in time to crown
The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
He is the oldest and best known,
More near than aught thou call'st thine own.
Yet, greeted in another's eye,
Disconcerts with glad surprise.
This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw, if thou canst the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine:
Which is Human, which Divine?
— *The Conduct of Life.*

Two of Emerson's poems are Elegies. One is in memory of his brother Edward Bliss Emerson, a young man of rare promise, who went for his health to Porto Rico, and died there in 1832. The other is a *Threnody* for his own boy. We give only portions of these poems:

IN MEMORIAM E. B. E.

There is no record left on earth,
Save in the tablets of the heart,
Of the rich inherent worth,
Of the grace that on him shone
Of eloquent lips and joyful wit,
He could not frame a word unfit,
An act unworthy to be done.
Honor prompted every glance,

Honor came and sat beside him,
In lowly cot or painful road;
And evermore the cruel god
Cried "Onward!" and the palm-branch showed.
Born for success he seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold;
With shining gifts that took all eyes;
With budding power in college halls,

As pledged in coming days to forge
Weapons to guard the State, or scourge
Tyrants despite their guards or walls.
On his young promise Beauty smiled,
Drew his free homage unbeguiled;
And prosperous Age held out the hand,
And richly his large future planned;
And troops of friends enjoyed the tide:—
All, all, was given, and only health denied. . .
O'er thy rich dust the endless smile
Of Nature in thy Spanish isle
Hints never loss or cruel break,
And sacrifice for love's dear sake;
Nor mourn the unalterable days
That Genius goes and Folly stays.
What matters how or on what ground
The freed soul its Creator found?
Alike thy memory embalms
That orange-grove, that isle of palms,
And those loved banks whose oak-boughs bold
Root in the blood of heroes old.

THRENODY.

I see my empty house;
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wonderous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every passing sound
Within the air's cerulean round —
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn might break and April bloom.
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the living Day —

Has disappeared from the Day's eyes.
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him;
Returned this day, the South-wind searches,

And finds young pines and budding birches,
But finds not the budding man.
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him;
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him,
Nature, Fate, Man, him seek in vain.
O child of Paradise!
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come!
I am too much bereft,
The world dishonored thou hast left.
Oh, Truth and Nature's costly lie!
Oh, richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born to the future, to the future lost! . . .

The deep Heart answered: Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had *not* taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore,
With aged eyes, short way before —
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost? . . .
Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates.
From lengthening scroll of human fates;
Voice of earth to earth returned;
Prayers of Saints that only burned —
Saying: What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet with thee again. . . .
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored;
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden, ripe to-morrow
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead drowned.

THE SONG OF NATURE.

Mine are the night and morning,
The pits of air, the gulf of space,
The sportive sun, the gibbous moon,
The innumerable days.

I wrote the past in characters,
Of rock and fire the scroll;
The building of the coral sea,
The planting of the soul. . . .

But he, the Man-child glorious —
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

Twice have I moulded an image,
And thrice outstretched my hand:
Made one of day, and one of night,
And one of the salt sea sand.

One in a Judæan manger,
And one by Avon stream,
One over against the mouths of Nile,
And one in Academe.

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule;
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again;
Seethe, Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, Cold, Wet, Dry, and Peace and Pain.

Let War and Trade, and Creeds and Song
  Blend, ripen race on race —
The sunburnt world a Man shall breed
  Of all the zones, and countless days.

MAY-DAY.

Daughter of Heaven and Earth, coy Spring,
With sudden passion languishing,
Maketh all things coyly smile,
Painteth pictures mile on mile;
Holds a cup with cowslip wreaths,
Whence a smokeless incense breathes.

Hither rolls the storm of heat;
I feel its fiery billows beat;
Like a sea which me infolds.
Heat, with viewless fingers moulds,
Swells, and mellows, and matures,
Paints and flavors, and allures;
Bud and brier inly warms,
Still enriches and transforms;
Gives the reed and lily length;
Adds to oak and oxen strength;
Burns the world in tepid lakes,
Burns the world, yet burnt remakes.
Enveloping Heat, enchanted robe,
Makes the daisy and the globe,
Transforming what it doth infold —
Life out of death, new out of old;
Painting fawns' and leopards' fells,
Seethes the gulf-encroaching shells;
Fires gardens with a joyful blaze
Of tulips in the morning rays.
The dead log touched bursts into leaf,
The wheat-blade whispers of the sheaf
What god is this imperial Heat,
Earth's prime secret, sculpture's seat?
Doth it bear hidden in its heart
Water-line patterns of all art?
Is it Dædalus? is it Love?

Or walks in mask almighty Jove,
And drops from Power's redundant horn
All seeds of beauty to be born? . . .

Under gentle types, my Spring
Marks the might of Nature's king;
An energy that reaches thorough,
From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight —
The soul's pilgrimage and flight.
In city or in solitude,
Step by step lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting better up to best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure.

THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.

All before us lies the way;
  Give the past unto the wind,
All before us is the Day,
  Night and Darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
  Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told,
  Than a glowing prophecy.

In the Spirit's perfect air,
  In the Passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
  The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
  True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
  Up springs Paradise around.

From the Spirit-land afar
  All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir nor Toil, nor Hope shall mar
  Its immortal unity.

THE PAST.

The debt is paid,
The verdict said,
The Furies laid,
The plague is stayed,
All fortunes made.
Turn the key and bolt the door,
Sweet is Death forevermore.
Nor haughty Hope, nor swart Chagrin,
Nor murdering Hate can enter in.
All is now secure and fast,
Not the gods can shake the past
Flies to the adamantine door,
Bolted down forevermore.
None can enter there;
No thief so politic,
No Satan with his royal trick,
Steal in by window, chink, or hole,
To bind or unbind, add what lacked,
Insert a leaf or forge a name,
New-face or finish what is packed,
Alter or mend eternal Fact.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the Snow, and driving o'er the field,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whitened air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the North-wind's masonry,
Out of unseen quarry evermore.
Furnished with file, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door,

Speeding — the myriad-handed — his wild work.
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate,
A tapering turret over tops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art,
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad Wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

THE CONCORD HYMN.

(Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April 19, 1836.)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

EMPEDOCLES, a Greek philosopher, poet, and statesman; born at Agrigentum, Sicily, about 490 B.C.; died in Peloponnesus about 430 B.C. He was a unique and interesting figure during the latter half of the fifth century B.C. Many accounts of his teachings and doings have been handed down, but all are more or less tinged with improbability. The most plausible accounts represent him as a man of great inherited wealth, of which he made a lavish display, while at the same time he was a vigorous champion of democracy against aristocracy. He wielded a powerful influence over the Sicilians by his eloquence, wealth, and scholarship. He was at once statesman, prophet, physician, physicist, and reformer. He maintained the dignity of his wealth by going about dressed in robes of purple, girded with golden bands, wearing his long hair bound by a Delphic garland, and with brazen sandals on his feet. He seems to have been quick to detect the aims of incipient tyrants and successful in frustrating the aims of the opponents of popular rights. His philosophy was generally on the lines laid down by Pythagoras and Parmenides, though he advanced original ideas, which formed the nucleus around which subsequent philosophers developed their theories. He originated the theory that nature consists of four elements — fire, air, earth, and water. These four elements, he taught, are eternally brought into union, and eternally parted from each other by two divine powers — love and hatred — attractive and repulsive forces which all can see at work among men, but which really pervade the whole world. In the aggregation and segregation of the primary elements,

Empedocles, like the more recent atomists, accounts for the process which corresponds to the popular ideas of growth and decay. He taught that nothing new can come into being — that the only change that can take place is the change caused by the rearrangement of the elements in their positions relative to each other. His ideas of the physiological development of plants and animals seem to foreshadow, in a crude way, the now generally accepted theory of the survival of the fittest by natural selection and environment. He taught the transmigration of souls in the doctrine that divinity (or affinity) is eternal, passing from element to element, nowhere finding a home.

Empedocles pretended to magic powers and encouraged the belief among the people that he was something of a god. Stories were told of the miraculous power by which he rendered fertile the marshes around Selinus, and of how by a grotesque device he turned the course of the winds which ruined the harvests of Agrigentum, and of his miraculous restoration to life of a woman who had lain in a trance. Legends are also extant of his translation from among men in a blaze of glory. It is also said that he threw himself into the crater of Etna in order that the people might think, from his sudden disappearance, that he had been a god, but that this deception was betrayed by the volcano casting up his brazen sandals.

The literary remains of Empedocles consist of about four hundred lines of a poem on the *Nature and Principles of Things,* which originally contained five thousand lines, and less than one hundred verses of the *Hymn of Purification.*

"The figure of Empedocles of Agrigentum," says a writer in the *North British Review,* "when seen

across the twenty-three centuries which separate us from him, presents perhaps a more romantic appearance than that of any other Greek philosopher. In his lifetime, and among contemporary Greeks, he swept the stage of life like a great tragic actor, and left to posterity the fame of genius as a poet, a physician, a patriot, and a philosopher. The well-known verses of Lucretius are enough to prove that the glory of Empedocles increased with age, and bore the test of time. Reading them, we cannot but regret that poems which so stirred the reverent enthusiasm of Rome's greatest singer have been scattered to the winds, and that what we now possess of their remains affords but a poor sample of unimpaired magnificence."

It has been said that the "misfortune of Empedocles as a philosopher consisted in this — that he succeeded only in resuming the results of contemporary speculation, and of individual research in a philosophy of indisputable originality, without anticipating the new direction which was about to be given to human thought by Socrates and Plato. He closed one period — the period of poetry and physical theories and mysticism. The period of prose, of logic, and of ethics was about to begin. He was the last of the great colonial sages of Greece."

HIS PRETENSION TO DIVINITY.

Friends who dwell in the great city hard by the yellow stream of Acragas, who live on the Acropolis, intent on honorable cares, harbors revered of strangers, ignorant of what is vile; welcome; but I appear before you an immortal god, having overpassed the limits of mortality, and walk with honor among all, as is my due, crowned with long fillets and luxuriant garlands. No sooner do I enter their proud prosperous cities than men

and women pay me reverence, who follow me in thousands, asking the way to profit, some desiring oracles, and others racked by long and cruel torments, hanging on my lips to hear the spells that pacify disease of every kind.

THE MISERY OF EARTH.

I lifted up my voice, I wept and wailed, when I beheld the unfamiliar shore. A hideous shore on which dwell murder, envy, and the troop of baleful destinies, wasting corruption and disease. Through Atés' meadow they go wandering up and down in gloom. There was the queen of darkness, and Heliope with her far-searching eyes, and bloody strife, and mild-eyed peace, beauty and ugliness, swiftness and sloth, and lovely truth, and insincerity with darkling brows. Birth, too, and death, slumber and wakefulness, motion and immobility, crowned majesty and squalid filth, discordant clamor and the voice of gods.

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

When strife has reached the very bottom of the seething mass, and love assumes her station in the centre of the ball, then everything begins to come together, and to form one whole — not instantaneously, but different substances come forth, according to a steady process of development. Now when these elements are mingling, countless kinds of things issue from their union. Much, however, remains unmixed, in opposition to the mingling elements, and these malignant strife still holds within his grasp. For he has not yet withdrawn himself to the extremities of the globe; but part of his limbs still remain within its bounds, and part have passed beyond. As strife, however, step by step, retreats, mild and innocent love pursues him with her force divine; things which had been immortal instantly assume mortality: the simple elements become confused by interchange of influence. When these are mingled, then the countless kinds of mortal beings issue forth, furnished with every sort of form — a sight of wonder.

ENGLISH, Thomas Dunn, an American physician and poet; born at Philadelphia, Pa., June 29, 1819; died at Newark, N. J., April 1, 1902. He took his degree of M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1839; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1842, and became connected, as contributor or editor, with various periodicals. In 1856 he established himself as a physician in New Jersey, and from time to time represented his district in the State Legislature. He served in Congress from 1891 to 1895. He wrote several novels under pseudonyms, and two under his own name: *Walter Woolfe* (1844), and *Ambrose Fecit* (1867). He brought out upon the stage twenty or more dramatic pieces, of which only *The Mormons* has been printed. His numerous poems appeared originally in periodicals. Of these he published a volume in 1855, *American Ballads* in 1880, and *Boys' Book of Battle Lyrics* in 1885. His ballad *Ben Bolt,* first published in 1855, had a wide popularity for several years, and was then almost forgotten, until the dramatization, in 1895, of George Du Maurier's *Trilby,* in which the piece had been incorporated, when it again suddenly sprang into popular favor as an old comrade returned from abroad, and doubtless had much to do with the success of *Trilby* in America and its subsequent favorable reception in London.

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
  Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
  And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who went to school,
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends — yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON.

Tugged the patient, panting horses, as the coulter keen and thorough,
By the careful farmer guided, cut the deep and even furrow;
Soon the mellow mould in ridges, straightly pointing as an arrow,
Lay to wait the bitter vexing of the fierce, remorseless harrow,
Lay impatient for the seeding, for the growing and the reaping,
All the richer and the readier for the quiet winter sleeping.

At his loom the pallid weaver, with his feet upon the treddles
Watched the threads alternate rising, with the lifting of the heddles —
Not admiring that, so swiftly, at his eager fingers urging,
Flew the bobbin-loaded shuttle 'twixt the filaments diverging,
Only labor dull and cheerless in the work before him seeing,
As the warp and woof uniting brought the figures into being.

Roared the fire before the bellows; glowed the forge's dazzling crater;
Rang the hammer on the anvil, both the lesser and the greater;
Fell the sparks around the smithy, keeping rhythm to the clamor,
To the ponderous blows and clanging of each unrelenting hammer;
While the diamonds of labor, from the curse of Adam borrowed,
Glittered in a crown of honor on each iron-beater's forehead.

Through the air there came a whisper, deepening quickly into thunder,
How the deed was done that morning that would rend the realm asunder;
How at Lexington the Briton mingled causeless crime with folly,
And a king endangered empire by an ill-considered volley.
Then each heart beat quick for vengeance, as the anger-stirring story
Told of brethren and of neighbors lying corpses stiff and gory.

Stops the plough and sleeps the shuttle, stills the blacksmith's noisy hammer,
Come the farmer, smith, and weaver, with a wrath too deep for clamor;
What they fiercely purposed doing every glance they give avouches,
As they handle rusty firelocks, powder-horns and bullet-pouches;
As they hurry from the workshops, from the fields, and from the forges,
Venting curses deep and bitter on the latest of the Georges. . . .

I was but a beardless stripling on that chilly April morning,
When the church-bells backward ringing, to the minute-men gave warning;
But I seized my father's weapons — he was dead who one time bore them —
And I swore to use them stoutly, or to never more restore them;
Bade farewell to sister, mother, and to one than either dearer,
Then departed as the firing told of red-coats drawing nearer.
On the Britons came from Concord — 'twas a name of mocking omen;
Concord never more existed 'twixt our people and the foemen —

On they came in haste from Concord, where a few had
stood to fight them;
Where they failed to conquer Buttrick, who had stormed
the bridge despite them;
On they came, the tools of tyrants, 'mid a people who ab-
horred them;
They had done their master's bidding, and we purposed to
reward them. . . .

'Twas a goodly sight to see them; but we heeded not its
splendor,
For we felt their martial bearing hate within our hearts
engender,
Kindling fire within our spirits, though our eyes a moment
watered,
As we thought on Moore and Hadley, and their brave
companions slaughtered;
And we swore to deadly vengeance for the fallen to de-
vote them,
And our rage grew hotter, hotter, as our well-aimed bul-
lets smote them. . . .

When to Hardy's Hill their weary, waxing-fainter foot-
steps brought them,
There again the stout Provincials brought the wolves to
bay and fought them;
And though often backward beaten, still returned the foe
to follow,
Making forts of every hill-top and redoubts of every hol-
low.
Hunters came from every farm-house, joining eagerly to
chase them —
They had boasted far too often that we ne'er would dare
to face them. . . .

With nine hundred came Lord Percy, sent by startled
Gage to meet them,
And he scoffed at those who suffered such a horde of
boors to beat them.
But his scorn was changed to anger, when on front and
flank were falling,

From the fences, walls, and roadsides, drifts of leaden
hail appalling:
And his picked and chosen soldiers, who had never shrunk
in battle,
Hurried quicker in their panic when they heard the fire-
locks rattle.

Into Boston marched their forces, musket-barrels brightly
gleaming,
Colors flying, sabres flashing, drums were beating, fifes
were screaming.
Not a word about their journey; from the General to the
Drummer,
Did you ask about their doings, than a statue each was
dumber;
But the wounded in their litters, lying pallid, weak and
gory,
With a language clear and certain, told the sanguinary
story. . . .

On the day the fight that followed, neighbor met and
talked with neighbor;
First the few who fell they buried, then returned to daily
labor.
Glowed the fire within the forges, ran the ploughshare
down the furrow,
Clicked the bobbin-shuttle — both our fight and toil was
thorough:
If we labored in the battle, or the shop, or forge, or
fallow,
Still came an honest purpose, casting round our deeds a
halo.

Though they strove again, these minions of Germaine,
and North and Gower,
They could never make the weakest of our band before
them cower;
Neither England's bribes nor soldiers, force of arms, nor
titles splendid,
Could deprive of what our fathers left as rights to be de-
fended.

And the flame from Concord spreading, kindled kindred conflagrations,
Till the Colonies United took their place among the nations.

MOMMA PHŒBE.

Ef my hah is de colo' o' silbah,
I ain't mo' d'n fifty yea' ole;
It tuck all dat whiteness f'om mo'ning',
An' weepin' an' tawtah o' soul.
Faw I los' bofe my dahlin' men-child'en —
De two hev done gone to deh res'—
My Jim, an' my mist'ess' Mahs' William,
De pah dat hev nussed at my breas'.

Miss' Lucy she mawied in Ap'il,
An' I done got mawied in May;
An' bofe o' our beautiful child'en
Wah bo'n de same time to a day.
But while I got bettah an' strongah,
Miss' Lucy got weakah an' wuss;
Den she died, an' dey guv me de baby,
De leetle Mahs' William, to nuss.

De two boys weh fotch up togeddah,
Miss' Lucy's alongside o' mine;
Ef one got hisse'f into mischief,
De uddah wer not fuh behine.
When Mahs' William, he went to de college,
Why, nuffin on ahf den won' do,
But Jeemes, his milk-bruddah, faw sahbent,
Mus' git an' mus' go wid him too.

Dey come back in fo' yea' faw to stay yeh —
I allow 'twas the makin' o' Jim;
Setch a gemplum, the young colo'd weemen
Got pullin' deh caps dah faw him.
But he wasn't a patch to Mahs' William,
Who'd grown up so gran' an' so tall;
An' he hadn't fo'got his ole momma,
Faw he hugged me, he did, fo' dem all.

Den Mahs' Dudley was tuck wid de fevah,
  An' I nussed him, po' man, to de las';
An' my husban', Ben Prossah, he cotch it,
  An' bofe f'om dis life dey done pas'.
Mahs' William, he run de plantation,
  But de niggahs could easy fool him;
An' de place would have all come to nuffin',
  Ef 'twant faw old momma an' Jim.

Well at las'—I dunno how dey done it,
  An' jes' what the fightin' was faw—
But the No'f an' de Souf got a quarlin'
  An' Mahs' William 'd go de waw.
De folks roun' 'bout raised a squad'on,
  An' faw capen de men 'lected him.
I prayed he'd stay home wid his people;
  But he went, an' o' co'se he tuck Jim. . . .

We hea' 'bout dem two sets a-fightin',
  I reckon faw mo' d'n fo' yea';
An' bimeby we lahnt dat ye Yankees
  Wid deh ahmy was a comin' quite neah.
An' den deh was fit a great battle,
  Jes' ovah dat hill dat you sees;
We could hea' all de cannon a-roa'in',
  An' see de smoke obah dem trees.

I sot in my cabin a-prayin'—
  I t'ought o' my two boys dat day—
An' de noise it went fudda an' fudda,
  Till all o' it melted away.
An' de sun it sot awfully an' bloody
  An' a great pile of fi' in de sky;
An' beyon' was de dead men a-lyin'
  An' de wounded a-gwine for to die.

Den I riz an' I call for ole Lem'el,
  An' a coupule o' mo' o' de boys;
An' s' I: "Now you saddle de hosses,
  An' be kehful an' don't make no noise

An' we'll go to de fiel' o' de battle
  Afo' de las' bit o' de beams
O' daylight is gone, an' we'll look dah
  Faw our young Mahs' 'William an' Jeemes.'

An', oh! what a sight deh wah, honey;
  A sight you could nevvah fo'git;
De piles o' de dead an' de dyin'—
  I see um afo' my eyes yit.
An' de blood an' de gashes was ghas'ly,
  An' shibbe'd de soul to see,
Like de fiel' o' de big Ahmageddon,
  Which yit is a-gwine for to be.

Den I hea'd a voice cryin' faw "wahtah!"
  An' I toted de gode to de place,
An' den, as I guv him de drink dah,
  My teahs dey fell ober his face.
Faw he was shot right froo de middle,
  An' his mahstah lay dead dah by him;
An' he *sed,* s'e, "Is *dat* you dah, momma?"
  An' I *sed,* s' I, "Is *dat* you dah, Jim?"

"It's what deh is lef' o' me, momma;
  An' young Mahs' William's done gone;
But I foun' de chap dat done kill him,
  An' he lies dah all clove to de bone.
An' po' young Mahs' William, in dyin',
  Dese wah de wo'ds dat he sed—
'Jes, you tell you' Momma, Mom' Phœbe—'"
  Den I scream, faw de dahlin' fall—dead! . . .

Den on to de ole plantation
  We toted de cawpses dat night,
And we guv um a beautiful beh-yum,
  De colo'd as well as de white.
An' I shall be jined to dem child'n
  When de Jegmen' Day comes on;
For God'll be good to Mom' Phœbe
  When Gab'el is blowin' his ho'n.

ENNIUS, QUINTUS, a Roman epic poet; born at Rudiæ, Calabria, 239 B.C.; died at Rome, about 169 B.C. He was one of the founders of Latin literature. He was of Greek parentage, but served in the Roman army in Sardinia 204 B.C. In 184 he was admitted to Roman citizenship, and obtained the patronage of Scipio, Cato, and others, and taught Greek and translated Greek plays. His principal work, called the *Annales,* originally consisted of eighteen books, only fragments of which survive. It was an epic poem on the history and destiny of Rome, and was for a long time the most popular poem in the language. He also wrote several tragedies and comedies. He accompanied M. Fulvius Nobilior in his Ætolian campaign 189 B.C., and was present at the capture of Ambracia, which formed the subject of one of his dramas, the presentation of which probably took place two years later, at the celebration of the general's triumph. He died at the age of seventy, immediately after producing the tragedy *Thyestes.* He compared himself, at the close of his great epic, in contemplation of the close of the great work of his life, to a gallant horse which, after having often won the prize at the Olympic games, obtained his rest when weary with age. He expresses much pride and satisfaction in his life work in the epitaph which he composed to be placed under his bust after his death. "Let no one weep for me or celebrate my funeral with mourning; for I still live as I pass to and fro through the mouths of men." A good idea of his character and his relation to men like Fulvius Nobilior may be gained from the description in his *Annales* of a confidential friend of the

Roman general Servilius, which is said by the grammarian Ælius Stilo to be a pen picture of the poet himself. This friend is described as being sent for by Servilius during a battle, and is described as one "whom Servilius gladly made the sharer of his table, his talk and his cares, when tired out with speaking on great affairs of state in the broad Forum and august Senate, one to whom he could frankly speak about serious matters or jest about trifles — one to whom he could safely confide all that he cared to utter, with whom he had much hearty entertainment alone and in society — one whose nature could never be prompted to any baseness through levity or malice — a learned, loyal, pleasant man, contented and cheerful, of much tact and courtesy, choice in his language and of few words, with much old buried lore; with knowledge of men, and much skill in divine and human law, who knew well when to speak and when to keep silent."

The titles of about twenty-five of his tragedies are known, and fragments varying in length from a few words to twenty lines have been preserved. These remains show his works to have been adaptations, and, in some instances, translations from Euripides. One or two only were original.

"Ennius let us reverence," says Quintilian, "as we should groves of holy antiquity, whose grand and venerable trees have more sanctity than beauty. Others are nearer our own day, and more useful for the matter in hand. Ovid in his heroics is as usual wanton, and too fond of his own talent, but in parts he deserves praise."

In a review of Vahlen's recension of the poetical remains of Ennius, the London *Christian Remem-*

brancer says: "There can be no doubt that the greatest loss that Latin poetry has sustained is that of the works of Ennius. One can quite echo old Scaliger's wish: 'Would that we had kept Ennius, and had lost Statius, Silius, Italicus, Lucan, *et tous ces garçons là!*' The few fragments which we possess of the great works of Ennius, *The Annals of Roman History,* are such as are quoted by the grammarians for the illustration of some remarkable or archaic construction. We have two complete pieces, but by far the greater number are single lines or half-lines."

THE ANSWER OF PYRRHUS.

I ask no gold for the captives, nor shall you give me a ransom; we are not making a gainful trade of war; but, quitting ourselves like men, let us determine which of us shall live with the sword and not with gold. Let us try by valor whether dame Fortune wishes you or me to live and what fate she brings: and hear this, too, I am resolved to give liberty to those whom the fortune of war has spared; I present them, take them away. I give them with the will of the great gods.— *Translation of* C. T. RAMAGE.

FRIENDSHIP.

A true friend is distinguished in the crisis of hazard and necessity, when the gallantry of his aid may show the worth of his soul and the loyalty of his heart.— *From Day's Collacon.*

UNIFORMITY.

As a ship having a sure anchor may lie safe in any place, so the mind that is ruled by perfect reason is uniform in conduct.

HIS EPITAPH, BY HIMSELF.

See, O citizens,
  The image of old Ennius;
He made luminous
  Th' achievements of our ancestors.
Let none honor me
  With tears, nor weeping funeral
Make. Why? 'Tis my will
  To live on tongues of men.

EÖTVÖS, JOSEF, BARON, an Hungarian novelist, orator and statesman; born at Budapest, September 3, 1813; died there February 3, 1871. His education was begun at his father's estate, Stuhlweissenburg, and continued at Buda, where he studied law and philosophy. His first literary work was the translation, in 1830, of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*. This was shortly followed by two original comedies and a tragedy, *Revenge*. At the age of twenty he began his official career as a vice-notary. He was afterward employed at the Hungarian Chancellery at Vienna, and then spent a year in continental travel, and on his return was appointed to a seat in the district court of justice at Eperies, which office he soon resigned and withdrew to his grandfather's estate at Salyi, and devoted himself to literary work. In 1835 he was elected a member of the Kisfaludy Society, which learned body had been impressed with the excellence of his dramatic works. The highest point of his fame was reached in 1838, by the publi-

cation of his novel *Karthausi* (The Carthusian). Between 1838 and 1841 there was published at Pesth the *Arvizkönyo* (Inundation Book) for the benefit of the sufferers by the flood which had devastated the city in 1838. Eötvös was made editor of this work, which extended to five volumes and contained contributions from various distinguished literary men. In 1839, in recognition of his literary merit, he was elected a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. In 1840, having removed from Salyi to Buda, he took his seat in the upper house of the Hungarian Diet, and lent his voice and pen to the advanced political movement of the period. In advocacy of his reform ideas he wrote, in 1840, *A Falu Jegyzöje* (The Village Notary), in which he vividly portrayed the abuses of the old system of public administration in Hungary by county elections. The vigor of this narrative, combined with the humorous and political character of the incidents related, caused it to be considered one of the best national tales in the whole circle of European literature. In 1847 he published a historical romance entitled *Magyarország 1514 ben* (Hungary in 1514). The force and popularity of this work was the direct cause of the emancipation of the Hungarian peasantry, which was virtually effected in the following year. In fact, many of the great reforms which have from time to time been introduced into the Hungarian constitution are in a great measure due to the political and literary labors of Eötvös. Upon the formation of the first responsible Hungarian ministry in 1848, Baron Eötvös was made Minister of Public Instruction, but within the year was obliged to resign his office and quit the country on account of the assassination of the Governor of Hungary. In 1851 he

returned to Pesth and published another political work, *A XIX Század Uralkodó Eszméinek Befolyasa az Alladalomra* (The Influence of the Ruling Ideas of the Nineteenth Century on the State), which was followed by further popular changes in the constitution, and when in 1867 the second Hungarian ministry was called into existence, Eötvös was again made Minister of Public Instruction.

"Baron Eötvös," writes Lloyd Sanders in his *Celebrities of the Century*, "is the Lowell of Hungary. He rendered important service to his countrymen by his zealous endeavors to promote a higher culture among them and by his literary works, many of which advocate administrative purity." Speaking particularly of *The Village Notary*, Professor Sanders says that "the vigor of the narrative, combined with the humorous and political character of the incidents related, have caused it to be considered one of the best national tales in the whole circle of European literature, and to be translated into German and English."

Francis Pulsky, in his introduction to the English translation of *The Village Notary*, says that Baron Eötvös, during his temporary retirement from Parliament, had intended merely to amuse himself by writing a sketch of life in a Hungarian province, "in which he put together a variety of small sketches and studies from Nature and formed them into one grand picture, for the express purpose of caricaturing the political doings in our country. But, fortunately for the public, he was a better poet than a politician; and his political pamphlet ripened, very much against his will, into one of the most interesting works of fiction that the Hungarian language can boast of. His book was eagerly read, and enthusiastically admired."

The writer of an excellent article on this book in the *Edinburgh Review* thinks that it ought to have been named, not after the notary of the village, but after the peasant Viola, the true child of the Hungarian plains, whose history is the history of the distinction between the freeman and the serf.

THE VICTIM OF AGRARIAN DESPOTISM.

"I was humble and inoffensive," said he, "and yet they did not spare me. I did my duty; indeed I did more than my duty. I obeyed when they commanded. I took my hat off when I met them. I fawned upon them like a dog. I would have kissed their feet to induce them to leave Susi and my child alone, to leave my house alone, and yet—" Viola remembered all the insults he had suffered. He recollected how they would have forced him to leave his wife in her hour of sorrow; how they dragged him through the village; how the justice gave orders to tie him to the whipping-post; how he seized the axe, and turned its edge against the head of a fellow-creature; and how the blood filled him with horror. He raised his hands to heaven! "No!" cried he; "may God have mercy upon me! but whatever I may have done, I cannot repent. If I were to live it over again, if I were to see them standing round me, laughing and jeering, and if I were to see the axe, I'd seize it again, and woe to the man that should come near me."—*From the Village Notary.*

"THE HUNGARIAN'S JOY IS IN HIS TEARS."

And why not? Since the features of the parent tribe are handed down from one generation to another, there is nothing more natural than that we should retain the *historical* features of our ancestors, viz.: the stamp of gravity which the events of their time impressed upon their faces. The Hungarians of old had good cause for weeping. Other nations have recovered from the wounds of their past; and however sad their popular melodies may

be (for they spring from a time of sorrow and sadness) the lamentations of the old text have given way to merry words. But the lower classes in our country have very little to laugh at, even in these days of universal prosperity. Their songs are sad, as they were in the days when the crescent shone from the battlements of Buda. For there are people who are ignorant of all history, but that of their own village; and who, consequently, have no idea that there has been any change in our country ever since the expulsion of the Turks. The peculiar gravity which characterizes the Magyars is partly an historical reminiscence, and partly the result of that gloomy tract of our country which is chiefly inhabited by the Magyar population. What traveler can traverse our vast plains, and keep his temper? The virgin forest, which at one time covered that plain, is gone: the impenetrable foliage which over-shadowed this fertile soil has fallen under the axe. The many-voiced carol of birds, the merry spirits of the greenwood, where are they? The forest land has become a heath; but we have little cause at rejoicing at our victory over nature. The inhabitants of other countries see many things to gladden their hearts. Houses, trees, hedges, corn-fields, reminding them of the thrift of their ancestors, spur them on to increased activity, and inspire them with a desire to fashion the land into a monument of their existence. Our Puztas have nothing of the kind. All is silent and desolate, filling the mind with sad thoughts. Many generations passed over them without leaving a trace of their existence; and the traveller, as he pursues his solitary way across the heath, feels the mournful conviction, that he, too, steps onward to his grave — that the plain will cover him as a boundless ocean.— *The Village Notary.*

EPICTETUS, a Roman philosopher; born at Hierapolis, Phrygia, about 50 A.D.; died at Nicopolis, Epirus, about 151 A.D. He was in youth a slave of Epaphroditus, one of the favorites of Nero, by whom he was emancipated. It appears that while still a slave he attended the "classis" of Musonius Rufus, a famous teacher of Stoic philosophy. About the year 90 the Emperor Domitian, irritated by the encouragement given by the philosophers to those who were opposed to his tryanny, issued an edict banishing all philosophers from Rome. Epictetus took up his residence at Nicopolis, in what is now Albania, where he established a school for the study of philosophy, and acquired a high reputation. He does not appear to have committed any of his teachings to writing. He taught by personal address and conversation. The works entitled the *Diatribai* (Discourses) and the *Encheiridion* (Hand-book) of Epictetus were written down, probably from memory, by Flavius Arrianus (about 100–170 A.D.), his favorite pupil, and the historian of Alexander the Great. Perhaps the best idea of the teachings of Epictetus may be gathered from the following abstract by W. Wallace, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica:*

THE FUNCTION OF THE WILL.

The philosophy of Epictetus is stamped with an intensely practical character. The problem of how life is to be carried out well is the one question which throws all other inquiries into the shade. "When ye enter the school of the philosopher, ye enter the room of a surgeon, and as ye are not whole when ye come in, you cannot leave it with a smile, but with pain." True edu-

cation lies in learning to wish things to be as they actually are; it lies in learning to distinguish what is our own from what does not belong to us. But there is only one thing which is fully our own — that is our will or purpose. God, acting as a good king and a true father, has given us a will which cannot be restrained, compelled, or thwarted; he has put it wholly in our power, so that even he himself has no power to check or control it. Nothing can ever force us to act against our will. If we are conquered, it is because we have willed to be conquered. And thus, although we are not responsible for the ideas that present themselves to our consciousness, we are, absolutely and without any modification, responsible for the way in which we use them. Nothing is ours besides our will. And the Divine law bids us keep fast what is our own. "Two maxims," he says, "we must bear in mind. That apart from the will there is nothing either good or bad; and that we must not try to anticipate or direct events, but merely accept them with intelligence." We must, in short, resign ourselves to whatever fate fortune brings to us, believing, as the first article of our creed that there is a God, whose thought directs the universe, and that not merely in our acts, but even in our thoughts and plans, we cannot escape His eyes.

POSITION OF MAN IN THE UNIVERSE.

In the world, according to Epictetus, the true position of a man is that of a member of a great system, which comprehends God and man. Each human being is thus a denizen of two cities. He is, in the first instance, a citizen of his own nation or commonwealth in a corner of the world; but he is also a member of the great city of gods and men, whereof the city political is only a copy in miniature. All men are the sons of God, and kindred in nature with the divinity. For man, though a citizen of the world, is more than a merely subservient or instrument or part. He has also within him a reason which can guide and understand the movement of all the members; he can enter into the method of divine administration, and thus can learn — and this is the summit of his learning — the will

of God, which is the will of Nature. Man is a rational animal; and in virtue of that rationality he is neither less nor worse than the gods: for the magnitude of Reason is estimated, not by length nor by height, but by its judgments. Each man has a guardian spirit — a god within him — who never sleeps; so that even in darkness and solitude we are never alone, because God is within, and our guardian spirit. The body which accompanies us is not strictly ours; it is a poor dead thing, which belongs to the things outside us. But by reason we are masters of those ideas and appearances which present themselves from without. We can combine them, and systematize, and can set up in ourselves an order of ideas corresponding with the order of Nature.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSAL.

The natural instinct of animated life, to which man also is originally subject, is self-preservation and self-interest. But men are so ordered and constituted that the individual cannot secure his own interests unless he contributes to the common welfare. We are bound up by the law of Nature with the whole fabric of the world. The aim of the philosopher, therefore, is to reach the position of a mind which embraces the whole world in its view; to grow into the mind of God, and to make the will of Nature our own. Such a sage agrees in this thought with God; he no longer blames either God or man; he fails of nothing which he purposes, and falls in with no misfortune unprepared; he indulges neither in anger nor envy nor jealousy; he is leaving manhood for godhead, and in his dead body his thoughts are concerned about his fellowship with God.

THE IDEAL STOIC OR "CYNIC" PHILOSOPHER.

"The Cynic," says Epictetus, "is a messenger sent from God to men to show them the error of their ways about good and evil, and how they seek good and evil where they cannot be found." This messenger has neither country nor home, nor land nor slave; his bed is the ground;

he is without wife or child; his only mansion is the earth and sky, and a shabby cloak. It must be that he suffer stripes; and, being beaten, he must love those who beat him as if he were a father or a brother. He must be perfectly unembarrassed in the service of God, not bound by the common ties of life, nor entangled by relationships, which, if he transgresses he will lose the character of a man of honor; while if he upholds them he will cease to be the messenger, watchman, and herald of the gods. The perfect man thus described will not be angry with the wrong-doer; he will only pity his erring brother; for anger in such a case would only betray that he too thought the wrong-doer gained a substantial blessing by his wrongful act, instead of being, as he is, utterly ruined.

EPICURUS, a Greek philosopher; born on the Island of Samos in 342 B.C.; died at Athens in 270 B.C. In his eighteenth year he began the study of the philosophy of Democritus; but in the following year he was one of the 12,000 residents of Athens who were banished by Antipater, who succeeded Alexander the Great in the rule of Macedonia and Greece. He went to Mitylene, and Lampsacus in Asia Minor, where he began to formulate his system, and gathered around him a circle of disciples. At the age of thirty-four he returned to Athens, which was his home for the remaining thirty-six years of his life. During his absence he must have accumulated some means, since he bought a garden at Athens, for which he paid 80 minæ (equivalent to about $8,000), and we find him possessed of other property at the time of his death. This garden was the scene of his teachings, and he gathered around him a body of enthusiastic

disciples and personal friends, by whom the school was carried on there after his death. The term "Epicurean" has come popularly to denote a person given up to luxury, or even to voluptuous pleasure, but nothing can be further from this than the personal character of Epicurus. He and his associates led a simple and frugal life. Their food consisted mainly of the common barley-bread of the country; their usual drink was water — a half-pint of the light wine of Greece being esteemed an ample day's allowance. In one of his extant letters Epicurus asks his friend, "Send me some Cynthian cheese, so that should I choose, I may fare sumptuously." He died at seventy-two.

In one of his last letters he speaks of the pleasure afforded to him in his sufferings by the remembrance of the time spent in reasoning on questions of philosophy. He left his garden for his school; another house, in the suburbs of Athens, became the home of several of his associates while they lived. The remainder of his estate was to be applied to maintaining an annual celebration in memory of his deceased parents and brothers; in commemoration of his own birthday; and in a regular monthly gathering of his surviving friends and associates. His four slaves were also emancipated by his last will.

Epicurus was a voluminous writer. He is said to have been the author of about three hundred separate works, the purely literary merit of which seems to have been inconsiderable. Most of these now exist only in fragments; but their substance has been preserved in the abstract of his follower, Diogenes Laërtius (about 200 A.D.), and by the great Latin poet Lucretius (98-55 B. C.). His largest work, a *Treatise on Nature,* is said to have consisted of thirty-

seven books. Fragments of nine of these books were discovered, about 1740, in the overwhelmed city of Herculaneum, where they had been buried for nearly seventeen centuries. These charred manuscripts have been unrolled and transcribed, and the publication of them was commenced in 1793 in the *Volumina Herculanensia,* of which eleven folio volumes had appeared in 1855; the publication was resumed in 1861, and is still going on. For the following abstract of the philosophical system of Epicurus we are indebted mainly to an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* by W. Wallace, Librarian of Merton College, Oxford:

THE PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

Everything that exists is material; the intangible is non-existent or is empty space. If a thing exists it must be felt, and to be felt it must exert resistance. But everything is not intangible which our senses are not subtle enough to perceive. We must indeed accept our senses; but we must also believe much which is not directly testified by sensation, if only it does not contravene our sensations, and serves to explain phenomena. We must believe that space is infinite, and that there is an infinite number of indivisible indestructible atoms in perpetual motion in this illimitable space. These atoms, differing in size, figure, and weight, move with equal and inconceivable velocities, and are forever giving rise to new worlds, which are perpetually tending toward dissolution, and toward a fresh series of creations. This universe of ours is only one section out of the innumerable worlds in infinite space. The soul of man is only a more subtle species of body diffused throughout every part of his frame. It pervades the human structure, and works with it; but it could not act as it does unless it were corporeal. The phenomena of vision for instance, are explained on the principle of materialism. From the surfaces of all objects are constantly flowing filmy images exactly copying the solid body from which they originate; and these im-

ages, by direct impact on the organism, produce the phenomena of vision.

THE THEOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

The gods do indeed exist; but they are themselves the products of the order of Nature; a higher species than humanity, but not the rulers of man, neither the makers or upholders of the world. Men should worship them; but this worship is the reverence due to the ideals of perfect blessedness; and ought not to be inspired by either hope or fear. To exclude all possible reference of the great phenomena of nature to the action of a divine power, Epicurus proceeds to set forth numerous hypotheses by which they might have been produced. Thus after having enunciated several possible theories for the production of thunder, he adds: "Thunder may be explained in many other ways; only let us have no myths of divine action. To assign only a single cause for phenomena, when the facts familiar to us suggest several, is insane, and is just the absurd conduct to be expected from people who dabble in the vanities of astronomy. We need not be too curious to inquire how these celestial phenomena actually *do* come about; we can learn how they *might* have been produced, and to go further is to trench on ground beyond the limits of human knowledge." He equally rejects the notion of an inevitable Fate, a necessary Order of Things, unchangeable and supreme. "Better were it," he says, "to accept all the legends of the gods than to make ourselves slaves to the Fate of the natural philosophers." In the sphere of human action, he affirms that there is no such thing as an absolutely controlling Necessity; there is much in our circumstances that springs from mere chance, but it does not overmaster man. And though there are evils in the world, still their domination is brief in any case; this present life is the only one; the death of the body is the end of everything for man; and hence the other world has lost all its terrors as well as all its hopes.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

Epicurus certainly makes Pleasure the end and aim of human life; but we must carefully note the sense in which he uses the term. He does not mean by it sensual pleasure of any kind. "Happiness" would better express his idea. His test of true pleasure is the removal and absorption from all that gives pain, whether of body or mind. His wise man is the rational and reflective seeker for happiness, who balances the claims of each pleasure against the evils which may possibly issue, and treads the path of enjoyment cautiously, as befits "a sober reason which inquires diligently into the grounds of acting or refraining from action, and which banishes those prejudices from which spring the chief perturbations of soul." Prudential wisdom is therefore the only means by which a truly happy life may be attained; it is thus the chief excellence and the foundation of all the virtues. Pleasure still remains the chief end; but the natural instinct which prompts to any opportunity of enjoyment is held in check by the reflection on consequences. The Reason or Intellect measures pleasures, balances possible pleasures and pains, and constructs a scheme in which pleasures are the materials of a happy life. Feeling is the means of determining what is good; but it is subordinated to a Reason which adjudicates between competing pleasures with a view of securing tranquility of mind and body. There is a necessary interdependency of virtue and happiness. "We cannot," he says, "live pleasantly without living wisely and nobly and righteously." Virtue is a means of happiness, though otherwise it is no good in itself, any more than are mere sensual enjoyments, which are good only because they may sometimes serve to secure health of body and tranquility of mind.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

The whole aim of the social philosophy of Epicurus is to secure the happiness of the individual. The only duties which he recognizes are those which have been accepted voluntarily and upon reasonable grounds, not

ERASMUS.

from the urgency of appetite or the compulsion of circumstances. Friendship is one of these obligations. His ideal was the friendly circle. The domestic Family and the State he held to impose obligations which impaired the independence of a man, and subjected him to external things. "The wise man," he says, "will not marry and beget children, nor will he take part in state affairs. Though holding but little by many conventionalities, he will not assume a cynical or stoical indifference to others; he will not form hard and fast judgments; he will not believe all sinners to be equally depraved, nor all sages equally wise." Friendship — like the State in its first origin — is based upon utility; but in it our relations are less forced; and though its motive be utility, still one must begin the good work of well-doing, even as the husbandman first bestows his labor and wealth upon the soil from which he hopes one day to receive fruit in return. There being for a man no future state of existence, the system of Epicurus takes thought only for well-doing and well-being in the present life.

ERASMUS, DESIDERIUS, a Dutch scholar; born at Rotterdam, October 28, 1467; died at Basel, Switzerland, July 12, 1536. His father was Gerhard de Praet; his mother was the daughter of a physician. For some canonical reason they could not formally marry; but they regarded themselves as husband and wife, and bestowed the tenderest care upon their son. He originally bore his father's name of Gerhard; this was afterward changed to its Latin equivalent, *Desiderius;* this he subsequently rendered into its Greek equivalent *Erasmios,* which, Latinized into Erasmus, he assumed as his surname. His parents died when he was about fourteen, leaving him to

the charge of three guardians, with a moderate estate, which they embezzled or squandered. He was sent to various schools, and finally he went to an Augustine convent near Gouda, where at the age of nineteen he entered upon his novitiate. He had no liking for a monastic life; but devoted himself to the study of the Schoolmen and of the Latin classics. In 1492 he became Secretary to the Bishop of Cambray, with whom he remained five years, and was ordained to the priesthood. He then went to the College of Montaigu, at Paris, where he supported himself by taking pupils. Among these was Lord Mountjoy, a wealthy Englishman, who invited him to England, with a pension of one hundred crowns. Erasmus was now thirty, and had come to be recognized as one of the foremost scholars in Europe. His first residence in England lasted two years. He made the friendship of the foremost English scholars, among whom was the Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More.

For the ensuing twenty years Erasmus led the life of an itinerant scholar, going from country to country, wherever great libraries were to be found; and being everywhere received with distinguished honors. At Turin the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University; at Venice he was the guest of the famous printer Aldus Manutius, for whom he superintended the printing of some of the celebrated "Aldine" editions of the classics; at Rome he was the intimate of cardinals, and was absolved by the Pope from the monastic vows which he had taken. In 1509 he was invited back to England by Henry VIII., who had just ascended the throne. Here he was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury with a living which he afterward exchanged for a pension of twenty

pounds, and was made Professor of Theology and of Greek at Cambridge. In 1514 he was invited by the Archduke Charles of Austria (afterward the Emperor Charles V.) to Germany, with the sinecure appointment of Councillor, and a moderate salary. This position allowed him to reside where he chose, and to busy himself as he liked. For the remaining twenty years of his life Erasmus was occupied in literary work of various kinds. In 1521 he took up his residence at Basel, where he endeavored unsuccessfully to mediate between the Catholic magistrates and the growing Protestant party. In 1529 the magistrates were overthrown, the Catholic religion was prohibited, and Erasmus was obliged to leave Basel. He went to Freiburg, where he remained until 1535. He then went back to Basel, proposing to make only a short visit. But he was attacked by the gout, and died there.

When the Lutheran movement broke out in Germany Erasmus at first favored it, and was counted upon by the Reformers as one of their adherents. But their violent proceedings were distasteful to him; and a vehement controversy sprang up between Luther and Erasmus. Near the close of his life he thus described the position in which he had found himself:

ERASMUS BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Hercules could not fight two monsters at once; while I, poor wretch, have lions, cerberuses, cancers, scorpions, every day at my sword's point; not to mention smaller vermin — rats, mosquitoes, bugs, and fleas. My troops of friends are turned to enemies. At dinner-table or social gatherings in churches and kings' courts, in public carriage or public flyboat, scandal pursues me, and calumny defiles my name. Every goose now hisses at Erasmus; and it is worse than being stoned, once for all, like

Stephen, or shot with arrows like Sebastian. They attack me even now for my Latin style, and spatter me with epigrams. Fame I would have parted with; but to be the sport of blackguards — to be pelted with potsherds and dirt and ordure — is not this worse than death? There is no rest for me in my age, unless I join Luther; and I cannot accept his doctrines. Sometimes I am stung with a desire to avenge my wrongs; but I say to myself: "Will you, to gratify your spleen, raise your hand against your mother, the Church, who begot you at the font and fed you with the word of God?" I cannot do it. Yet I understand now how Arius, and Tertullian, and Wickliff were driven into schism. The theologians say I am their enemy. Why? Because I bade monks remember their vows; because I told parsons to leave their wranglings and read the Bible; because I told Popes and Cardinals to look at the Apostles, and make themselves more like to them. If this is to be their enemy, then indeed I have injured them.

Erasmus gives a satirical account of one of the fierce theological discussions characteristic of those days. A Dominican monk had inveighed against Erasmus in the University pulpit of Louvain. Erasmus complained to the Rector of the University; the Rector invited the two to have an amicable talk in his presence. Erasmus thus describes the colloquy:

ERASMUS AND THE DOMINICAN.

I sat on the one side and the monk on the other, the Rector between us to prevent our scratching. The monk asked me what the matter was, and said he had done no harm. It was after dinner. The holy man was flushed; he turned purple.

"Why do you abuse monks in your books?" he said. "I spoke of your Order," I answered; "I did not mention you. You denounced me by name as a friend of Luther." He raged like a madman. "You are the cause of all this trouble," he said, "you are a chameleon; you can twist

everything." "You see what he is," said I, turning to the Rector. "If it comes to calling names, why, I can do that too; but let us be reasonable." He still roared and cursed; he vowed he would never rest until he had destroyed Luther. I said he might curse Luther till he burst himself if he pleased. I complained of his cursing me. He answered, that if I did not agree with Luther, I ought to say so, and write against him. "Why should I?" urged I; "the quarrel is none of mine. Why should I irritate Luther against me, when he has horns, and knows how to use them?" "Well, then," said he, "if you will not write, at least you can say that we Dominicans have had the best of the argument." "How can I do that?" replied I. "You have burnt his books, but I never heard that you had answered them." He almost spat upon me. I understand that there is to be a form of prayer for the conversion of Erasmus and Luther.

Adrian VI., who succeeded Leo X. as Pope in 1522, had been a schoolmate of Erasmus. He now urged Erasmus to come to Rome and take up his pen against Luther and Lutheranism. Erasmus wrote to the Pope's Secretary: "If his Holiness will set about reform in good earnest, and if he will not be too hard upon Luther, I may perhaps do good. But what Luther writes of the tyranny, the corruption, the covetousness of the Roman Court — would, my friend, it was not true." To Adrian himself Erasmus wrote from Switzerland:

ERASMUS TO POPE ADRIAN VI.

I cannot go to your Holiness. King Calculus will not let me. I have dreadful health, which this tornado has not improved. I, who was the favorite of everybody, am now cursed by everybody: at Louvain by the Catholics; in Germany by the Lutherans. I have fallen into trouble in my old age, like a mouse into a pot of pitch. You say, "Come to Rome."— You might as well say to the crab,

"Fly!" The crab says, "Give me wings;" I say, "Give me back my health and youth." If I write calmly against Luther, I shall be called lukewarm; if I write as he does, I shall stir a hornet's nest. People think he can be put down by force. The more force you try, the stronger he will grow. Such disorders cannot be cured in that way. The Wickliffites in England were put down, but the fire smouldered. If you mean to use violence, you have no need of me. But mark this — if monks and theologians think only of themselves, no good will come out of it. Look rather into the causes of all this confusion, and apply your remedies there. Send for the best men of Christendom, and take their advice.

About the same time — perhaps a little earlier — Erasmus wrote to a friend upon what was going on in Christendom, and what he could or would do under existing circumstances:

ERASMUS UPON THE TIMES.

I remember Uzzah, and am afraid, it is not everyone who is allowed to uphold the ark. Many a wise man has attacked Luther, and what has been effected? The Pope curses, the Emperor threatens; there are prisons, confiscations, faggots, and all in vain. What can a poor pigmy like me do? . . . The world has been besotted with ceremonies. Miserable monks have ruled all, entangling men's consciences for their own benefit. Dogma has been heaped on dogma. The bishops have been tyrants; the Pope's commissaries have been rascals. Luther has been an instrument of God's displeasure, like Pharaoh, or Nebuchadnezzar, or the Cæsars, and I shall not attack him on such grounds as these.

Erasmus clearly wished to carry water on both shoulders — to please the Pope and not to offend Luther; he succeeded in neither. Luther, being the man that he was, could not help looking upon Erasmus

as a man who was false to his own convictions; and he told his opinion of him in language which no man could fail to understand.

LUTHER UPON ERASMUS.

All you who honor Christ, I pray you hate Erasmus. He is a scoffer and a mocker. He speaks in riddles, and jests at Popery and Gospel, and Christ and God, with his uncertain speeches. He might have served the Gospel if he would; but, like Judas, he has betrayed the Son of Man, with a kiss. He is not with us, and he is not with our foes; and I say with Joshua, "Choose whom ye will serve." He thinks we should trim to the times, and hang our cloaks to the wind. He is himself his own first object; and as he lived he died. . . . I take Erasmus to be the worst enemy that Christ has had for a thousand years. Intellect does not understand religion, and when it comes to the things of God, it laughs at them. He scoffs like Lucian, and by and by he will say, "Behold how these are among the saints whose life we counted for folly!" I bid you, therefore, take heed of Erasmus. He treats theology as a fool's jest, and the Gospel as a fable, good for the ignorant to believe

The writings of Erasmus (nearly all in Latin) are very voluminous. An edition of them was published at Basel soon after his death (9 vols., folio, 1540–41), a still more complete edition was brought out at Leyden (10 vols., folio, 1703–6). Many of his works have been translated into English, either in whole or in part. The most important of these are the *Colloquia;* the *Moriæ Encomium;* the *Copia Verborum;* the *Epigramata;* the *Ecclesiastæ;* the *Adagiorum Collectanea;* and the *Paraclesis.* Besides these there are an immense number of *Epistolæ* quite as valuable as any of the others. He also edited many of the most important Latin and Greek classics, translated several

Greek authors into Latin and edited the first printed edition of the Greek New Testament.

ERCELDOUNE, THOMAS OF, usually designated as "Thomas the Rhymer," a Scottish minstrel; born about 1222; died about 1299. He was the owner of a considerable estate, which he transmitted to his son. He had a traditional fame as a seer, and is supposed to have been the author of the first English metrical romance. One of his romances, *Sir Tristrem,* was of special repute. It was supposed to have perished, or at least the portion of it which was handed down orally was thought to have been greatly modified by generations of reciters. But in 1804 Sir Walter Scott discovered in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh an ancient manuscript which he believed to be a correct copy of this poem of Thomas the Rhymer. The best critics, however, do not in this agree with Sir Walter. Mr. Garnett, a high authority upon early English dialects, holds that this *Sir Tristrem* is probably a modernized copy of an old Northumbrian romance, written about 1275, and derived from a Norman or Anglo-Norman source. The poem consists of three "fyttes" or cantos. The following stanza may stand for a specimen of the English language as written about 1300.

SIR TRISTREM'S TRIUMPH.

Glad a man was he
The turnament dede crie,
That maidens might him se

And over the walles to lye;
Thai asked who was fre
To win the maistre;
Thai seyd that best was he
The child of Ermonie
In Tour:
Forthi chosen was he
To maiden launche Flour.

THE QUEEN OF ELF-LAND.

True Thomas lay on Huntly bank,—
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee:
And there he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka telt of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

"O no, O no, Thomas!" she said:
"That name does not belang to me,—
I am but the Queen of fair Elf-land
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said:
"Harp and carp along wi' me!
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,—
"True Thomas! ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be.

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,—
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whenever her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and farther on
(The steed gaed swifter than the wind),
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas!
And lean your head upon my knee!
Abide and rest a little space!
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road
So thick beset with thorn and brier?
That is the path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquire.

"And see ye not that braid braid road
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonnie road
That winds around the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elf-land,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas! ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see:
For if you speak word in Elfin-land
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

— *From a Manuscript given by a lady to Sir Walter Scott.*

ERCILLA Y ZUNIGA, Alonso de, a Spanish soldier and poet; born at Madrid, August 7, 1533; died there, November 29, 1595. He was of a distinguished family, his father holding an eminent position at the Court of Charles V.; the boy was brought up as a page to Philip, the heir to the Spanish Crown (afterward Philip II.), whom he accompanied to England upon occasion of his marriage, in 1554, to Queen Mary Tudor. While in London Ercilla obtained permission to join a Spanish expedition against the revolted Araucanians of Chile. He bore a prominent part in the contest which ensued; but having become involved in a quarrel with a comrade, he was charged with mutiny, and was sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment. He returned to Spain in 1562, and was received with great favor by Philip, now King of Spain, by whom he was employed in several important capacities. About 1550 he fell into disgrace at Court, and the closing years of his life were passed in neglect and poverty. Ercilla is known by his poem *La Araucana,* which is regarded as the best of the Spanish epics. A portion of it was actually composed in the field while the events which he narrates were going on. The entire poem is in three parts, containing in all thirty-seven cantos. The first fifteen cantos appeared in 1569; the second, and much inferior part, in 1578; the third, and still more inferior part, in 1590. A continuation in thirty-seven cantos, written by Osorio, appeared in 1597, three years after the death of Ercilla. The latest, and probably the best, edition of *La Araucana* was brought out at Madrid in 1851.

AN ARAUCANIAN HERO.

Without more argument, his gallant steed
He spurred, and o'er the border led the way;
His troops, their limbs by one strong effort freed
From terror's chill, followed in close array.
Onward they press. The opening hills recede,
Spain's chief Araucan fortress to display;
Over the plain, in scattered ruins, lie
Those walls that seemed destruction to defy.

Valdivia, checking his impetuous course,
Cried, "Spaniards! Constancy's our favorite race!
Fallen is the castle, in whose massive force
My hopes had found their dearest resting-place
The foe, whose treachery of this chief resource
Has robbed us, on the desolated space
Before us lies; more wherefore should I say?
Battle alone to safety points the way!"

Danger and present death's convulsive rage
Breed in our soldiers strength of such high strain,
That fear begins the fury to assuage
Of Araucanian bosoms; from the plain
With shame they fly, nor longer battle wage;
Whilst shouts arise of "Victory! Spain! Spain!"
When checking Spanish joy, stern destiny
By wondrous means fulfils her stern decree.

The son of a cacique, whom friendship's bands
Allied to Spain, had long in page's post
Attended on Valdivia, at his hands
Receiving kindness; in the Spanish host
He came. Strong passion suddenly expands
His heart, beholding troops, his country's boast,
Forsake the field. With voice and port elate,
Their valor thus he strives to animate:—

"Unhappy nation, whom blind terrors guide!
O whither turn ye your bewildered breasts?
How many centuries' honor and just pride

Perish upon this field with all your guests!
Forfeiting — what inviolate abide —
Laws, customs, rights, your ancestors' bequests:
From free-born men, from sovereigns feared by all,
Ye into vassalage and slavery fall!

"Ancestors and posterity ye stain,
Inflicting on the generous stock a wound
Incurable, an everlasting pain,
A shame whose perpetuity knows no bound.
Observe your adversaries' prowess wane;
Mark how their horses, late that spurned the ground,
Now drooping, pant for breath, whilst bathed all o'er,
Are their thick heaving flanks with sweat and gore. . . .

"On memory imprint the words I breathe,
Howe'er by loathsome terror ye're distraught;
A deathless story to the world bequeath:
Enslaved Arauco's liberation wrought!
Return! reject not victory's offered wreath,
When fate propitious calls, and prompts high thought!
Or in your rapid flight an instant pause,
To see me singly perish in your cause!" . . .

With that the youth a strong and mighty lance
Against Valdivia brandishes on high;
And, yet more from bewildering terror's trance
To rouse Arauco, rushes furiously
Upon the Spaniards' conquering advance.
So eagerly the heated stag will fly
To plunge his body in the coolest stream,
Attempering thus the sun's meridian beam.

One Spaniard his first stroke pierces right through;
Then at another's middle rib he aims;
And heavy though the weapon, aims so true,
The point on the far side his force proclaims.
He springs at all with fury ever new:
A soldier's thigh with such fierce blow he maims,
The huge spear breaks; his hand still grasps the heft,
Whilst quivering in the wound one half is left.

The fragment cast away, he from the ground
  Snatches a ponderous and dreadful mace;
He wounds, he slaughters, strikes down all around,
  Suddenly clearing the encumbered space.
In him alone the battle's rage is found.
  Turned all 'gainst him the Spaniards leave the chase;
But he so lightly moves — now here, now there —
That in his stead they wound the empty air.

Of whom was ever such stupendous deed
  Or heard, or read in ancient history,
As from the victor's party to secede,
  Joining the vanquished even as they fly!
Or that barbarian boy, at utmost need,
  By his unaided valor's energy,
Should from the Christian army rend away
A victory, guerdon of a hard-fought day!

— *La Araucana, Canto III.*

A STORM AT SEA.

Now bursts with sudden violence the gale,
  Earth sudden rocks convulsively and fast;
Labors our ship, caught under press of sail,
  And menaces to break her solid mast.
The pilot, when he sees the storm prevail,
  Springs forward, shouting loud with looks aghast:
"Slacken the ropes there! Slack away! — Alack,
The gale blows heavily! Slack quickly! Slack!"

The roaring of the sea, the boisterous wind,
  The clamor, uproar, grows confused and rash.
Untimely night, closing in darkness blind
  Of black and sultry clouds, the lightning's flash,
The thunder's awful rolling, all combined
  With pilot's shouts, and many a frightful crash,
Produced a sound, a harmony, so dire,
It seemed the world itself should now expire. . . .

Roars the tormented sea, open the skies,
  The haughty wind groans while it fiercer raves;

Sudden the waters in a mountain rise
  Above the clouds, and on the ship that braves
Their wrath pour thundering down; submerged she lies
  A fearful minute's space, beneath the waves,
The crew, amidst their fears, with gasping breath,
Deemed in salt water's stead they swallowed death.

But by the clemency of Providence,
  As, rising through the sea, some mighty whale
Masters the angry surges' violence,
  Spouts then in showers against the vexing gale,
And lifts to sight his back's broad eminence,
  Whilst in wide circles round the waters quail,
So from beneath the ocean rose once more
Our vessel, from whose side two torrents pour. . . .

Now, Æolus — by chance if it befell,
  Or through compassion for Castilian woes —
Recalled fierce Boreas, and, lest he rebel,
  Would safely in his prison cave inclose,
The door he opened. In the selfsame cell
  Lay Zephyr unobserved, who instant rose,
Marked his advantage as the bolts withdrew,
And through the opening portal sudden flew.

Then with unlessening rapidity
  Seizing on lurid cloud and fleecy rack,
He bursts on the already troubled seas,
  Spreads o'er the midnight gloom a shade more black;
The billows from the northern blast that flee,
  Assaults with irresistible attack,
Whirls them in boiling eddies from their course,
And angry ocean stirs with doubled force. . . .

The vessel, beaten by the sea and gale,
  Now on a mountain-ridge of water rides,
With keel exposed. Now her top-gallant sail
  Dips in the threatening waves, against her sides
Over her deck, that break. Of what avail,
  The beating of such storm whilst one abides,
Is pilot's skill? Now a yet fiercer squall
Half opens to the sea her strongest wall.

The crew and passengers wild clamors raise,
Deeming inevitable ruin near;
Upon the pilot anxiously all gaze,
Who knows not what to order — stunned by fear.
Then 'midst the terror that all bosoms craze,
Sound opposite commands; "The ship to veer!"
Some shout; some, "Make for land!" some, "Stand to sea!"
Some "Starboard!" some "Port the helm!" some "Helm a-lee!"

The danger grows; the terror, loud uproar,
And wild confusion, with the terror grow;
All rush in frenzy — these the sails to lower,
Those seek the boat, whilst overboard some throw
Cask, plank, or spar, as other hope were o'er.
Here rings the hammer's, there the hatchet's blow;
Whilst dash the surges 'gainst a neighboring rock,
Flinging white foam to heaven from every shock.

— *La Araucana, Canto XV.*

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, the joint name of two French novelists, Émile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian, the members of a literary partnership as close as that of the English dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher. Erckmann, the son of a bookseller, was born at Phalsbourg, Lorraine, May 20, 1822; died at Paris, March 14, 1899. Chatrian, the son of a glass-blower; born at Soldatenthal, Lorraine, December 18, 1826; died at Rainey, Seine, September 3, 1890. Erckmann was sent first to the Communal College at Phalsbourg, and thence to Paris in 1842, to study law. Chatrian, for a short time a student in the Communal College, was afterward sent by his parents

EMILE ERCKMANN.

to the glass-works at Belgium. His love of letters drew him back to Phalsbourg, where he became an usher in the Communal College. In 1847 he formed the acquaintance of Erckmann, then in Phalsbourg to recruit his health. Together the young men went to Paris, Erckmann resuming his studies, and Chatrian entering a railway office. Here they began their literary partnership, contributing short stories to provincial journals and writing dramatic pieces. One of their plays, *L'Alsace en 1814,* brought out at the Strasbourg Theatre, was suppressed by the Prefect after one representation. For several years they continued to write, without encouraging success, until the publication of *L'Illustre Docteur Mathéus* (1859) attracted attention to the name of Erckmann-Chatrian. From that time their graphic and loving delineations of village and provincial life steadily gained favor. Most of their works have been translated into English. They are *Contes Fantastiques* and *Contes de la Montagne* (1860); *Maître Daniel Rock* (1861); *Contes du Bords du Rhin* and *Le Fou Yégof* (1862); *Le Joueur de Clarinette, La Taverne du Jambon de Mayence,* and *Madame Thérèse, ou les Volontaires de '92* (1863); *L'Ami Fritz* and *Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813* (1864); *L'Invasion, Waterloo,* and *Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple* (1865); *La Maison Forestière* and *La Guerre* (1866); *Le Blocus* (1867), translated under the title of *The Blockade of Phalsbourg; an Episode of the Fall of the First French Empire; Histoire d'un Paysan* (1868; *Le Juif Polonais* a play (1869); *Le Plébiscite* (1872); translated in this country under the title of *A Miller's Story of the War; Les deux Frères* (1873); *Brigadier Frédéric* (1875); *Maître Gaspard Fix, Histoire d'un Conservateur L'Isthme de Suez,* and

Souvenirs d'un Ancien Chef de Chantier; Suivi de l'Exile (1876); *Les Vieux de la Vielle* (1882), and *Les Rantzau* (1884).

FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN.

In the ranks of the Republicans there were also vacant places, bodies stretched on their faces, and some wounded, their heads and faces covered with blood. They bandaged their heads, placing their guns at their feet without leaving the ranks. Their comrades helped them to bind on a handkerchief, and put the hat above it. The Colonel, on horseback near the fountain, his large plumed hat pushed back, and his sabre clinched in his hand, closed up the ranks; near him were some drummers in line, and a little further on, near the trough, was the *Cantinière* with her cask. We could hear the trumpets of the Croats sounding the retreat. They had halted at the turn of the street. One of their sentinels was posted there, behind the corner of the Town Hall. Only his horse's head was to be seen. Some guns were still being fired. "Cease firing!" cried the Colonel, and all was silent. We heard only the trumpet in the distance. The *Cantinière* then went inside the ranks to pour out brandy for the men, while seven or eight sturdy fellows drew water from the fountain in their bowls, for the wounded, who begged for drink in pitiable voices. I leaned from the window, looking down the deserted street, and asking myself if the red cloaks would dare to return. The Colonel also looked in that direction, and talked with a captain who was leaning against his saddle. Suddenly the captain crossed the square, left the ranks, and rushed into our house, crying: "The master of the house!"

"He has gone out!"

"Well — you — lead me to your garret — quick!"

I left my shoes there, and began to climb the steps at the end of the hall like a squirrel; the captain followed me. At the top he saw at a single glance the ladder of the pigeon-house, and mounted before me. When we had entered, he placed his elbows on the edge of the somewhat low window, and leaned forward so as to see. I

looked over his shoulder. The entire road as far as one could see, was lined with men, cavalry, infantry, cannon, army-wagons, red cloaks, green pelisses, white coats, helmets, cuirasses, files of lances and bayonets, ranks of horses, and all were coming toward the villages. "It is an army!" exclaimed the captain in a low voice. He turned suddenly to go down, then, seized with an idea, pointed out to me along the village, within two gunshots, a file of red coats, who were turning the curve of the road just behind the orchards.

"You see those red coats?" said he.

"Yes."

"Does a carriage road pass there?"

"No, it is a footpath."

"And this large hollow which cuts it in the middle, directly before us — is it deep?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Carriages and carts never pass that way?

"No, they could not."

Then, without asking anything more, he descended the ladder backward, as rapidly as possible, and hastened down the stairs. I followed him; we were soon at the foot, but before we had reached the end of the hall, the approach of a body of cavalry caused the houses to shake. Despite this, the captain went out, took two men from the ranks, and disappeared. Thousands of quick, strange cries, like those of a flock of crows, "Hurrah! hurrah!" filled the street from one end to the other, and nearly drowned the dull thud of the horses' galloping. I, feeling very proud of having conducted the captain to the pigeon-house, was so imprudent as to go to the door. The lancers, for this time they were lancers, came like the wind, their spears in rest, their ears covered by large hair caps, eyes staring, noses almost concealed by their mustaches, and large pistols, with butt ends of brass, in their belts. It was like a vision. I had only time to jump back from the door. My blood froze in my veins. And it was only when the firing recommenced that I awoke, as if from a dream, and found myself in the back part of our room opposite the broken windows. The air was thick, the square all white with smoke. The Colonel alone was

visible, seated immovable on his horse near the fountain. He might have been taken for a bronze statue in this blue sea, from which hundreds of red flames spouted. The lance, the parry of the bayonet came like a flash of light, their spears and withdrew them; others fired their pistols into the ranks at four paces. It seemed to me that the square was breaking. It was true. "Close the ranks! stand firm!" cried the Colonel in his calm voice. "Close the ranks! Close!" repeated the officers all along the line. But the square gave way, and became a semicircle. The centre nearly touched the fountain. At each stroke of the lance, the parry of the abyonet came like a flash of light, but sometimes the man fell. The Republicans no longer had time to reload. They ceased firing, and the lancers were constantly coming, bolder, more numerous, enveloping the square in a whirlwind, and already uttering cries of triumph, for they believed themselves conquerors. For myself, I thought the Republicans were lost, when, in the height of the combat, the Colonel, raising his hat on the end of his sabre, began to sing a song which made one's flesh creep, and all the battalion, as one man, sang with him. In the twinkling of an eye the whole front of the square straightened itself, and forced into the street all the mass of horsemen, pressed one against another, with their long lances, like corn in the fields. This song seemed to render the Republicans furious. It was terrible to see them. And I have thought many times since that men arrayed in battle are more ferocious than wild beasts. But there was something still more horrible; the last ranks of the Austrian column, at the end of the street, not seeing what was passing at the entrance of the square, rushed forward, crying, "Hurrah! hurrah!" so that those in the first ranks, repulsed by the bayonets of the Republicans, and not able to go further back, were thrown into unspeakable confusion, and uttered distressing cries; the large horses, pricked in the nostrils, were so frightened that their manes stood up straight, their eyes started from their heads, and they uttered shrill cries, and kicked wildly. From a distance I saw these unfortunate lancers, mad with fear, turn round, strike their comrades with the handles of their lances to force a passage for them-

selves, and fly like hares past the houses. A few minutes afterward the street was empty.— *Madame Thérèse.*

AN AWAKING IN SPRING.

By dint of dreaming in this half-waking state, Kobus had ended by falling fast asleep again, when the tones of a violin, sweet and penetrating as the voice of a friend who greets you after a long absence, roused him from his slumbers, and, as he listened, brought the tears into his eyes. He scarcely ventured to breathe, so eager was he to catch the sounds. It was the violin of the Bohemian Joseph, which was surging to the accompaniment of another violin and a double bass in his bedchambers, behind the blue curtains, and was saying, "It is I, Kobus, I, your old friend! I return with the Spring and the glorious sunshine. Hearken, Kobus: the bees are humming around the earliest flowers, the young, tender leaves are bursting forth, the first swallows are wheeling through the blue ether, the first quails creep down the newly turned furrows, and here I am, come once more to embrace you!" . . .

At last, very gently, he drew aside the curtains of his bed, the music still playing on more gravely and touchingly than ever, and saw the three Bohemians standing near the entrance of the apartment, and old Katel behind in the doorway. . . . And now I must tell you why Joseph came thus to serenade Fritz every Spring, and why this touched Fritz so deeply. A long time before this, one Christmas eve, Kobus happened to be at the hostelry of the Stag. The snow was lying three feet deep outside. In the great public room, which was half filled with tobacco-smoke, the smokers stood around the huge metal stove, whilst from time to time one or another would move away for a moment to the table to empty his glass, and then return to warm himself in silence. They were standing thus, thinking of nothing at all, when a Bohemian entered. His bare feet were peeping out of his ragged shoes; he was shivering with cold, and began to play with an air of deep dejection. Fritz thought this music beautiful; it was a ray of sunshine break-

ing through the gray mists of Winter. But behind the Bohemian, near the door, half-concealed in shadow, stood the watchman Foux, with the air of a wolf on the look-out for its prey, with its ears cocked, its pointed muzzle, and glistening eyes. Kobus at once guessed that the Bohemian's papers were not *en règle*, and that Foux was watching to pounce upon him on his leaving the room, and conduct him to the watchhouse. It was for this reason that, feeling indignant at such conduct, he went up to the Bohemian, put a thaler in his hand, and slipping his arm in his, said to him—"I hire you for this evening. Come along with me." And thus, arm in arm, they left the room together in the midst of general astonishment and more than one thought to himself—"That Kobus must be mad to go about with a Bohemian leaning on his arm; he is certainly a great original."

Meantime Foux followed them at some distance, slinking against the wall to avoid observation. The Bohemian seemed in great terror, fearing he would arrest him, but Fritz said to him—"Don't be afraid, he will not dare to lay a finger on you." He accompanied him in this way to his own house, where the table was laid for the feast of the *Christ-Child*, with the Christmas-tree in the centre, on a snow-white table-cloth, whilst all around the *Kuchen*, powdered over with white sugar, and the *Kougelhof*, thick with large raisins, were arranged in suitable order. Three bottles of old Bordeaux, wrapped in napkins, were heating on the marble slab of the white porcelain stove.

"Katel, look for another plate, knife, and fork," said Kobus, shaking the snow off his feet. "I mean to celebrate the birth of the Savior this evening with this brave fellow; and if any one comes to take him, let him look out, that's all." The servant hastened to obey, and the poor Bohemian took his seat at the table, full of wonder at these things. The glasses were filled to the brim, and then Fritz stood up and said—"In honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, the friend of the friendless!"

At the same moment Foux entered. His surprise was extreme to see the *Zicgeuner* seated by the side of the master of the house, so, in place of taking a high tone,

he merely said—"I wish you a merry Christmas, Mr. Kobus."

"Many thanks. Will you take a glass of wine with us?"

"No, thank you. I never drink wine when on duty. But this man—do you know him, Mr. Kobus?"

"I know him, and will answer for him."

"Then his papers are in order?"

Fritz could hear no more; his round cheeks grew pale with anger; he rose; and seizing the watchman by the collar, thrust him out of the room, exclaiming—"That will teach you to enter an honest man's house on Christmas Eve." Then he resumed his seat, and as the Bohemian trembled with fear, he said—"Don't be afraid, you are in Fritz Kobus' house. Eat your food in peace if you wish to gratify me." He made him drink a good draught of the Bordeaux; and knowing that Foux was still watching in the street, notwithstanding the snow, he ordered Katel to get ready a comfortable bed for the poor fellow that night, and the following morning to provide him with a stout pair of shoes, and some old clothes, and not to let him leave without taking care to put some cold meat and bread in his pockets.

Foux waited till the last note of the Mass was over, and then went off; and as the Bohemian, who was no other than Joseph, started early in the morning, there was nothing more of the affair. Kobus himself had forgotten all about it, when just at the commencement of Spring in the following year, being in bed one fine morning, he heard soft music at the door of his room. It was the poor swallow, whom he had saved from the winter snows, and who had come to thank him with the earliest rays of the returning sun. Since then Joseph had made his appearance every year at the same period, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two of his comrades, and Fritz always received him like a brother. So it was that Kobus saw his old friend the Bohemian on the morning, in the way I have told you, and when the double-bass ceased its deep thrum-thrum, and Joseph, having given his last long-drawn stroke with the bow, raised

his eyes, Fritz stretched out his arms to him from behind the curtains, crying, "Joseph!"

Then the Bohemian came forward and embraced him, laughing and showing his white teeth, and said:—"You see I don't forget you. The swallow's first song is for you!"

"Yes, yes, and yet this is the tenth year!" cried Kobus.— *Friend Fritz.*

ERSKINE, THOMAS, BARON, a British jurist and statesman; born at Edinburgh, January 21, 1750; died there November 17, 1823. He was the third son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, and entered the navy as midshipman at the age of fourteen, but resigned after four years, and received a commission in the army. He married at twenty, and was soon sent with his regiment to Minorca, where he served two years, and for three years more was stationed in various parts of England. He was then entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1778. Three months after he made an able plea in behalf of a person indicted for a libel, the effect of which was that he received thirty retainers before leaving the court-room. He rose so rapidly in his profession that in 1783, on the suggestion of Lord Mansfield, the presiding Judge in the Court of King's Bench, a patent was issued giving him the precedence at the bar, and in the same year he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Portsmouth. His ablest forensic speeches were in defence of the freedom of the press, the rights of juries, and against the doctrine of constructive treason. In 1806 William

Pitt died, and a coalition Ministry was formed under Lord Grenville, in which Erskine was made Lord High Chancellor, and raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Erskine of Restormel Castle, in Cornwall. The Grenville Ministry was dissolved within less than a year, and Erskine passed the remainder of his life in retirement, and in straitened pecuniary circumstances. His last appearance in the House of Lords was at the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820. He wrote a political pamphlet, *A View of the Causes and Consequences of the Present War with France* (1897), which passed through forty-eight editions in a few months; and a few brief poems, among which was a parody upon Gray's *Bard*. Collections of his *Speeches* at the bar and in Parliament have been published at different times. The best is that with a *Memoir* by Lord Brougham (4 vols., 1847); there is a *Selection* with a *Memoir* by Edward Walford (2 vols., 1870). One of the greatest of these speeches was that delivered in 1789 in defence of John Stockdale, who had printed a pamphlet written by the Rev. John Logan, in favor of Warren Hastings, who was then upon trial before the House of Lords. This pamphlet was regarded as a libel against the House of Commons, and Stockdale was arraigned therefor. Erskine's plea upon this ocasion, the principles of which were sanctioned by the verdict of the court, became the foundation of the liberty of the press in England.

ON THE LAW OF LIBEL.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Com-

mons, in every hand and on every table — when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public — when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations — would it have been criminal in Mr. Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without color or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because, I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr. Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it *bona fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, therefore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be — Could Mr. Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years — that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters — that the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has no trial. That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being

judged in it by God and his country, is a victim and a sacrifice.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigor and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron; and our Empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself, amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it?" said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure. "Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all around the globe; and, depend upon

it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path; subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dulness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer; the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is. You might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look, hereafter, to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the Attorney-General prays sentence on my client — God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers

benevolence, charity, and good-will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look — if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well-directed — his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospel of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers like the volume of the brightest and best-spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out forever.

ESPRONCEDA, José de, a Spanish poet; born near Almendralejo, Badajoz, in 1810; died at Madrid, May 23, 1842. His father was a colonel in a Bourbon regiment, and the child was born on the roadside while the army was on the march. At the close of the war his parents settled in Madrid, and José began a career which was remarkable for the variety of its incidents. He became a pupil of Alberto Lista, Professor of Literature in St. Matthew's College. Before he was out of his fourteenth year he

had joined a conspiracy against the minister Calomardi, and attracted his master's attention by his political poems. He was imprisoned at Guadalajara, and soothed his solitude by singing the fate of Pelayo, the hero of Spanish liberty. On his release he was again imprisoned and then transported to England, where he became a student of the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron, which was evidenced by a decided improvement in his later works. In 1830 he took part in the July revolution in Paris, and soon after joined the ill-fated expedition of Pablo de Chapalangarra in Spain. On the death of Ferdinand he was permitted to return to Spain and received an appointment as one of the Queen's Guards. His republican notions could not be suppressed, however, and he published a political song, which caused his banishment to Cuellar, where he wrote a six-volume novel called *Don Sancho Soldaña o el Castellano de Cuellar.* Under a general amnesty he returned to Madrid and rashly plunged again into seditious writings. He joined the revolutionary movements of 1835–36, and in 1840, the republican party having come into power, he joined the national guard as a lieutenant, and was shortly appointed Ambassador to The Hague, where he contracted a malady which compelled him to resign and which terminated fatally in 1842.

Espronceda's principal poems are *El Estudiante de Salamanca* (The Student of Salamanca), a continuation of the legend of Don Juan; *El Diablo Mundo,* based on the story of Faust; *El Mendigo* (The Beggar), *El Verdugo* (The Headsman), *Hymn to the Sea,* and *Ode to the Night.* His poetical works have been collected and more than once reprinted. His

lyrics are frequently distinguished by great force of expression and skill in construction.

A writer in *Poet-Lore* thus describes Espronceda: "In person he was slight, handsome, melancholy — in short, a typical Spaniard. In public he vaunted his sceptical opinions, and mocked at a world which had failed to satisfy one who had deliberately chosen its worst as his portion. In private, his kind heart and brilliant parts made him the centre of an adoring circle of friends. In the *café* he would laugh to scorn all feeling of human sympathy; on his way home he would divest himself of his last penny in aid of the beggars who thronged his path. During the sad time when the cholera raged in Madrid, Espronceda was foremost in the houses of the sick, nursing the patients and comforting the dying. His years were few, but his country counts him among her stars, and will never allow his name to be forgotten."

THE HEADSMAN.

In me behold the story of the world
Which destiny hath written down in blood,
Upon whose crimson pages God himself
My awful figure hath engraven deep.
Time without end,
A hundred thousand ages hath engulfed,
Yet wickedness,
Her monument,
May contemplate existing still in me.
In vain man struggles whither streams the light,
And thinks to reach it borne on breath of pride:
The headsman o'er the ages towers supreme!
And every drop
Of blood which stains me,
Of man but proves
One crime the more;
Still I exist,

A faithful record of the ages past;
A thousand angry shadows follow me
For aye behind.
— *Translation for The Saturday Review.*

ESQUIROS, Henri François Alphonse, a French poet, historian and novelist; born at Paris, May 24, 1812; died at Versailles, May 10, 1876. His first work, *Les Hirondelles,* was published in 1834, and though commended by Victor Hugo, it had but a limited sale. In 1837 he published *Le Magicien,* a novel; *Charlotte Corday,* a historical romance, and *L'Evangile du Peuple,* a history of the life of Jesus, which represents the founder of Christianity as a champion of democracy. For the sentiments expressed in this book Esquiros was condemned to eight months' imprisonment, which he occupied in writing *Les Chants d'un Prisonnier,* a volume of poetic descriptions of his youth. When he regained his freedom he published three socialistic tracts, *Les Vierges Martyres; Les Vierges Folles;* and *Les Vierges Sages.* His publication in 1847 and 1851 of *Histoire des Montagnards* and *Histoire des Martyres de la Liberté,* gained for their author such a popularity that he was elected a representative to the legislative assembly. On account of his radical views and strong opposition to the empire, he was expelled from France in 1851. He journeyed first to Holland and then to England, where he was for a time Professor of French Literature at Woolwich, and wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of essays on English life and

character. He also published *The Netherlands and Life of the Hollanders* (1859). In 1869, having returned to France, he was chosen a member of the legislative assembly for the fourth circonscription of the department of the Bouches du Rhône, and sat among the democratic opposition. The following year he was made superior administrator of the department, but on account of his imprudent political prosecutions he was compelled to resign his office, and became editor of the *Égalité* of Marseilles, and in 1871 was again chosen a member of the legislative assembly.

Esquiros was too much of a partisan to be called a statesman, and though an easy writer, most of his works are superficial and declamatory. His *Dutch at Home* is one of the most valuable of his social and historical studies. Godefroy, in his *Littérature Française,* speaking of the lack of good native histories of Holland, says: "M. Alphonse Esquiros has called attention to this want in a succinct picture of the history of Holland from its origin. He shows how its institutions have been developed, its commerce and revenues augmented; and, above all, he indicates the sources from which the history of the Netherlands ought to be drawn."

DUTCH TOWNS.

The towns and villages touch one another. This is a consequence of the slight extent of territory. The houses are small, discreet, and circumspect; you notice in the habitations, that moderation of taste and desires which is the philosophy of happiness. The Dutch do not suffer like the Belgians from the whitewashing malady; they leave their houses the pleasant color of the brick. This red color, combined with the verdure of the trees, the dark blue of the canals, and the gold of the sun, gives

the towns, and often the villages, in the Netherlands a holiday aspect. A widely spread taste, especially among the women, is that for flowers, for here home life is a poem, and all means are sought to idealize it. We had already noticed in Flanders that moral habits were trained with the love of flowers; in the Netherlands it is an inclination which is becoming general. A rose expanding behind a clean and thoroughly transparent Dutch window resembles the perfumed soul of the house. These domestic gardens are sometimes perfect conservatories, so rich and varied does the flora appear. One of the most admired plants in Holland is the hyacinth, and there is any quantity of varieties; the *Sephrane* (white), the *Unique Rose*, the *Jenny Lind*, the *Mind Your Eyes* (red), the *Amiable Shepherdess*, the *Othello*, which latter is of a dark and tragic color, as suiting the Moor of Venice. If transplanted to other countries, these bulbs degenerate; true children of Batavia, they only find pleasure in Holland.

Behind the curtain of flowers a young maiden face may be glimpsed, which hides itself, though after having been seen. The women of the Netherlands are curious as all the daughters of Eve, but it is a curiosity which is hidden behind a species of green framework, called in Dutch horritje. It is the habit to look at what is going on in the streeet, not in the street itself, but in two mirrors set at an angle, which reflect objects, and deserve the name the local idiom has given them, that of "spies." A blonde Hollandaise, or even a brunette (for black hair is not rare in the Netherlands), will sit for hours gazing on what is going on outside. This silent image of movement and life harmonizes with their character. Dutch beauties are timid and diaphanous, and their faces resemble the waters of the canal sleeping before their windows. We all know the reputation of still waters, but here internal passions are kept in check, as we were told, by the regularity of life and simplicity of manners.

Nothing is lacking to the peaceful and contemplative joy of the houses in the small towns or villages of Holland when the stork by chance builds its nest upon them.

In this country the same native and touching respect is shown the stork as in other places is shown to the swallow. The stork, in fact, is a swallow on a large scale; it wages war with frogs, toads, rats, and lizards, that useful war which the guest of our chimney-pots and old châteaux carries on with insects. Storks are, moreover, regarded as birds of good omen, and you need have no fear as to them being killed. Happy the roof near which they deign to settle, happier still the one they select as their domicile! Perches and artificial shelter are even constructed to attract them, for a stork's nest is the crown of a house. In some parts of Holland, if a stork breaks its leg by any accident, it is supplied with a wooden one.

The abundance of water ever ready to hand produced habits of cleanliness in Holland. Without speaking of Broek, that curious village which seems detached from a Chinese vase, we found everywhere, even among the poor, articles of tin or copper which cleaning had converted into silver and gold. In Belgium a few prizes for cleanliness were instituted, but in Holland people are cleanly without knowing why, and do not require the interferences of a Monthyon. The general toilet of the house is performed on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday; on these days of schoonmaking (general cleaning) the street belongs to the servants, and they may be seen drawing and emptying buckets of water with a species of exultation. These girls, generally so calm, suddenly change their character, and they might be called the Bacchantes of cleanliness. In Holland the walls are brushed as a coat is brushed elsewhere, both the out and insides of the house are washed, rubbed, and dried with peculiar care.— *The Dutch at Home.*

DUTCH WATER-WAYS.

There is in Holland a life unknown elsewhere, or at least but badly known; it is life on the water. You must visit this country to comprehend the touching melancholy of the *Spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas.* Still, what floats on the waters is probably less the spirit

of God than of man, for in the Netherlands you are incessantly recalled to the feeling of reality. At all the spots where nature had forgotten to place rivers or streams, Dutch industry has made canals. These waterways lead not merely from one town to another, but even to each village, we might almost say to each country-house; hence, such an arterial system could not fail to be marvellously favorable to the circulation of produce. Through Haarlem alone 22,000 boats pass annually. An English traveler asked himself, two centuries back, whether there were not more people in Holland living on the water than on land. As the majority of these canals are higher than the adjoining fields, and as they are concealed by dykes, at a certain distance off you can see neither water nor boats, but only the swelling sails, which have the appearance of making an excursion about the country. There are boats for conveying passengers; the rich and busy classes despise this mode of locomotion as too slow or too vulgar, but they lose those landscape beauties for which the speed does not compensate. Be on your guard against railways in Holland, for traveling by them is running through the country, but not traveling. Those who do not consider the time devoted to the gratification of the sights as lost — poets, artists, the contemplators of nature or of local manners — will always prefer these slow and rustic boats to the winged carriages.

Heaven forbid that we should condemn steam, whose services, on the contrary, we admire; but Holland is of all countries in the world the one which, owing to its abundance of canals, could most easily do without locomotives.

Elsewhere navigation has never been able to compete with the iron ways, but in the Netherlands the greater part of the carriage still continues to be effected by water; and this economic method will for a long time supply most wants. The services rendered elsewhere by carts are here performed by boats; the gardener himself pulls to market his boat laden with vegetables, fruits, or flowers, just as in the south of France a donkey is led along. All this verdure, all this wealth of spring,

arranged with a vivid feeling for color, really is a pleasure to look upon.

EULER, LEONHARD, a Swiss mathematician; born at Basel, April 15, 1707; died at St. Petersburg, Russia, September 7, 1783. He was intended for the Church; but his thoughts were mainly directed toward philosophical subjects. He was graduated from the University of Basel at nineteen; but he had already attracted attention by a memoir upon naval architecture, and in 1727 went to St. Petersburg, where in 1733 he was appointed to the chair of mathematics. His reputation came to be so high that in 1741 he was invited by Frederick the Great to come to Berlin, which was his home during the ensuing twenty-five years, still retaining his Russian appointments. In 1766 he went back to Russia, upon the invitation of the Empress Catharine II. Just before this he had become nearly blind; but notwithstanding this infirmity he produced numerous works in the higher mathematics, which involved a perfect recollection of the most intricate mathematical formulæ. He possessed also the faculty of presenting scientific subjects in a manner fitted for popular comprehension. His works, produced during a period of more than half a century, would fill some fifty large folio volumes. Among these is his *Anleitung zur Algebra* (translated into English by Professor Farrar, of Harvard College), which is characterized as having "never been surpassed for its lucid and attractive mode of presenting the elements of that science." In literature, as connected with science,

Euler is best represented by his *Lettres à une Princesse d' Allemagne*, etc. (1768–72), and translated into English by Hunter under the title *Letters on Natural Philosophy*, which, "although in some degree superseded by the progress of modern discoveries will always be esteemed as a model of perspicuous statement and felicitous illustration."

NEWTON'S DISCOVERY OF UNIVERSAL GRAVITATION.

Gravity, or Weight, is a property of all terrestrial bodies, and it extends likewise to the moon. It is in virtue of gravity that the moon presses toward the earth; and gravity regulates her motions, just as it directs that of a stone thrown or of a cannon-ball fired off.

To Newton we are indebted for this important discovery. This great English philosopher and geometrician happening one day to be lying under an apple-tree, an apple fell upon his head, and suggested to him a multiude of reflections. He readily conceived that gravity was the cause of the apple's falling, by overcoming the force which attached it to the branch. Any person whatever might have made the same reflections; but the English philosopher pursued it much further. Would this force have always acted upon the apple, had the tree been a great deal higher? He could entertain no doubt of it.

But had the height been equal to that of the moon? Here he found himself at a loss to determine whether the apple would fall or not. In case it should fall, which appeared to him, however, highly probable — since it is impossible to conceive a bound to the height of the tree at which it would cease to fall — it must still have a certain degree of gravity forcing it toward the earth; therefore, if the moon were at the same place, she must be pressed toward the earth by a power similar to that which would act upon the apple. Nevertheless, as the moon did not fall on his head he conjectured that motion might be the cause of this; just as a bomb frequently flies over us, without falling vertically. This comparison

of the motion of the moon to that of a bomb determined him attentively to examine this question; and aided by the most sublime geometry, he discovered that the moon in her motion was subject to the same laws which regulate that of a bomb; and that if it were possible to hurl a bomb to the height of the moon, and with the same velocity, the bomb would have the same motion as the moon, with this difference only, that the gravity of the bomb at such a distance from the earth would be much less than at its surface.

You will see, from this detail, that the first reasonings of the philosopher on this subject were very simple, and scarcely differed from those of the clown; but he soon pushed them far beyond the level of the clown. It is, then, a very remarkable property of the earth, that not only all bodies near it, but those also which are remote, even as far as the distance of the moon, have a tendency toward the centre of the earth, in virtue of a power which is called gravity, and which diminishes in proportion as bodies remove from the earth.

The English philosopher did not stop here. As he knew that the other planets are perfectly similar to the earth, he concluded that bodies adjacent to each planet possess gravity, and that the direction of this gravity is toward the centre of such planet. This gravity might be greater or less there than on the earth; in other words, that a body of a certain weight with us, transported to the surface of any other planet, might there weigh more or less.

Finally, this power of gravity of each planet extends likewise to great distances around them; and as we see that Jupiter has four satellites, and Saturn five, which move around them just as the moon does round the earth, it could not be doubted that the motion of the satellites of Jupiter was regulated by their gravity toward the centre of that planet; and that of the satellites of Saturn by their gravitation toward the centre of Saturn. Thus, in the same manner as the moon moves round the earth, and their respective satellites move round Jupiter and Saturn, all the planets themselves move round the Sun. Hence Newton drew this illustrious and important con-

clusion: That the Sun is endowed with a similar property of attracting all bodies toward its centre by a power which may be called "solar gravity." This power extends to a prodigious distance around him, and far beyond all the planets; for it is this power which modifies all their motions.

The same great philosopher discovered the means of determining the motion of bodies from the knowledge of the power by which they are attracted to a centre; and as he had discovered the powers which act upon the planets, he was enabled to give an accurate description of their motion. In truth, before he arose the world was in a state of profound ignorance respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies; and to him alone we are indebted for all the light which we now enjoy in the science of astronomy. It is astonishing to think how much of their progress all the sciences owe to an original idea so very simple. Had not Newton accidentally been lying in an orchard, and had not that apple by chance fallen on his head, we might, perhaps, still have been in the same state of ignorance respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies, and multitudes of other phenomena depending upon them.— *Letter LII.*

EURIPIDES, a Greek poet; born at Salamis in 480 B.C.; died in 406 B.C. His father, Mnesarchus, was a citizen apparently in good circumstances, since his son received the best physical and intellectual training of the time. Euripides, while a mere lad, came to be a clever athlete, although he was not allowed to enter himself among the contestants at the Olympic games. He practiced painting for a while, but soon devoted himself wholly to dramatic composition. He is said to have written a drama at the age of eighteen; but his first acted play, now lost

was brought out at twenty-five. Fourteen years later we find him contending unsuccessfully for the tragic prize. In 441 B.C., at the age of thirty-nine, he again contended for the prize, bringing out a "tetralogy," or series of four dramas, one of which was the *Medea*. He gained only the third prize, the first being awarded to Euphorion, an otherwise almost unknown son of Æschylus, and the second to Sophocles. From this time for a quarter of a century Euripides and Sophocles were eager but friendly competitors for dramatic honors, the latter gaining a majority of the prizes. Among the contemporaries of Euripides were some of the foremost names in Greek literature. He was twenty-four years old when Æschylus died, and Sophocles was fifteen when Euripides was born. Euripides was eleven years older than Socrates, and thirty-four years older than Aristophanes, his keen satirist.

Euripides never held office, and took no active part in public affairs, living the life of a man of letters. The entire number of his dramas is variously stated at from seventy-five to ninety-two; of which eighteen are extant, the authenticity of which is admitted by scholars. Besides these are more than one thousand fragments from other dramas, preserved by being quoted by later writers. The following are the titles of the extant dramas, arranged in the probable order of their composition: *Alcestis; Medea; Hippolytus; Hecuba; Ion; The Supplicants; The Heracleidæ; The Mad Hercules; The Troades; Electra; Helena; The Phœnissæ; Iphigenia in Tauris; Andromache; Orestes; The Bacchæ; Cyclops; Iphigenia at Aulis.*

In 408 B.C. Euripides, then seventy-two years of age, brought out at Athens his tragedy of *Orestes*.

Directly afterward he went to the then rude kingdom of Macedon, whither he had been invited by King Archelaus, who was desirous that Greeks of culture should take up their residence in his dominions. Here Euripides wrote, or at least completed, several of his extant dramas. But he died two years after going to Macedon. By none was he mourned more than by his great rival, Sophocles, who was then bringing out at Athens the last of his tragedies. He put on mourning, and ordered that the actors should present themselves in funeral attire. The Athenians, not being able to have the remains of Euripides brought back to their city, set up a bust of him in the public place, and built a cenotaph in his honor, upon which was placed an inscription, said to have been composed by Thucydides.

Alcestis, the earliest of the extant dramas of Euripides, and one of the best, is founded upon an ancient Greek legend to the effect that the Fates had decreed that the thread of the life of Admetus, King of Pheræ, in Thessaly, should be cut off: but, at the intercession of Apollo, they granted that his life should be prolonged to old age if anyone of his near kindred would consent to die in his stead. His father and mother refused thus to give up their own lives to prolong that of their son. Alcestis, the young wife of Admetus, volunteered to make the sacrifice. Admetus was restored to health, and at the opening of the drama Alcestis lay at the point of death.

THE DEATH OF ALCESTIS.

ALCESTIS *and* ADMETUS *with their* CHILDREN — CHORUS.

Alc.— O sun! and light, and clouds of heaven,
In fleecy rolls revolved and driven!

Adm.— The sun beholds two wretched creatures here,
Who have done nothing wherefore thou shouldst die.
Alc.— O earth, and palace, and thou bed,
For my espousals whilom spread!
Adm.— Cheer up, unhappy consort; leave me not,
But pray the sovereign gods to pity us.
Alc.— I see the two-oared boat! I see
The ferryman of all the dead.
With pole in hand, he calls for me—
'Tis Charon calls, with accent dread,
And vehemently chides my delay!
"Come quickly, come? Why this delay?"
Adm.— Wretch that I am! Oh cruelest voyage to me!
My dearest doomed wife! what woe is ours!
Alc.— Some winged Hades pulls me now
Unto the dead! Do you not see?
From underneath his sable brow
The King of Terrors glares at me!
What wilt thou do? Unhand me! Oh!
Loose me! On what a path I go!
Adm.— Path dismal to my friends, and most to me,
And to these children, sharers of my grief.
Alc.— Lay me down! I cannot stand,
Hades now is near at hand;
O'er mine eyes the last of sleeps,
The long night of darkness creeps.
Children! Now my life is o'er,
And your mother is no more;
May your lives with joy be bright,
May ye long behold the light!
Adm.— Ah, woful speech for me to hear,
Harder than any death to bear!
Oh, by the gods, and by these ties,
Motherless, when their mother dies,
Forsake me not! Arise dear wife!
While I have thee I still have life;
Without thy being mine is o'er,
So much I love thee and adore.
Alc.— Admetus, you perceive how 'tis with me,
But I would tell my wishes ere I die.
How I've loved, honored thee, appears in this:

I die, when not to die was in my power,
Giving my life that thou may'st see the light.
I might have lived, and wedded with some chief
Of Thessaly, and dwelt in princely state;
But without thee, my children fatherless,
I was not willing to drag on my life;
Nor spared myself, still in the bloom of youth,
Life's freshness, in whose sweets I took delight.
Yet both thy parents — both near life's last goal —
Betrayed thee, when they might have nobly died,
And so have saved their son, their only child,
With no hope left of other progeny.
We twain had lived, nor thou, disconsolate,
Been left to rear the children whom I leave.
But some God brought it about should be so.
Well, be it so! Then make me a return:
One equal to my claim I cannot ask,
For nothing is more precious than one's life.
However, 'tis a just one, thou wilt own.—
Thou lovest these little ones no less than I;
And bring them up as princes in my house,
Nor introduce an envious stepmother,
Less kind in her affections than myself,
To lord it o'er them with a heavy hand;
Remember my request. A stepdame hates
The children of a former marriage born;
To them no milder than an adder is.
My boy will in his father find a tower;
But how, my girl, shalt thou fit training have?
How will thy father's consort act to thee?
Oh, may she not by slanderous rumor spoil
Thy hope of marriage in thy bloom of youth!
Thy mother ne'er shall deck thee as a bride;
Nor, where a mother kinder is than all
Amidst thy groans of childbirth comfort thee.
For I must die — not when the morrow comes,
Nor on the third day of the month; but now,
E'en now, must I be numbered with the dead.
My husband and my children! fare ye well
And prosper! Ye can say, no man ever had
A better wife, no children better mother.

Adm.— It shall be so; it shall be, doubt it not.
Since I had thee when living, still when dead
Shalt thou be my sole wife. None after thee
Shall call me husband; nor Thessalian bride,
Nor one of any land though most complete
In beauty, daughter of the noblest sire.
The number of my children is enough;
I pray the gods I may have joy of them,
For I have none of thee. But I shall feel
Grief for thy loss, not only for a year,
But while I live; and both my parents hate,
Who were my friends in word but not in deed.
To save mine thou hast given thy dearest life;
Must I not groan, then, losing such a spouse?
Henceforth no feasts for me, no revellers,
No garlands and no music in my house,
As heretofore; nor will I touch the lyre,
Nor breathe again upon the Libyan flute.
Oh never, never, shall I have the heart,
For thou hast ta'en away my joy of life.
But modelled by a skilful artist's hand,
Thine image shall be laid upon my bed,
And I will fall on't and repeat thy name,
And think I have — alas! not having thee,
Cold comfort — but some little ease of mind;
And in my dreams the vision of thy love
Shall give me joy; 'tis pleasant to behold
A friend at all times, even in the night.
But if I had the tongue and melody
Of Orpheus, as to appease with ravishment
Of holy hymns, Proserpine or her lord,
And from their gloomy realms recover thee,
I would go down; then neither Pluto's hound,
Nor Charon at his oar — the ferryman
Of the Departed — should inhibit me;
But I would bring thee back to life and light.
Expect me there, however, when I die,
And have a mansion ready for us both;
For I will give these children charge to enclose
My bones with thine, and lay me by thy side.
May I be joined with thee, sole faithful friend.

To be no more divided, when I'm dead.
Alc.— My children, ye have heard your father's pledge.
That he will not so much dishonor me
As to take other wife to rule o'er you.
Adm.— Again I give it, and will keep it too.
Alc.— So pledged, receive these children from my hand.
Adm.— A precious gift from dear hand I receive.
Alc.— Be thou a mother to them in my stead.
Adm.— My loss compels me to this added charge.
Alc.—My children, I depart when I should live.
Adm.— Ah! What shall I do, widowed and forlorn?
Alc.— Time will console thee, for the dead are nothing
Adm.— Oh, take me with thee — take me, by the gods!
Alc.— I die for thee — one victim is enough.
Adm.— Oh Fate! of what a wife thou spoilest me!
Alc.— Darkness lies heavy on my drooping eyes.
Adm.— I am undone, if thou forsakest me.
Alc.— Speak of me as no more, as nothing now.
Adm.— Lift up thy face; abandon not thy children.
Alc.— Not willingly; my children, oh farewell!
Adm.— Look on them — look — oh look!
Alc.— I am no more.
Adm.— Ah! do you leave us and depart?
Alc.— Farewell! [*Dies.*]
Adm.— I'm lost!
Chorus.— Admetus, you must bear this heavy stroke;
You're neither first nor last to have such loss:
Think death a debt which we have all to pay.
Adm.— I know it; nor this ill came unawares;
With fear of it I have been long afflicted;
But I will now appoint the burial;
Chant ye, meanwhile, a hymn to gloomy Dis,
The implacable god of the Subterrane.
Let the Thessalians over whom I rule,
With their locks shorn, and in black robes appear.
Your chariots yoke, and shear the coursers' manes;
And for twelve moons let neither flute nor lyre
Sound in the city; for I shall ne'er inter
A dearer or a more deserving one.

Oh, worthiest of all honor I can pay
Is she that only dared to die for me.

Translation of CHAPMAN.

[*While Admetus and the Children go out with Attendants bearing the dead body the Chorus sing in responsive Strophe and Antistrophe.*]

I.

Immortal bliss be thine.
Daughter of Pelias, in the realm below;
Immortal pleasures round thee flow,
Though never there the sun's bright beams shall shine.
Be the black-browed Pluto told,
And the Stygian boatman old.
Whose rude hands grasp the oar, the rudder guide,
The dead conveying o'er the tide,
Let him be told, so rich a freight before
His light skiff never bore.
Tell him that o'er the joyless lakes
The noblest of her sex her dreary passage takes.

II.

Thy praise the bards shall tell,
When to their hymning voice the echo rings,
Or when they sweep the solemn strings,
And wake to rapture the seven-chorded shell;
Or in Sparta's jocund bowers,
Circling when the vernal hours
Bring the Carnean feast; while through the night
Full-orbed the high moon rolls her light,
Or where rich Athens, proudly elevate,
Shows her magnific state;
Their voice thy glorious death shall raise,
And swell the raptured strain to celebrate thy praise.

III.

Oh that I had the power,
Could I but bring thee from the shades of night
Again to view this golden light,

To leave that boat, to leave that dreary shore
Where Cocytus, deep and wide,
Rolls along his sullen tide!
For thou, O best of women, thou alone
For thy lord's life daredst give thy own.
Light lie the earth upon that gentle breast,
And be thou ever blest!
But should he choose to wed again,
Mine and thy children's hearts would hold him in disdain.

IV.

When to avert his doom,
His mother in the earth refused to lie;
Nor would his ancient father die
To save his son from an untimely tomb;
Though the hand of time had spread
Hoar hairs o'er each aged head;
In youth's fresh bloom, in beauty's radiant glow,
The darksome way thou daredst to go.
And for thy youthful lord's to give thy life,
Be mine so true a wife,
Though rare the lot; then should I prove
The indissoluble bond of faithfulness and love.
— *Translation of* POTTER.

But the drama does not end here. Hercules happening to be present, bound upon one of his hazardous adventures, volunteers to descend to the under world, and bring back the lost Alcestis. He

"By force,
Wrests from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a re-animated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom."

Alcestis has a glad ending. But *Medea* is tragic from first to last. Medea is deserted by the ingrate Jason, who takes another spouse. Medea, stung to madness, resolves at first to kill Jason, but changes

her purpose in order to inflict upon him a punishment worse than death: she will kill their two children. The following is the concluding scene of the tragedy:

THE LAST SCENE IN MEDEA.

[*Jason, Medea, and Chorus.*

Jas.— Ye female train that near this mansion stand,
Say is Medea in the house who wrought
These deeds of horror, or withdrawn by flight?
But she must hide her deep beneath the earth,
Or rise on light wings through the ethereal height,
Or vengeance for the royal house will fall
With fury on her. Doth her pride presume,
That having slain the monarch of this land,
Her flight shall be secure from chastisement?
But less for her than for my sons my care.
Revenge from those whom she hath wronged shall fall
On her; I come to save my children's lives,
Lest on their heads the kindred of the king
Punish their impious mother's murderous deed.

Chor.— Thou knowest not, wretched Jason, to what height
Thy ills are risen, or this thou hadst not said.

Jas.— What! does her purpose reach to kill me too?

Chor.— Thy sons are dead beneath their mother's hands.

Jas.— Ah me! what sayest thou. Thou hast pierced my heart.

Chor.— Think of thy sons as living now no more.

Jas.— Where killed she them? abroad, or in the house?

Chor.— Open the door, and thou wilt see them slain.

Jas.— Instant, ye menial train, unbar the door,
Give me admittance that I may behold
This aggravated ill — my children slain,
And drag her to deserved punishment.

[*Here, according to the Scholiast, Medea appears above in a chariot drawn by dragons, bearing the bodies of her slaughtered sons.*]

Med.—Why with this tumult dost thou beat the door,
Seeking the dead, and me who did the deed?
Forbear this uproar. Wouldst thou aught with me,
Speak it; but never shalt thou touch me more;
The Sun, my father, gives me such a car —
A safe protection from each hostile hand.

Jas.— O thou detested woman, most abhorred
By the just gods, by me, and all mankind!
In thine own children who couldst plunge the sword,
Their mother thou to reave me of my sons;
And, having done this deed, dost yet behold
The sun, the earth — this deed of horror done!
Perdition seize thee! Now I know thee; then
I knew thee not, when from thy home I led thee,
Led thee to Greece from a barbaric shore.
Pernicious monster, to thy father false,
And traitor to the land that nurtured thee;
And now the vengeful Furies on my head
Punish thy crimes; for with thy brother's blood
Distained, the gallant Argo didst thou mount.
This was a prelude to thy ruthless deeds.
Wedded by me, a mother too by me,
My children hast thou murdered, in revenge
For my new bed: an act no dame of Greece
Would ever dare attempt. Yet I preferred thee
To all their softer charms, and wedded thee —
Alliance hateful and destructive to me;
A tigress, not a woman, of a soul
More wild, more savage, than the Tuscan Scylla,
But millions of reproaches would not gall
That hard, unfeeling heart. Then get thee gone,
Achiever of base mischiefs, blood-stained pest,
Stained with thy children's blood; be gone and perish.

Med.— Full answer to thy words could I return,
Recounting each past circumstance; but Jove,
The Almighty Father, knows what grace I showered
On thee, and what requital thou hast made.
Thou shalt not pass thy wanton life in joys,
My bed dishonored, and make villanous jests
At my disgrace. Nor shall thy royal bride,
Nor the proud Creon who betrothed her, dare

To chase me from his country unchastised.
Call me a tigress, then, or, if thou wilt,
A Scylla howling 'gainst the Tuscan shore:
I, as is right, have taught thy heart to bleed.

Jas.— Thy heart too bleeds, a sharer in these ills.

Med.— Be thou assured of that; yet in my griefs I joy thou canst not make a mock at them.

Jas.— My children, a bad mother have you found.

Med.— My sons, you perished through your father's folly.

Jas.— Yet my right hand plunged not the murderous sword.

Med.— But thy foul wrongs and thy new nuptials plunged it.

Jas.— And for these nuptials hast thou killed thy sons!

Med.— This to a woman deem'st thou a slight pain?

Jas.— To one discreet; but all is ill to thee.

Med.— These are no more; and that shall rend thy heart.

Jas.— Their shades shall pour their vengeance on thy head.

Med.— The just gods know which first began these ills.

Jas.— And the gods know thy execrable heart.

Med.— Thou and thy bitter speech are hateful to me.

Jas.— And thine to me. This soon may have an end.

Med.— How? for I wish to free me from thy sight.

Jas.— Give me my sons, to mourn and bury them.

Med.— Never; for on the height where Juno's shrine
Hallows the ground, this hand shall bury them
That hostile rage may not insult their ashes,
And rend them from the tomb. A solemn feast
And sacrifice hereafter to this land
Will I appoint, to expiate this deed
Of horrid murder. In the friendly land
Where once Erechtheus reigned, the house of Ægeus,
Pandion's son, is open to receive me;
Thither I go. But thou, as thy vile deeds
Deserve, shalt vilely perish, thy base head
Crushed with the mouldering relics of thy Argo,
And of my nuptials feel that wretched end.

Jas.— Thee may the Erinys of thy sons destroy,

And Justice, which for blood vindictive calls
For blood.
Med.—What god will hear thee, or what Fury,
Thou perjured, base destroyer of the rites
Of hospitality?
Jas.— Away, away.
Thou pest abhorred, thou murderer of thy sons.
Med.— Go to thy house; go and entomb thy wife.
Jas.— I go, deprived, alas, of both my sons.
Med.— This grief be thine, even to thy latest age.
Jas.— O my dear sons!
Med.— Ay, to their mother dear,
But not to thee.
Jas.— And wherefore didst thou kill them?
Med.— To rend thy heart.
Jas.— Ah, me, ah wretched me!
I long to kiss the dear cheeks of my sons.
Med.— Thou wouldst address them now, embrace them *now;*
Then thou couldst chase them from thee.
Jas.— By the gods,
Give me to touch their soft and delicate flesh.
Med.— Never: thy words are thrown away in vain.
Jas.— Hear'st thou this, Jove, with what indignant pride
I am rejected, with what insults wronged,
By this abhorred, this child-destroying tigress?
Yet what I may, what power is left me yet,
I will lament them, will sit down and wail,
And call to witness the avenging gods,
That, having slain my sons, thou hast denied me
To touch the dead and lay them in the tomb.
Oh that I never, never had begot them,
To see them thus, thus murdered by thy hands.
Chor.— Jove in high heaven dispenses various fates:
And now the gods shower blessings, which our hopes
Dare not aspire to; now control the ills
We deemed inevitable: thus the god
To these hath given an end we never thought:
Such is the dreadful fortune of this day.

— *Translation of* POTTER.

The legend of Iphigenia forms the subject of two dramas by Euripides — *Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Iphigenia at Aulis.* Agamemnon having incurred the displeasure of Diana, the Grecian fleet assembled for the expedition against Troy was detained by contrary winds at the port of Aulis, and the wrath of the goddess could be appeased only upon condition that Agamemnon should offer up his own daughter Iphigenia, as a sacrifice. In order to ensure the triumph of the Grecian arms, Iphigenia consents to become a victim. According to the more usual version of the legend the sacrifice was completed; but according to that adopted by Euripides, at the moment when the sacrificial knife was raised, Diana intervened, substituted a fawn in place of Iphigenia, whom she bore off to Tauris (the modern Crimea) and made her priestess of her temple there, where she remained for twenty years, when she was carried off by her brother Orestes, who had come to that region on a plundering expedition. This expedition forms the theme of *Iphigenia in Tauris,* to which *Iphigenia at Aulis* forms a kind of prelude, though written many years later, being probably the latest of all the dramas of Euripides. In the following scene Iphigenia, her mother Clytemnestra, attended by a chorus of singing maidens, are approaching the place for the sacrifice.

IPHIGENIA AT AULIS.

Iph.—Who goes with me and leads me by the hair
Ere I am dragged away?
Clyt.— I will go with thee.
Iph.— No;
That were unseemly.
Clyt.— Hanging on thy robes.

Iph.— Let me prevail, my mother; stay: to me
As more becoming this, and more to thee.
Let one of these, the attendants of my father,
Conduct me to Diana's hallowed mead,
Where I shall fall a victim.
Clyt.— Oh, my child,
Dost thou then go?
Iph.— And never to return.
Clyt.— And wilt thou leave thy mother?
Iph.— As thou seest.
Not as I merit.
Clyt.— Stay, forsake me not.
Iph.— I suffer not a tear to fall. But you
Ye virgins, to my fate attune the hymn,
Diana, daughter of Almighty Jove.
With favoring omens sing, *Success to Greece.*
Come, with the basket one begin the rites;
One with purifying cakes the flames
Enkindle. Let my father his right hand
Place on the altar; for I come to give
Safety to Greece, and conquest to her arms.

[IPHIGENIA *and the* CHORUS.]

Iphigenia.

Lead me: mine the glorious fate
To o'erturn the Trojan state:
Ilium's towers their heads shall bow.
With the garlands bind my brow;
Bring them, be these tresses crowned.
Round the shrine, the altar round,
Bear the lavers which you fill
From the pure translucent rill.
High your choral voices raise,
Turned to hymn Diana's praise,
Blest Diana, royal maid.—
Since the Fates demand my aid,
I fulfil their awful power
By my slaughter, by my gore.

Chorus.

Reverenced, reverenced mother, now
Thus for thee our tears shall flow:
For unhallowed would a tear
'Mid the solemn rites appear.

Iphigenia.

Swell the notes, ye virgin train,
To Diana swell the strain;
Queen of Chalcis, adverse land;
Queen of Aulis, on whose strand,
Winding to a narrow bay,
Fierce to take its angry way,
Waits the war, and calls on me
Its retarded force to free.
O my country, where these eyes
Opened on Pelasgic skies!
O ye virgins, once my pride
In Mycenæ who reside!

Chorus.

Why of Perseus name the town
Which Cyclopean rampires crown?

Iphigenia.

Me you reared a beam of light:
Freely now I sink in night.

Chorus.

And for this, immortal fame,
Virgin, shall attend thy name.

Iphigenia.

Ah, thou beaming lamp of day,
Jove-born, bright, ethereal ray!

Chorus.

See, she goes: her glorious fate
To o'erturn the Phrygian state:
Soon the wreaths shall bind her brow;
Soon the lustral waters flow,
Soon that beauteous neck shall feel,
Piercing deep, the fatal steel,
And the ruthless altar o'er
Sprinkle drops of gushing gore.
By thy father's dread command
There the cleansing lavers stand;
There in arms the Grecian powers
Burn to march 'gainst Ilium's towers.
But our voices let us raise
Tuned to hymn Diana's praise:
Virgin daughter she of Jove,
Queen among the gods above,
That with conquest and renown
She the arms of Greece may crown.
To thee, dread power, we make our vows,
Pleased when the blood of human victims flows,
To Phrygia's hostile strand,
Where rise perfidious Ilium's hated towers,
Waft, O waft, the Grecian powers,
And aid this martial band!
On Agamemnon's honored head,
While wide the spears of Greece their terrors spread,
The immortal crown let conquest place,
With glory's brightest grace.

— *Translation of* POTTER.

Here probably ends the drama as left by Euripides, although there is appended to it an additional scene of about a hundred poorly written lines, in which a messenger comes upon the ground, who announces that after Iphigenia has been led off to the place of sacrifice, Diana had appeared and saved the life of the maiden. If we suppose that these lines were written by Euripides, they can be only the rough draft of the

manner in which he intended to conclude the drama, which is certainly incomplete without a scene indicating that the sacrifice was not consummated. This consideration is strong evidence that Euripides was engaged upon *Iphigenia at Aulis* when he died, at the age of seventy-four.

EUSEBIUS, OF CÆSAREA, an ecclesiastical historian, sometimes called the "Father of Church History;" born probably at Cæsarea, Palestine, about 264; died there about 349. After pursuing his studies in various places, he opened a school at Cæsarea, where he became a protégé of Bishop Pamphilus, whose name he assumed as a kind of surname. In order to distinguish him from several other persons of the same name, he is usually designated as Eusebius Pamphili. Pamphilus was put to death during the Diocletian persecution, about 309. Diocletian died in 313, and Eusebius became Bishop of Cæsarea. Upon the accession of Constantine in 324, Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire. Eusebius came into high favor with Constantine. At the Council of Nicæa he sat at the Emperor's right hand, and drew up the first draft of the Nicene Creed. In the theological disputes which ensued, Eusebius sided with Arius against Athanasius. In 335 Eusebius returned to his bishopric of Cæsarea and devoted the remainder of his life to the completion of the writings upon which he had been previously engaged. He wrote several treatises of a controversial or expository character; a laudatory *Life of Constantine;* the *Chronicon,* a con-

spectus of universal history down to his own times; the *Onomasticon*, a kind of Old Testament Gazetteer. His most important work, which has gained for him the designation of "the Father of Ecclesiastical History," is the *Ecclesiastical History*, from the earliest times down to the twentieth year of the reign of Constantine. This work, continued for half a century longer by Sozomen, Socrates, and Theodoret, has been several times translated into English. We give the concluding chapter of this history.

RESULTS OF THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANTINE.

To him, therefore, the Supreme God granted from Heaven above, the fruits of his piety, the trophies of victory over the wicked: and that nefarious tyrant (Licinius) with all his counsellors and adherents, he cast prostrate at the feet of Constantine; for when he proceeded to the extremes of madness in his movements, the divinely favored emperor regarded him as no more to be tolerated, but taking prudent measures, and mingling the firm principles of justice with his humanity, he determined to come to the protection of those who were so miserably oppressed by the tyrant — and in this, by banishing smaller pests, he thus advanced to save vast multitudes of the human race. He had exercised his humanity in commiserating him before, though Licinius was a man by no means deserving of compassion, but it proved of no avail to him, for he would not renounce his iniquity but rather increased his madness against the people his subjects. To the oppressed there was no hope of salvation left in the cruelties they endured from the savage beast. Wherefore also, Constantine, the protector of the good, combining his hatred of wickedness with the love of goodness, went forth with his son Crispus, the most benevolent Cæsar, to extend a saving arm to all those that were perishing. Both, therefore, the father and the son, having God the universal King, and his Son, our Saviour, as their leader and aid, drawing up the army on all sides against

the enemies of God, bore away an easy victory; all things being prospered by God, in the conflict, according to their wishes.

Suddenly, then, and sooner than said, those that yesterday breathed threats and destruction were no more, not even leaving the memory of their name. Their paintings, their effigies, their honors received the deserved contempt and disgrace, and those very events which Licinius had seen occurring to the iniquitous, these same he experienced himself. As he would neither receive instruction, nor grow wise by the chastisements of his neighbors, he proceeded in the same course of impiety and was justly hurled down the same precipice with them. He therefore lay prostrated in this way. But the mighty and victorious Constantine, adorned with every virtue of religion, with his most pious son, Crispus Cæsar, resembling in all things his father, recovered the East as his own, and thus restored the Roman Empire to its ancient state of one united body; extending their peaceful sway around the world, from the rising sun to the opposite regions, to the north and the south, even to the last border of the declining day.

All fear, therefore, of those who had previously afflicted them was now wholly removed. They celebrated splendid and festive days with joy and hilarity. All things were filled with light, and all who before were sunk in sorrow beheld each other with smiling and cheerful faces. With choirs and hymns in the cities and villages, at the same time they celebrated and extolled first of all God, the universal King, because they were thus taught: then they also celebrated the praises of the pious emperor, and with him all his divinely-favored children. There was a perfect oblivion of past evils, and past wickedness was buried in forgetfulness. There was nothing but enjoyment of the present blessings and expectations of those yet to come. Edicts were published and issued by the victorious emperor, full of clemency, and laws were enacted, indicative of munificence and genuine religion. Thus, then, after all the tyranny had been purged away, the empire was justly reserved, firm, and without a rival to Constantine and his sons; who first sweeping away that

enmity to God, exhibited by the former rulers, sensible of the mercies conferred upon them by God, exhibited also their own love of religion and of God.— *Translation of* DALE.

EVANS, CHRISTMAS, a Welsh theologian; born at Ysgaerwen, Cardiganshire, on Christmas Day, 1766; died at Swansea, July 19, 1838. His father, Samuel Evans, was a poor shoemaker, who, dying when his son was only nine years old, left him in a state of complete destitution. The next six years Christmas spent with his mother's uncle at Llanvihangelar-Arth, in Carmarthenshire, "than whom," he says, "it would be difficult to find a more unconscionable man in the whole course of a wicked world." So he left him to become a farm-servant at various places, and ultimately came under the influence of David Davies of Castellhywel, a well-known bard and schoolmaster and the minister of a congregation of Presbyterians fast slipping into Unitarianism at Llwynrhydowen. Evans joined Llwynrhydowen Chapel, was taught a little by Davies in his school, learned how to read Welsh, and acquired some knowledge of English; became religious and began to preach. But as the strict rules of the Presbyterians required an academical education for their ministers, he gradually gravitated toward the Baptists, who had had no such limitations; and in 1788 was baptized in the river Duar at Llanybyther, in Carmarthenshire, and joined the Baptist congregation at Aberduar. In 1789 he was ordained as a missionary to the scattered Baptists of Lleyn, the peninsula of Carnarvonshire. Here he mar-

ried Catherine Jones, a member of his congregation. They had no family. In 1792 he removed to Anglesey to act as minister to all the Baptist churches in the island. Here he worked with great success; but a curious wave of Sandemanianism spread over Anglesey and greatly influenced rigid Calvinists like Evans. "The Sandemanian heresy afflicted me so much as to drive away the spirit of prayer for the salvation of sinners." After a time he regained his orthodoxy, and became the centre of a great Baptist movement in Anglesey. In 1826 he accepted the ministry of the chapel of Caerphilly in Glamorganshire. In 1828 he settled at Cardiff; and in 1832 he made his final change to Carnarvon, where he maintained a residence until the time of his death, which occurred while he was on a journey into South Wales. Besides his sermons, which were published in Welsh, he wrote hymns and tracts in his native tongue, and assisted in translating into that language an exposition of the New Testament.

It was in his sixty-fifth year, while sojourning at Cardiff, that Evans began to write for the press; and, though almost blind, he wrote out for publication about two hundred of his sermons. His style is altogether unique; the structure of his sentences is very original; and it would be exceedingly difficult for any man, however well qualified to translate other Welsh authors, to render him into English, with the preservation, everywhere, of his spirit. The following translation of the passage on man's recovery to favor is made from his written sermon on Romans v. 15. Another rendering — the closing portion of which will also be found below — is from the lips of the preacher, and shows his

manner of amplifying, often tenfold and with considerable variation from what he had written:

THE RECOVERY.

I know not how to represent to you this glorious work better than by the following figure. Suppose a vast graveyard, surrounded by a lofty wall, with only one entrance, which is by a massive iron gate, and that is fast bolted. Within are thousands and millions of human beings, of all ages and classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave. The graves yawn to swallow them and they must all perish. There is no balm to relieve, no physician there. Such is the condition of man as a sinner. All have sinned; and it is written, "The soul that sinneth shall die." But while the unhappy race lay in that dismal prison, Mercy came and stood at the gate, and wept over the melancholy scene, exclaiming, "O that I might enter! I would bind up their wounds; I would relieve their sorrows; I would save their souls!" An embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of Heaven to some other world, paused at the sight, and Heaven forgave that pause. Seeing Mercy standing there, they cried: "Mercy, canst thou not enter? Canst thou look upon that scene and not pity? Canst thou pity, and not relieve?" Mercy replied: "I can see!" and in her tears she added, "I can pity, but I cannot relieve!" "Why canst thou not enter?" inquired the heavenly host. "Oh!" said Mercy, "Justice has barred the gate against me, and I must not — cannot unbar it!" At this moment, Justice himself appeared, as if to watch the gate. The angels asked, "Why wilt thou not suffer Mercy to enter?" He sternly replied: "The law is broken, and it must be honored! Die they, or Justice must!" Then appeared a form among the angelic band like unto the Son of God. Addressing himself to Justice, he said: "What are thy demands?" Justice replied: "My demands are rigid; I must have ignominy for their honor, sickness for their health, death for their life. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission!" "Justice," said the Son of God, "I accept thy terms! On me be this wrong!

Let mercy enter, and stay the carnival of death!" "What pledge dost thou give for the performance of these conditions?" "My word; my oath!" "When wilt thou perform them?" "Four thousand years hence, on the hill of Calvary, without the walls of Jerusalem!" At the close of the four-thousandth year, when Daniel's "seventy weeks" were told, Justice and Mercy appeared on the hill of Calvary. "Where," said Justice, "is the Son of God?" "Behold him," answered Mercy, "at the foot of the hill!" And there he came, bearing his own cross, and followed by his weeping church. Mercy retired, and stood aloof from the scene. Jesus ascended the hill, like a lamb for the sacrifice. Justice presented the dreadful bond, saying, "This is the day on which the article must be cancelled." The Redeemer took it. What did he do with it? Tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the winds? No! he nailed it to his cross, crying, "It is finished!" The Victim ascended the altar. Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire replied: "I come! I will consume the sacrifice, and then I will burn up the world!" It fell upon the Son of God, and rapidly consumed his humanity; but when it touched his Deity, it expired. Then there was darkness over the whole land, and an earthquake shook the mountain; but the heavenly host broke forth in rapturous song — "Glory to God in the highest! on earth, peace; good will to man!" — *Translation from his written Sermons.*

THE TRIUMPH.

"It is the hour and power of darkness." I see Him passing along through this dense array of foes, an unresisting victim. He is nailed to the cross; and now Beelzebub and all the master-spirits in the hosts of hell have formed, though invisible to man, a ring around the cross. It was about the third hour of the day, or the hour of nine in the morning, that He was bound as a sacrifice, even to the horns of the altar. The fire of divine vengeance has fallen, and the flames of the curse have now caught upon him. The blood of the victim is fast dropping, and the hosts of hell are shouting, impatiently:

"The victory will soon be ours." And the fire went on burning until the ninth hour of the day, or the hour of three in the afternoon when it touched his deity — and then it expired. For the ransom was now paid and the victory won. It was His. His hellish foes, crushed in his fall, the unicorns and the bulls of Bashan retreated from the encounter with shattered horns, the jaws of the lions had been broken and their claws torn off, and the old dragon, with bruised head, dragged himself slowly away from the scene, in deathlike feebleness. "He triumphed over them openly, and now is He forever the Prince and Captain of our salvation, made perfect through sufferings." The graves of the old burial-ground have been thrown open; and from yonder hills gales of life have blown down upon this valley of dry bones, and an exceedingly great army have already been sealed to our God, as among the living in Zion.— *Translation of a native Welshman, as preached from the pulpit.*

EVANS, Mary Ann, or Marian ("George Eliot"), an English novelist and poet; born at Arbury Farm, Warwickshire, November 22, 1819; died at 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London, December 22, 1880. She was the youngest child of Robert Evans, the agent of the Arbury estate in Warwickshire. When she was five years old her mother's health failed and she was sent with an elder sister to a school at Attleboro, from which they came home occasionally on Saturdays. In her eighth or ninth year she was transferred to a school at Nuneaton, and in her thirteenth year to one at Coventry conducted by the daughters of a Baptist minister, women of fine attainments, who, in addition to their own instruction, gave their pupils excellent masters in French, German, and

MARIAN EVANS.

music. The young girl had already a passion for books, and read all that came within her reach. While at Coventry she made rapid progress in composition and music. Her mother's continued illness recalled her from school in 1835. Mrs. Evans died in the following year; and soon after her death, the marriage of the elder daughter left Miss Evans sole manager of the household. She also engaged in active charitable work, continued her reading, and studied German, Italian, and music with masters from Coventry, in which town she removed with her father in 1841. Her literary work began with the translation into English of Strauss's *Life of Jesus* (1846).

Her father died in 1849. Immediately after his death Miss Evans accompanied some friends to Switzerland, where she remained for nearly a year. In 1851 she became editor of the *Westminster Review,* to which she was already a contributor. She translated Spinoza's *Ethics,* and in 1857 published in *Blackwood's Magazine* her first works of fiction, a series of short stories under the general title *Scenes of Clerical Life.* With the publication of these tales she assumed the name of George Eliot, which long shielded her from identification as their author. They at once attracted general attention, and elicited the highest praise from all classes of readers, as indicating a new and unique power in literature. In 1858 appeared her first novel, *Adam Bede,* which placed its author in the first rank of English novelists. *The Mill on the Floss* was published in 1859; *Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe* (1861); *Romola,* a story of Florence in the days of Savonarola (1863); *Felix Holt, the Radical* (1866); *Middlemarch, a Study of Provincial Life* (1871), and *Daniel Deronda* (1876).

As editor of the *Westminster Review* she formed lasting friendships with Herbert Spencer and other distinguished literary men, among them George Henry Lewes, an enthusiastic disciple of Comte, whose positive philosophy was then attracting the attention of thoughtful Europe. Her literary association with Lewes ripened into the deeper feeling of the love of a strong-minded woman with an ardent soul subservient to mentality. She had broken off her connections with Christianity, and became imbued with the new philosophy. In consequence of the natural attraction of kindred spirits, Lewes, in 1854, parted from his wife, with whom he had lived for fourteen years, and formed a civil compact with Marian Evans, and the two lived together happily until the death of Lewes in 1878.

But for this union Miss Evans might never have been heard of as a novelist. Under the influence of Lewes, her strong but docile nature turned to the expression of those feelings and purposes which neither could have done alone. The *Scenes of Clerical Life* would never have made its author famous, though it abounded in humorous observation and the presentation of those small facts and oddities of every-day life, which Dickens had already taught the reading public to look for in a novel. *Adam Bede* made a triumphant appearance in 1858, though no well-known author's name was appended to give it impetus. The position of the author may be said to have been fully established by *The Mill on the Floss;* though *Silas Marner* promised at first to excel it, but the tone was not sustained.

The period of Miss Evans's work may have been as important a factor in her success as her environment. Charlotte Brontë died just two years before the publi-

cation of *Scenes of Clerical Life.* Though *Jane Eyre* was still widely read and Dickens had caught the popular ear, the appetite of the novel-devouring public seemed to grow by what it fed upon. Thackeray had earned a high place in literature and the hearts of the people, but there was still room and demand for *Adam Bede; The Mill on the Floss; Romola;* and *Middlemarch.*

Saintsbury says of her in his *History of Nineteenth Century Literature:* "There are two currents which are more or less mingled in all her books, of which one dominates up to and including *Silas Marner,* while the other is chiefly noticeable from *Romola* onward. The first, the more characteristic and healthy, is a quite extraordinary faculty of humorous observation and the presentation of the insignificant facts of every-day life. In *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss* this is combined with a vein of tragedy to make two admirable, if not faultless, novels; it lends a wonderful charm to the slight and simple study of *Silas Marner.* The accumulated experiences of her long and passive youth were now poured out with a fortunate result. But in default of invention and in the presence of the scientific, or pseudo-scientific, spirit, which was partly natural to her and partly imbibed from those who surrounded her, she began, after *Silas Marner,* to draw, always in part, and sometimes mainly, upon quite different storehouses."

Besides her novels she published numerous poems, among them *The Spanish Gypsy,* a drama (1868); *O May I Join the Choir Invisible* and *How Lisa Loved the King* (1869); *The Legend of Jubal* (1870), and *Armgart,* a dramatic poem (1871). In 1879 appeared a volume of essays, *The Impressions of Theophrastus*

Such. This was her last published work. Mr. Lewes died in 1878; and in May, 1880, Mary Ann Evans married John Walter Cross, a tried friend for many years.

IN THE HOUSE OF SORROW.

At five o'clock Lisbeth came down stairs with a large key in her hand; it was the key of the chamber where her husband lay dead. Throughout the day, except in her occasional outbursts of wailing grief, she had been in incessant movement, performing the initial duties to her dead with the awe and exactitude that belong to religious rites. She had brought out her little store of bleached linen, which she had for long years kept in reserve for this supreme use. It seemed but yesterday, that time so many midsummers ago, when she had told Thias where this linen lay, that he might be sure and reach it out for her when *she* died, for she was the elder of the two. Then there had been the work of cleansing to the strictest purity every object in the sacred chamber, and of removing from it every trace of common daily occupation. The small window which had hitherto freely let in the frosty moonlight or the warm summer sunrise on the workingman's slumber, must now be darkened with a fair white sheet, for this was the sleep which is as sacred under the bare rafters as in ceiled houses. Lisbeth had even mended a long-neglected and unnoticeable rent in the checkered bit of bed-curtain; for the moments were few and precious now in which she would be able to do the smallest office of respect or love for the still corpse, to which, in all her thoughts, she attributed some consciousness.. Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them; they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching since that their place is empty; all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence. And the aged peasant woman most of all believes that her dead are conscious.

Decent burial was what Lisbeth had been thinking of for herself through years of thrift, with an indistinct ex-

pectation that she should know when she was being carried to the churchyard, followed by her husband and her sons, and now she felt as if the greatest work of her life were to be done in seeing that Thias was decently buried before her — under the white thorn, where once in a dream she had thought she lay in the coffin, yet all the while saw the sunshine above, and smelt the white blossoms that were so thick upon the thorn the Sunday she went to be churched after Adam was born.

But now she had done everything that could be done to-day in the chamber of death — had done it all herself, with some aid from her sons in lifting, for she would let no one be fetched to help her from the village, not being fond of female neighbors generally; and her favorite Dolly, the old housekeeper at Mr. Burge's, who had come to condole with her in the morning as soon as she heard of Thias's death, was too dim-sighted to be of much use. She had locked the door, and now held the key in her hand, as she threw herself wearily into a chair that stood out of its place in the middle of the house-floor, where in ordinary times she would never have consented to sit. The kitchen had had some of her attention that day. It was soiled with the tread of muddy shoes, and untidy with clothes and other objects out of place. But what at another time would have been intolerable to Lisbeth's habits of order and cleanliness seemed to her just now what should be; it was right that things should look strange and disordered and wretched, now the old man had come to his end in that sad way; the kitchen ought not to look as if nothing had happened. Adam, overcome with the agitation and exertions of the day, after his night of hard work, had fallen asleep on a bench in the workshop; and Seth was in the back-kitchen, making a fire of sticks, that he might get the kettle to boil, and persuade his mother to have a cup of tea, an indulgence which she rarely allowed herself. There was no one in the kitchen when Lisbeth entered and threw herself into the chair. She looked round with blank eyes at the dirt and confusion on which the bright afternoon sun shone dismally; it was of a piece with the sad confusion of her mind — that confusion which belongs to the first hours of a sudden sorrow,

when the poor human soul is like one who has been deposited sleeping among the ruins of a vast city, and wakes up in dreary amazement, not knowing whether it is the growing or the dying day — not knowing why and whence came this illimitable scene of desolation, or why he too finds himself desolate in the midst of it.

At another time Lisbeth's first thought would have been, "Where is Adam?" but the sudden death of her husband had restored him in these hours to that first place in her affections which he had held six-and-twenty years before; she had forgotten his faults as we forget the sorrows of our departed childhood, and thought of nothing but the young husband's kindness and the man's patience. Her eyes continued to wander blankly until Seth came in and began to remove some of the scattered things, and clear the small round deal table, that he might set out his mother's tea upon it.

"What art goin' to do?" she said, rather peevishly.

"I want thee to have a cup of tea, mother," answered Seth, tenderly. "It'll do thee good; and I'll put two or three of these things away, and make the house look more comfortable."

"Comfortable! How canst talk o' ma'in' things comfortable? Let a-be, let a-be. There's no comfort for me no more," she went on, the tears coming when she began to speak, "now thy poor fayther's gone, as I've washed for and mended an' got's victual for'm for thirty 'ear, an' him allays so pleased wi' iverything I done for'm, an' used to be so handy an' do the jobs for me when I war ill and cumbered wi' the babby, an' made me the posset an' brought it up stairs as proud as could be, an' carried the lad as war as heavy as two children for five mile, an' ne'er grumbled, all the way to Warson Wake, 'cause I wanted to go and see my sister, as war dead an' gone the very next Christmas as e'er come. An' him to be drownded in the brook as we passed o'er the day we war married an' come home together; an' h'd made thim lots o' shelves for me to put my plates an' things on, an' showed 'em me as proud as he could be, 'cause he know'd I should be pleased. An' he war to die, an' me not to know, but to be a-sleepin' i' my bed, as if I cared na noght about it. Eh! an' me to

live to see that! An' us as war young folks once, and thought we should do rarely when we war married! Let-a-be, let-a-be! I wonna' ha' no tay; I carena if I ne'er ate nor drink no more. When one end of th' bridge tumbles down, where's th' use o' th' other stannin'? I may's well die, an' foller my old man. There's no knowin' but he'll want me."

Here Lisbeth broke from words into moans, swaying herself backward and forward on her chair. Seth, always timid in his behavior toward his mother, from the sense that he had no influence over her, felt it was useless to attempt to persuade or soothe her till this passion was past; so he contented himself with tending the back-kitchen fire, and folding up his father's clothes, which had been hanging out since morning, afraid to move about the room where his mother was, lest he should irritate her farther. . . .

Lisbeth had been rocking herself in this way for more than five minutes, giving a low moan with every forward movement of her body, when she suddenly felt a hand placed gently on hers, and a sweet treble voice said to her, "Dear sister, the Lord has sent me to see if I can be a comfort to you."

Lisbeth paused in a listening attitude, without removing her apron from her face. The voice was strange to her. Could it be her sister's spirit come back to her from the dead after all those years? She trembled, and dared not look.

Dinah, believing that this pause of wonder was in itself a relief for the sorrowing woman, said no more just yet, but quietly took off her bonnet, and then, motioning silence to Seth, who on hearing her voice had come in with a beating heart, laid one hand on the back of Lisbeth's chair, and leaned over her, that she might be aware of a friendly presence. Slowly Lisbeth drew down her apron and timidly she opened her dim dark eyes. She saw nothing at first but a face — a pure pale face, with loving gray eyes, and it was quite unknown to her. Her wonder increased; perhaps it *was* an angel. But in the same instant Dinah had laid her hand on Lisbeth's again, and the old woman looked down at it. It was a much

smaller hand than her own. But it was not white and delicate, for Dinah had never worn a glove in her life, and her hand bore the traces of labor from her childhood upward. Lisbeth looked earnestly at the hand for a moment, and then, fixing her eyes again on Dinah's face, said, with something of restored courage, but in a tone of surprise,

"Why, ye're a workin' woman!"

"Yes, I am Dinah Morris, and I work in the cotton-mill when I am at home."

"Ah!" said Lisbeth slowly, still wondering; "ye comed in so light, like the shadow on the wall, an' spoke i' my ear, as I thought you might be a sperrit, ye've got a'most the face of one as is a-sittin' on the grave i' Adam's new Bible."

"I come from the Hall Farm now. You know Mrs. Poyser — she's my aunt, and she has heard of your great affliction, and is very sorry; and I'm come to see if I can be any help to you in your trouble; for I know your sons Adam and Seth, and I know you have no daughter, and when the clergyman told me how the hand of God was heavy upon you, my heart went out towards you, and I felt a command to come and be to you in the place of a daughter in this grief, if you will let me."

"Ah! I know who y'are now; y'are a Methody, like Seth; he's tould me on you," said Lisbeth, fretfully, her overpowering sense of pain returning now her wonder was gone. "Ye'll make it out as trouble's a good thing, like *he* allays does. But where's the use o' talkin' to me a-that-n? Ye canna make the smart less wi' talkin'! Ye'll ne'er make me believe as it's better for me not to ha' my old man die in's bed, if he must die, an' ha' the parson to pray by'm, and me to sit by'm, an' tell him ne'er to mind the ill words I'n gen him sometimes when I war angered, an' to gi'm a bit an' a sup, as long as a bit an' a sup he'd swallow. But eh! to die i' the could water, an' us close to'm an' ne'er to know; an' me a-sleepin', as if I ne'er belonged to'm no more nor if he'd been a journeyman tramp from nobody knows where."

Here Lisbeth began to cry and rock herself again; and Dinah said:

"Yes, dear friend, your affliction is great. It would be hardness of heart to say that your trouble was not heavy. God did not send me to you to make light of your sorrow, but to mourn with you, if you will let me. If you had a table spread for a feast, and was making merry with your friends, you would think it was kind to let me come and sit down and rejoice with you, because you would think I should like to share those good things; but I should like better to share in your trouble and your labor, and it would seem harder to me if you denied me that. You won't send me away? You're not angry with me for coming?"

"Nay, nay; angered! who said I war angered? It war good on you to come. An' Seth, why donna ye get her some tay? Ye war in a hurry to get some for me, as had no need, but ye donna think o' gettin' 't for them as wants it. Sit ye down: sit ye down. I thank ye kindly for comin', for it's little wage ye get by walkin' through the wet fields to see an old woman like me. Nay, I'n got no daughter o' my own — ne'er had one — an' I warna sorry, for they're poor queechy things, gells is; I allays wanted to ha' lads as could fend for theirsens. An' the lads ull be marryin'— I shall ha' daughters enoo' and too many. But now, do you make the tay as ye like it, for I'n got no taste in my mouth this day; it's all one what I swallow — it's all got the taste o' sorrow wi't."— *Adam Bede.*

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

Bartle Massey returned from the fireplace, where he had been smoking his first pipe in quiet, and broke the silence by saying, as he thrust his forefinger into the canister, "Why, Adam, how happened you not to be at church on Sunday? answer me that, you rascal. The anthem went limping without you. Are you going to disgrace your schoolmaster in his old age?"

"No, Mr. Massey," said Adam. "Mr. and Mrs. Poyser can tell you where I was. I was in no bad company."

"She's gone, Adam, gone to Snowfield," said Mrs. Poy-

ser, reminded of Dinah for the first time this evening. "I thought you'd ha' persuaded her better. Nought 'ud hold her but she must go yesterday forenoon. The missis has hardly got over it. I thought she'd ha' no sperrit for th' harvest supper."

Mrs. Poyser had thought of Dinah several times since Adam had come in, but she had had "no heart" to mention the bad news.

"What!" said Bartie with an air of disgust. "Was there a woman concerned! Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you've spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldn't ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man — I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest o' the women — thinks two and two'll make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser, "one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war' cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little this side on't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle sneeringly, "the women are quick enough, they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks takes the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle, "ay, as vinegar matches one's

teeth. If a man says a word, his wife'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as th' horse-fly is to th' horse; she's got the right venom to sting him with — the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like — a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that — they think so much o' themselves a' ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come Craig," said Mr. Poyser jocosely, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'll think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, "*I* like a cleverish woman — a woman o' sperrit — a managing woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan that that: you pick the things for what they can excel in — for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now, that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness'll never come to much — never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe, and strong-flavored."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's sommat wrong i' their own inside."

Mrs. Poyser would probably have brought her rejoinder to a farther climax, if every one's attention had not at

this moment been called to the other end of the table.—*Adam Bede.*

THE DODSONS.

Few wives were more submissive than Mrs. Tulliver on all points connected with her family relations; but she had been a Miss Dodson, and the Dodsons were a very respectable family indeed — as much looked up to as any in their own parish, or the next to it. The Miss Dodsons had always been thought to hold up their heads very high, and no one was surprised that the two eldest had married so well — not at an early age, for that was not the practice of the Dodson family. There were particular ways of doing everything in that family; particular ways of bleaching the linen, of making the cow-slip-wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled goose-berries; so that no daughter of that house could be indifferent to the privilege of having been born a Dodson, rather than a Gibson or a Watson. Funerals were always conducted with a peculiar propriety in the Dodson family; the hat-bands were never of a blue shade, the gloves never split at the thumb, everybody was a mourner who ought to be, and there were always scarfs for the bearers. When one of the family was in trouble or sickness, all the rest went to visit the unfortunate member, usually at the same time, and did not shrink from uttering the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling dictated. If the illness or trouble was the sufferer's own fault 'twas not in the practice of the Dodson family to shrink from saying so. In short, there was in this family a peculiar tradition as to what was the right thing in household management and social demeanor; and the only bitter circumstance attending this superiority was a painful inability to approve the condiments or the conduct of families ungoverned by the Dodson tradition. A female Dodson, when in "strange houses," always ate dry bread with her tea, and declined any sort of preserves, having no confidence in the butter, and thinking that the preserves had probably begun to ferment from want of due sugar and boiling. There were some Dodsons less like the family than others

— that was admitted; but in so far as they were "kin," they were of necessity better than those who were "no kin." And it is remarkable that while no individual Dodson was satisfied with any other individual Dodson, each was satisfied, not only with him or herself, but with the Dodsons collectively. . . .

The religious and moral ideas of the Dodsons and Tullivers were kind, but there was no heresy in it — if heresy properly means choice — for they did not know there was any other religion except that of chapel-goers, which appeared to run in families like asthma. . . . The religion of the Dodsons consisted in revering whatever was customary and respectable. . . . A Dodson would not be taxed with the omission of anything that was becoming, or that belonged to that eternal fitness of things which was plainly indicated in the practice of the most substantial parishioners, and in the family traditions, such as obedience to parents, faithfulness to kindred, industry, rigid honesty, thrift, the thorough scouring of wooden and copper utensils, the hoarding of coins likely to disappear from the currency, the production of first-rate commodities from the market, and the general preference for whatever was home-made. The Dodsons were a very proud race, and their pride lay in the utter frustration of all desire to tax them with a breach of traditional duty or propriety. A wholesome pride in many respects, since it identified honor with perfect integrity, thoroughness of work, and faithfulness to admitted rules: and society owes some worthy qualities to mothers of the Dodson class, who made their butter and their fromenty well, and would have felt disgraced to make it otherwise. To be honest and poor was never a Dodson motto, still less to seem rich though being poor; rather, the family-badge was to be honest and rich; and not only rich, but richer than was supposed. To live respected, and have the proper bearers at your funeral, was an achievement of the ends of existence that would be entirely nullified if, on the reading of your will, you sank in the opinion of your fellowmen, either by turning out to be poorer than they expected, or by leaving your money in a capricious manner, without strict regard to degrees of kin. The right thing must al-

ways be done toward kindred. The right thing was to correct them severely, if they were other than a credit to the family; but still not to alienate them from the smallest rightful share in the family shoe-buckles and other property. A conspicuous quality in the Dodson character was its genuineness; its vices and virtues alike were phases of a proud, honest egoism, which had a hearty dislike to whatever made against its own credit and interest, and would be frankly hard of speech to inconvenient "kin," but would never forsake or ignore them — would not let them want bread, but would only require them to eat it with bitter herbs.— *The Mill on the Floss.*

TITO CHOOSES.

As Cennini closed the door behind him, Tito turned round with the smile dying out of his face, and fixed his eyes on the table where the florins lay. He made no other movement, but stood with his thumbs in his belt, looking down, in that transfixed state which accompanies the concentration of consciousness on some inward image.

"A man's ransom!" — who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If now, under this midday sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years — a man not without high thoughts, and with the most passionate heart — a man who long years ago had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth, and cruel wrong, had reared him tenderly, and been to him as a father — if that man were now under this summer sun toiling as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water, perhaps being smitten and buffeted because he was not now deft and active? If he was saying to himself, "Tito will find me; he had but to carry our manuscripts and gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he, Tito see the price of the gems lying before him, and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by the soft airs of promised love and prosperity! I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain.* But nothing could be farther from certainty. The galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel

on its way to Delos: *that* was known by the report of the companion galley which had escaped. But there had been resistance, and probably bloodshed; a man had been seen falling overboard: who were the survivors, and what had befallen them amongst all the multitude of possibilities? Had not he, Tito, suffered shipwreck, and narrowly escaped drowning? He had good cause for feeling the omnipresence of casualties that threatened all projects with futility. The rumor that there were pirates who had a settlement in Delos was not to be depended on, or might be nothing to the purpose. What, probably enough, would be the result if he were to quit Florence and go to Venice, get authoritative letters — yes, he knew that might be done — and set out for the Archipelago? Why, that he should be himself seized, and spend all his florins in preliminaries, and be again a destitute wanderer — with no more gems to sell.

Tito had a clearer vision of that result than of the possible moment when he might find his father again and carry him deliverance. It would surely be an unfairness that he, in his full ripe youth, to whom life had hitherto had some of the stint and subjection of a school, should turn his back on promised love and distinction, and perhaps never be visited by that promise again. "And yet," he said to himself, "if I were certain that Baldassare Calor was alive, and that I could free him, by whatever exertions or perils, I would go now — now I have the money — it was useless to debate the matter before. I would go now to Bardo and Bartolomeo Scala, and tell them the whole truth." Tito did not say to himself so distinctly that if those two men had known the whole truth, he was aware there would have been no alternative for him but to go in search of his benefactor, who, if alive, was the rightful owner of the gems, and whom he had always equivocally spoken of as "lost;" he did not say to himself — what he was not ignorant of — that Greeks of distinction had made sacrifices, taken voyages again and again, and sought help from crowned and mitred heads for the sake of freeing relatives from slavery to the Turks. Public opinion did not regard this as exceptional virtue. This was his first real colloquy with himself; he had gone

on following the impulses of the moment, and one of those impulses had been to conceal half the fact; he had never considered this part of his conduct long enough to face the consciousness of his motives for the concealment. What was the use of telling the whole? It was true the thought had crossed his mind several times since he had quitted Nauplia that, after all, it was a great relief to be quit of Baldassare, and he would have liked to know *who* it was that had fallen overboard. But such thoughts spring inevitably out of a relation that is irksome. Baldassare was exacting, and had got stranger as he got older: he was constantly scrutinizing Tito's mind to see whether it answered to his own exaggerated expectations, and age — the age of a thick-set, heavy-browed, bald man beyond sixty, whose intensity and eagerness in the grasp of ideas have long taken the character of monotony and repetition, may be looked at from many points of view without being found attractive. Such a man, stranded among new acquaintances, unless he had the philosopher's stone, would hardly find rank, youth, and beauty at his feet. The feelings that gather fervor from novelty will be of little help toward making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings; and if there is any love of which they are not widowed, it must be the love that is rooted in memories and distills perpetually the sweet balms of fidelity and forbearing tenderness.

But surely such memories were not absent from Tito's mind? Far in the backward vista of his remembered life, when he was only seven years old, Baldassare had rescued him from blows, had taken him to a home that seemed like opened paradise, where there was sweet food and soothing caresses, all had on Baldassare's knee, and from that time till the hour they had parted, Tito had been the one centre of Baldassare's fatherly cares. And he had been docile, pliable, quick of apprehension, ready to acquire: a very bright lovely boy, a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest — a radiant presence for a lonely man to have won for himself. If he were silent when his father expected some

response, still he did not look moody; if he declined some labor — why, he flung himself down with such a charming, half-smiling, half-pleading air, that the pleasure of looking at him made amends to one who had watched his growth with a sense of claim and possession; the curves of Tito's mouth had ineffable good-humor in them. And then, the quick talent to which everything came readily, from philosophical systems to the rhymes of a street ballad caught up at a hearing! Would any one have said that Tito had not made a rich return to his benefactor, or that his gratitude and affection would fail on any great demand? He did not admit that his gratitude had failed; but it *was not certain* that Baldassare was in slavery, not certain that he was living. "Do I not owe something to myself?" said Tito, inwardly, with a slight movement of his shoulders, the first he had made since he turned to look down at the florins. "Before I quit everything, and incur again all the risks of which I am even now weary, I must at least have a reasonable hope. Am I to spend my life in a wandering search? *I believe he is dead.* Cennini was right about my florins. I will place them in his hands to-morrow." When, the next morning, Tito put this determination into act, he had chosen his colors in the game, and had given an inevitable bent to his wishes. He had made it impossible that he should not from henceforth desire it to be the truth that his father was dead; impossible that he should not be tempted to baseness rather than that the precise facts of his conduct should not remain forever concealed.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission, than in the consequent adjustment of our desires — the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact that, by it, the hope in lies is forever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.

Besides, in the first distinct colloquy with himself the ideas which had previously been scattered or interrupted, had now concentrated themselves; the little rills of selfish-

ness had united and made a channel, so that they could never again meet with the same resistance. Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course, he had avowed to himself a choice which he would have been ashamed to avow to others, and which would have made him ashamed in the resurgent presence of his father. But the inward shame, the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind makes for every individual man, a reflex which will exist even in the absence of the sympathetic impulses that need no law, but rush to the deed of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attack of the hereditary enemy — that inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or at least search was hopeless.— *Romola.*

DOROTHEA'S MISTAKES.

Dorothea herself had no dreams of being praised above other women, feeling that there was always something better which she might have done, if she had only been better and known better. Still, she never repented that she had given up position and fortune to marry Will Ladislaw, and he would have held it the greatest shame, as well as sorrow to him, if she had repented. They were bound to each other by a love stronger than any impulses that could have marred it. No life would have been possible to Dorothea, which was not filled with emotions, and she had now a life filled also with a beneficent activity which she had not the doubtful pains of discovering and marking out for herself. . . .

Sir James never ceased to regard Dorothea's second marriage as a mistake; and, indeed, this remained the tradition concerning it in Middlemarch, where she was spoken of, to a younger generation, as a fine girl who married a sickly clergyman, old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death gave up her estate to marry his cousin — young enough to have

been his son, with no property, and not well-born. Those who had not seen anything of Dorothea usually observed that she could not have been a "nice woman," else she would not have married either the one or the other.

Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions. Among the many remarks passed on her mistakes, it was never said in the neighborhood of Middlemarch that such mistakes could not have happened if the society into which she was born had not smiled on propositions of marriage from a sickly man to a girl less than half his own age — on modes of education which make a woman's knowledge another name for motley ignorance on rules of conduct which are in flat contradiction with its own loudly asserted beliefs. While this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collisions such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it. A new Theresa will hardly have the opportunity of reforming a conventional life, any more than a new Antigone will spend her heroic piety in daring all for the sake of a brother's burial; the medium in which their ardent deeds took shape is forever gone. But we insignificant people, with our daily words and acts, are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her, was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.— *Middlemarch.*

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search,
To vaster issues.

So to live is Heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man,
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude.
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow.

May I reach
That purest Heaven — be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

DAY IS DYING.

Day is dying! Float, O song
  Down the westward river,
Requiems chanting to the Day —
  Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shades of Time, he bleeds,
  Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
  Earth and Heaven blending.

All the long-drawn earthy banks,
  Up to cloudland lifting;
Slow between them drifts the swan,
  'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open like a flower,
  July deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure —
  Virgin proudly flushing.

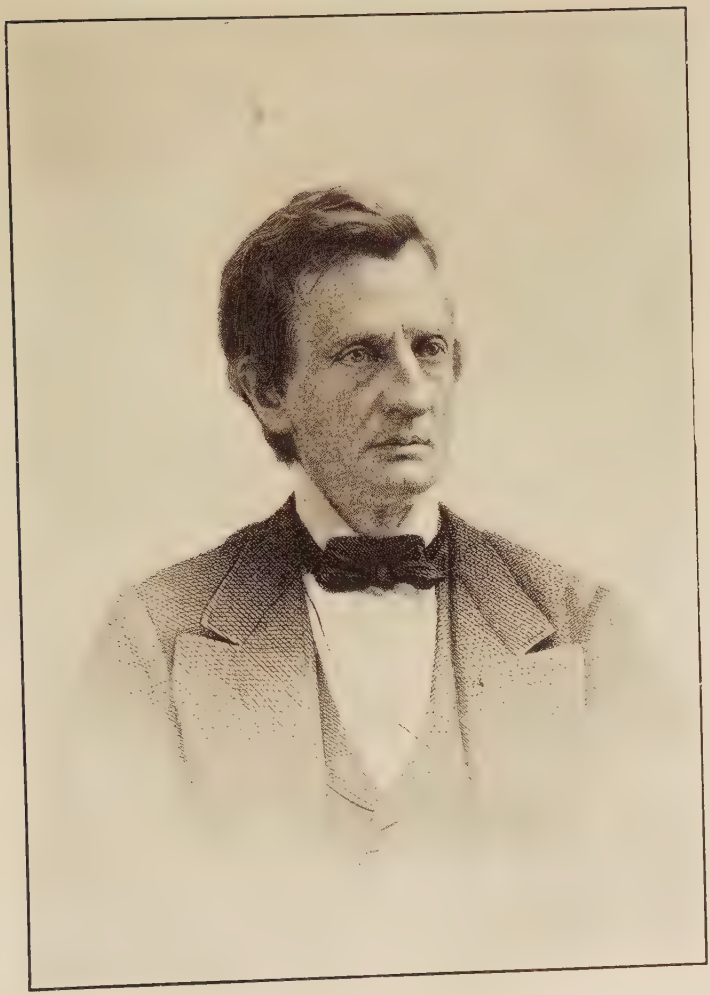
Day is dying! Float, O swan,
  Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
  To the mighty Giver.

— *The Spanish Gypsy.*

EVARTS, WILLIAM MAXWELL, an American lawyer and statesman; born at Boston, February 6, 1818; died at New York, February 28, 1901. He was graduated from Yale in 1837, studied at the Harvard Law School, and in 1841 was admitted to the New York bar, and soon rose to a high rank in his profession, and was engaged as counsel in numerous important cases. In 1868 he was the leading counsel in the defence of President Andrew Johnson, then under impeachment, and during the remainder of Mr. Johnson's term he was Attorney-General of the United States. In 1872 he was one of the counsel of the United States in the tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, on the Alabama claims. Upon the accession to the Presidency of Mr. Hayes, in 1877, Mr. Evarts was made Secretary of State, retaining that position during the administration of Mr. Hayes; after which he was Republican U. S. Senator from New York for the term 1885-91. Mr. Evarts' published writings consist mainly of occasional discourses and addresses. The principal of these are *Centennial Oration before the Linonian Society of Yale College* (1853); *Address before the New England Society* (1854); *Argument before the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal* (1872); *Eulogy on Chief-Justice Chase* (1874); *Centennial Oration*, at Philadelphia (1876); *Oration at the Unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.*

NEUTRALS AND BELLIGERENTS.

What, then, is the doctrine of hospitality or asylum, and what is the doctrine which prohibits the use (under cover of asylum, under cover of hospitality, or otherwise) of neutral ports and waters as bases of naval operations? It all rests upon the principle that, while a certain



WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

degree of protection or refuge, and a certain peaceful and innocent aid, under the stress to which maritime voyages are exposed, are not to be denied, and are not to be impeached as unlawful, yet anything that under its circumstances and in its character is the use of a port or of waters for naval operations, is proscribed, although it may take the guise, much more if it be an abuse, of the privilege of asylum or hospitality. There is no difference in principle, in morality, or in duty, between neutrality on land and neutrality at sea. What then, are the familiar rules of neutrality within the territory of a neutral, in respect to land warfare?

Whenever stress of the enemy, or misfortune, or cowardice, or seeking an advantage of refreshment, carries or drives one of the belligerents or any part of his forces over the frontier into the neutral territory, what is the duty of the neutral? It is to *disarm* the forces and send them into the interior till the war is over. There is to be no *practicing* with this question of neutral territory.

The refugees are not compelled by the neutral to face their enemy; they are not delivered up as prisoners of war; they are not surrendered to the immediate stress of war from which they sought refuge. But from the moment they come within neutral territory they are to become non-combatants, and they are to end their relations to the war. There are familiar examples of this in the recent history of Europe.

What, then, is the doctrine of the law of nations in regard to *asylum,* or *refuge,* or hospitality, in reference to belligerents at sea during war? The words themselves sufficiently indicate it. The French equivalent of "*relâche forcée,*" equally describes the only situation in which a neutral recognizes the right of asylum and refuge; not in the sense of shipwreck, I agree, but in the sense in which the circumstances of ordinary navigable capacity to keep the seas, for the purposes of the voyage and the maintenance of the cruise, render the resort of vessels to a port or ports suitable to, and convenient for, their navigation, under actual and *bona fide* circumstances requiring refuge and asylum.— *Argument before the Geneva Tribunal.*

THE "NASHVILLE" AND THE "SHENANDOAH."

The *Nashville*, when she reached Bermuda, two days' voyage from Charleston had no coal, and she took four hundred and fifty tons more on board to execute the naval operations which she projected when she left Charleston, and did not take the means to accomplish, but relied upon getting them in a neutral port to enable her to pursue her cruise. Now the doctrine of *relâche forcée*, or of refuge, or of asylum, or of hospitality, has nothing to do with a transaction of that kind.

The vessel comes out of a port of safety, at home, with a supply from the resources of the belligerent that will only carry it to a neutral port, to take in *there* the means of accomplishing its projected naval operations. And no system of relief in distress, or of allowing supply of the means of taking the seas for a voyage interrupted by the exhaustion of the resources originally provided, have anything to do with a case of this kind. It was a deliberate plan when the naval operation was meditated and concluded upon, *to use the neutral port as a base of naval operations*, which plan was carried out by the actual use of the neutral territory as proposed. Now we say, that if this tribunal upon the facts of that case, shall find that this neutral port of Bermuda was planned and used as the base of the naval operations projected at the start of the vessel from Charleston — that *that* is the use of a neutral port as a base for naval operations. On what principle is it not? Is it true that the distance of the projected naval operation, or its continuance, makes a difference *in principle*, as to the resort to establish a base in neutral territory, or to obtain supplies from such a base? Why, certainly not. Why, what would be to proscribe the slight and comparatively harmless abuses of neutral territory, and to permit the bold, impudent, and permanent application of neutral territory to belligerent purposes.

Let us take the case of the *Shenandoah*. The project of the *Shenandoah's* voyage is known. It was formed within the Confederate territory. It was that the vessel should be armed and supplied — that she should make a

circuit, passing around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope — that she should put herself, on reaching the proper longitude, in a position to pursue her cruise to the Arctic Ocean, there to make a prey of the whaling fleet of the United States. To break up these whaling operations, and destroy the fleet, was planned under motives and for advantages which seemed to that belligerent to justify the expense and risk and peril of the undertaking. That is the naval operation, and all that was done *inside of the belligerent territory* was to form the project of the naval operation, and to communicate authority to execute it to the officers who were outside of that territory.

Now, either the *Shenandoah,* if she was to be obtained, prepared, armed, furnished, and coaled for that extensive naval operation, was to have no base for it at all, or it was to find a base for it in neutral ports. It is not a phantom ship, and must have a base. Accordingly, as matter of fact, all that went to make up the execution of that operation of maritime war, was derived from the neutral ports of Great Britain. The ship was thence delivered and sallied forth; was furnished from neutral ports and waters. It resorted to Madeira to await the arrival of the *Laurel,* which, by concert and employment in advance of the sailing of the *Shenandoah,* was to take the armament, munitions of war, officers, and a part of the crew, to complete the *Shenandoah's* fitness to take the seas, as a ship-of-war, to execute the naval project on which she originally sailed and which were transferred from ship to ship at sea. The island of Madeira served only as a rendezvous for the two vessels, and if there had been occasion — as in fact there was not — might have furnished a shelter from storms. Thus made a fighting ship from these neutral ports, as a base, and furnished from the same base with the complete materials for the naval operations projected, the *Shenandoah* made captures, as without interruption of her main project she might; rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and came to Melbourne, another British port, whence she was to take her last departure for her distant field of operation — the waters of the whaling fleet of the United States in the Arctic Ocean. At Melbourne she obtained four hun-

dred and fifty tons of coal — or something of that kind — and forty men; and without both of these, as well as important repairs of her machinery, she could not have carried out the naval project on which she had started. The coal taken at Melbourne was sent by appointment from Liverpool, and was there to complete her refitment. The naval operation would have failed if the vessel had not received the replenishment of power and resources at Melbourne as a base.

Now this case of the *Shenandoah* illustrates by its career, on a large scale, the project of a belligerent in maritime war, which sets forth a vessel and furnishes it complete for war, plans its naval operations and executes them — and all this *from neutral ports and waters, as the only base, and as a sufficient base.* Melbourne was the only port from which the *Shenandoah* received anything after its first supply from the home ports of Great Britain; and it finally accomplished the main operation of its naval warfare by means of the coaling and other refitment at Melbourne. Whether it could rely for the origin of its naval power, and for the means of accomplishing its naval warfare, upon the use of neutral ports and waters, under the cover of commercial dealings in contraband of war, and under the cover of the privilege of asylum, was the question which it proposed to itself, and which it answered for itself. It is under the application of these principles that the case of the *Shenandoah* is supposed to be protected from being a violation of the laws of nations, which prohibits the use of ports and waters of a neutral as a base of naval operations.— *Argument before the Geneva Tribunal.*

CHASE AND WEBSTER.

If I should attempt to compare Mr. Chase, either in resemblance or contrast, with the great names in our public life, of our own times and in our previous history, I should be inclined to class him, in the solidity of his faculties, the firmness of his will, and in the moderation of his temper, and in the quality of his public services, with that remarkable school of statesmen who, through

the Revolutionary war, wrought out the independence of their country which they had declared, and framed the Constitution by which the new liberties were consolidated and their perpetuity insured. Should I point more distinctly at individual characters whose traits he most recalls, Ellsworth as a lawyer and judge, and Madison as a statesman, would seem not only the most like, but very like Mr. Chase. In the groups of his contemporaries, in public affairs, Mr. Chase is always named with the most eminent. In every triumvirate of conspicuous activity he would be naturally associated. Thus in the preliminary agitations which prepared the triumphant politics, it is Chase and Sumner and Hale; in the competition for the Presidency when the party expected to carry it, it is Seward and Lincoln and Chase; in administration, it is Stanton and Seward and Chase; in the Senate, it is Chase, and Seward and Sumner. All these are newly dead, and we accord them a common homage of admiration and of gratitude, not yet to be adjusted or weighed out to each.

Just a quarter of a century before Mr. Chase left these halls of learning the College [Dartmouth] sent out another scholar of her discipline, with the same general traits of birth and condition and attendant influences which we have noted as the basis of the power and influence of this later son of Dartmouth. He played a famous part in his time as Lawyer, Senator, and Minister of State, and in all the greatest affairs, and in all the higher spheres of public action; and to his eloquence his countrymen paid the singular homage with which the Greeks crowned that of Pericles, who alone was called "Olympian," for his grandeur and his power. He died with the turning tide from the old statesmanship to the new, then opening, now closed, in which Mr. Chase and his contemporaries have done their work and made their fame.

Twenty-one years ago this venerable College, careful of the memory of one who had so greatly served as well as honored her, heard from the lips of Choate the praise of Webster. What lover of the College, what admirer of genius and eloquence, can forget the pathetic and splendid tribute which the consummate orator paid to the

mighty fame of the great statesman? What mattered it to him or to the College that, for the moment, this fame was checked and clouded in the divided judgments of his countrymen, by the rising storms of the approaching struggle? The general sense of our countrymen now understands that the statesman who did the most to secure the common Government for slavery and freedom under the frame of the Constitution, and who in the next generation did the most to strengthen the bonds of the Union, and to avert the last test till that strength was secured, and, in our own latest times, did the most to make the contest at last, become seasonable and safe, thorough and unyielding and unconditional, have all wrought out the great problem of our statesmanship, which was to assure to us "Liberty and Union, now and forever one and inseparable." They all deserve — as they shall all receive, each for his share — the gratitude of their countrymen and the applause of the world.

To the advancing generations of youth that Dartmouth shall continue to train for the service of the republic and the good of mankind, the lesson of the life we commemorate to-day is neither obscure nor uncertain. The toils and honors of the past generations have not exhausted the occasions nor the duties of our public life; and the preparation for them, whatever else it may include, can never omit the essential qualities which have always marked every prosperous and elevated career. These are, energy, labor, truth, courage, and faith. These make up that ultimate Wisdom to which the moral constitution of the world assures a triumph. "Wisdom is the principal thing; she shall bring thee to honor; she shall give to thy head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."— *Eulogy upon Chief-Justice Chase.*

EVELYN, JOHN, an English diarist; born at Wotton, Surrey, October 31, 1620; died there, February 27, 1706. He inherited a large estate, was educated at Oxford, and in 1644 served as a volunteer in the Low Countries. When the civil war broke out, he joined the royalist army; but the cause being lost, he traveled in France and Italy, returning to England in 1651. After the restoration of Charles II. Evelyn became a favorite at Court. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and was a frequent contributor to its *Transactions.* He was one of the first Englishmen to treat gardening and arboriculture scientifically. In 1664, at the request of the Royal Society, he published a folio volume entitled *Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions,* the effect of which was to occasion the planting of an immense number of oak-trees, which in the next century furnished material for the construction of the English navy. In 1675 he published another folio volume, *Terra: a Discourse on the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants.* His estate near Deptford attracted much admiration on account of the great number of exotic plants which were cultivated there. When Peter the Great of Russia visited England in the spring of 1698, Evelyn's mansion was leased to him, and the owner complains bitterly of the wanton manner in which the Czar and his suite abused his cherished plantations. Besides the works already mentioned, Evelyn wrote several others of very considerable value. But of more permanent interest than

any of the others is his *Diary*, kept from 1641 to 1706, which was first published in 1818, and afterward in 1859 and 1871, the last edition being in a single large volume. In the following extract from Evelyn's *Diary* the original spelling is retained:

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

1666, 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Streete, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night — If I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner — when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill — for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward — Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited

the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene about 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw about 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about was so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and rech'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage — *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streets, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye melting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Al-

mighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh, the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Maty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen took their several posts — for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse — and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to bate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruins by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c., did infinite mischiefe, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffer-

ing those shops about to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot fm Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Streete, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church, St. Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico — for structure comparably to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late king — now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruins of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St.

Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye alter, at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere one hundred more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c., mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly ware-houses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surheated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what

they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish from hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines, and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Matys proclamation also invited them.

EVERETT, ALEXANDER HILL, an American diplomat; born at Boston, Mass., March 19, 1792; died at Canton, China, May 29, 1847. He was graduated from Harvard at the age of fourteen, with the highest honors of his class, and soon after commenced the study of law under John Quincy

Adams. In 1809–11 he was attached to the legation of Mr. Adams at St. Petersburg. In 1812 he commenced the practice of law at Boston. From 1814 to 1825 he was attached to the mission to the Netherlands, during the last four years as its head. In 1825 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. In 1829 he returned to America, and for five years was editor of the *North American Review*. In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts. In 1845 he was appointed Commissioner to China, but having got as far as Rio Janeiro his broken health compelled him to return. He sailed again for China in 1846; but died not long after his arrival at Canton. During his diplomatic residence in Europe he wrote several works upon social and political topics, which were translated into other languages. He also contributed largely to the *North American Review*, mostly upon topics connected with French literature. Two volumes, made up of selections from his essays and poems, were published in 1845 and 1847.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron — hearts of oak —
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery
Gallant youth! are not for thee;
Follow thou in word and deeds,
Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready, at thy country's need,
For her glorious cause to bleed! . . .

Let the noble motto be
God — the Country — Liberty!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at Danger far or near!
Spurn at baseness — spurn at fear!
Still, with persevering might
Speak the truth, and do the right. . . .

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon thy high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

FRANKLIN AND MONTESQUIEU IN ELYSIUM.

It is well known that the fortunate inhabitants of Elysium retain, in some degree at least, the tastes and occupations that belonged to them during their lifetime. We have the authority of Virgil to this point, which is deservedly high in everything relating to the subject. There is also but too much reason to suppose that some of these distinguished persons are subject, like the most favored mortals in our sublunary sphere, to the disease of ennui, and are glad to resort to reading and other amusements, in order to carry on the war with vigor against the great enemy, Time. It has long been suspected for these reasons, that in making provision for the comfort of the Elysians, the accommodation of books and newspapers had not been overlooked. Having accidentally discovered the local situation of this part of the Universe, and having had an opportunity of examining it somewhat at leisure, I am able to assure the public that this idea is perfectly correct. The booksellers' shops, the libraries, and the reading-rooms are on a very good foot-

ing; and the new publications and journals are received with great regularity from all parts of the world. How this is effected, and whether passengers might not pass by the same conveyances that bring the Gazettes, it is not necessary to inquire, the rather as Captain Symmes has kindly undertaken this part of the investigation.

The Elysians, however, are constantly informed of the progress of events in the world, and those who during their lives were engaged in literary or scientific pursuits, find a very agreeable resource, when time hangs heavy upon their hands, in examining the new publications as they are received, and refreshing their memories in regard to the old, or in comparing their ideas upon these subjects in conversation with each other. I had an opportunity of listening to some of these conversations, and shall set down for the amusement of the public, the heads of a dialogue between President Montesquieu and Dr. Franklin, which occurred in one of the principal reading-rooms in Elysium.

I was sitting one day in this place, when the venerable Doctor entered. After looking about him a little while with a leisurely air, and examining the newspapers of the day, he took down from its place a volume of Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws*. He appeared to be looking into it for the purpose of refreshing his memory, and sometimes laid it down, and seemed to meditate upon what he had been reading. While this was going on, the President himself came in. The two illustrious philosophers saluted each other with a great appearance of cordiality and mutual respect; and the conversation was immediately introduced by the following remark from Dr. Franklin:

Franklin.— Mr. President, I was employed as you entered in reflecting upon the chapter in your celebrated work on law, in which you analyze the British Constitution. Notwithstanding the high respect with which I am disposed to receive everything which proceeded from your pen, I confess I can hardly agree with you in all your remarks upon this subject.

Montesquieu.— Consider, my dear Doctor, at the time when that chapter was written, a political observer had

not all the lights to guide him that are now to be found in the world, or that were at hand even during your lifetime. The great age of revolutions, which was destined to reform the science of Government, had not then arrived. We were only beginning to see our way clear a little, by the twilight that was just announcing it. We had not then had the benefit of your example, my dear Doctor, and that of your countrymen, to correct our theories. Although most of my remarks on the British Constitution are substantially correct, I should still qualify them considerably, and state some of them in different language, if I were to write them over again.

Franklin.— Among the points susceptible of qualification you would perhaps include the introductory remark, that it is unnecessary to theorize on the form of government most favorable to liberty, since the problem has been resolved in practice by the British Constitution. This conclusion, my dear President, seems to be a little unphilosophical. The most that could be said with propriety on the strength of one example would seem to be that liberty is compatible with this form of government. No general conclusion can be drawn with safety from a single instance. If the English are free, it may perhaps be in spite of their form of government; and this is even intimated by yourself in another passage of your works, where you observe that the Government of England is a Republic masked under the form of a Monarchy. . . .

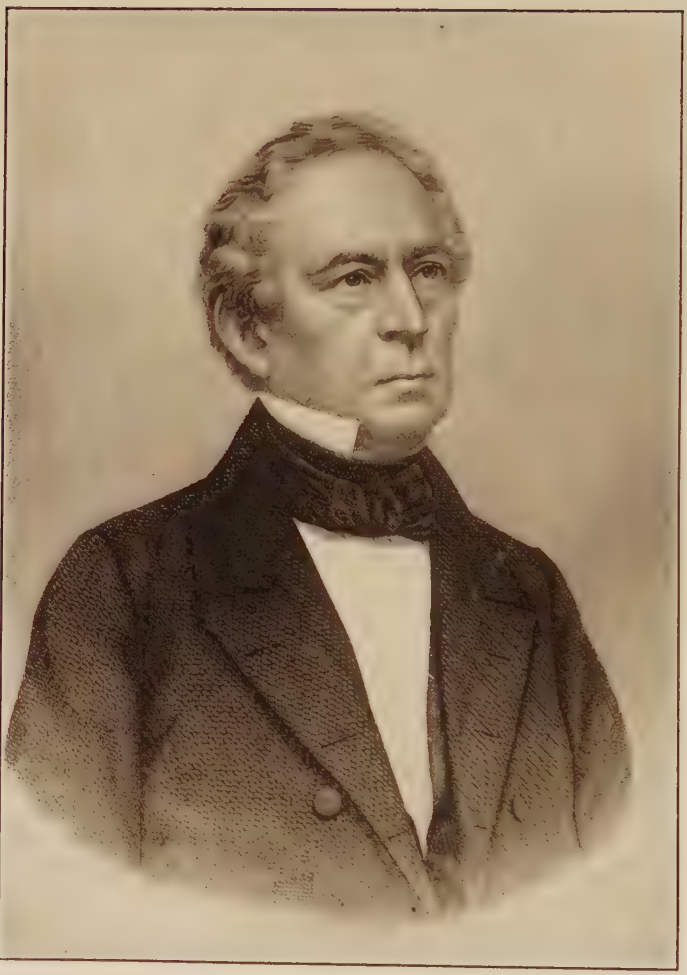
Montesquieu.— Why, Doctor, this was rather a manner of expression and not to be taken quite in earnest. I merely meant to be understood that as the English nation furnished one of the most remarkable examples of the enjoyment of practical liberty, the forms in use there must be of great weight in illustrating the theory of the subject. I committed a more substantial error in stating as the principle of English liberty, and of the British Constitution, the existence of three distinct powers in the administration, engaged by their nature in perpetual conflict. Such a state of things could not possibly be permanent, and would produce, while it lasted, nothing but disorder. In fact, it never has existed in Eng-

land. . . . In considering a necessary discord of its principal component parts as the essential ingredient and great excellence of the British Constitution, I made a twofold mistake: first in supposing a state of facts directly contrary to the reality; and secondly, as was very natural, in accounting for my false principles. . . . Since then we are agreed that the principle of the British Constitution does not lie in the balance of three conflicting powers, as is commonly thought. In what do you suppose it to consist?

Franklin.— It would be impossible, my dear President, to define it with more exactness and precision than you have done yourself in the short passage I have already quoted from the earliest — and I say it without disparagement to your later and graver productions — the best of your works. The British Government is a Republic disguised under the form of a Monarchy. It is the essential principle of this Government that the sovereign power, which is exercised ostensibly by King, Lords, and Commons, is possessed in reality by the third of these branches, which is the representative of the people.

Montesquieu.— Do you conceive then that the King and the House of Peers have no influence on the Government?

Franklin.— In order to answer this question, it is necessary to distinguish them as the possessors of hereditary titles, and their interests as great proprietors. In the latter point of view their weight is very considerable, since their possessions are very large. In the former — whether they are regarded as an order of nobles or an hereditary magistracy — their influence is altogether null. . . . The personal nullity of the King has long been formally recognized in principle. To say that the King can do no wrong is as much as to say that the King can do nothing. The institution of the royal office on this footing is only a mode of regulating the appointment of the actual executive officers called the Ministers. . . . . The King, however, in his nominations is only an indirect organ of the House of Commons. It is easy to see that the House of Lords is a mere pageant;



EDWARD EVERETT.

or, at most, another House of Commons quite inferior in importance to the first. But in every country effective power is attached to the possession of property. Where property is equally divided among the members of a society, political power is also equally divided, and the government is in substance democratic. Where property is very unequally divided, and a great proportion centres in a few hands, the political power is divided in the same way, and the government is aristocratic. As far as there may be said to exist a real aristocracy, it coincides to a considerable degree with the nominal one; since the hereditary nobles are among the largest proprietors in the Kingdom. . . . It would seem therefore, Mr. President, that in attributing the establishment of hereditary ranks, titles, and magistracies to the necessity of protecting certain individuals, distinguished by birth, wealth, and honors, from the jealousy of the people, you have exactly inverted the natural order of causes and effects. Wealth is the real essence of aristocracy, and itself affords security to rank and titles. It is clear, therefore, that rank and titles could not have been established for the purpose of protecting wealth.

Montesquieu.— True; the rank and titles are only the formal expression of the real state of things that constitutes aristocracy, which is the concentration of estates in a few hands, and the connection of political power with their possession.— *North American Review, April, 1821.*

EVERETT, EDWARD, an American statesman and orator; born at Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794; died at Boston, January 15, 1865. He was graduated from Harvard in 1811, at the age of seventeen, and soon afterward became tutor in the college, pursuing at the same time his studies in divinity. In 1812 he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Poem

at Harvard, his subject, which was treated rather playfully, being *American Poets*, as they would be in time, not as they then were; for as yet no American had printed any poem of considerable merit.

FUTURE POETS OF AMERICA.

When the warm bard his country's worth would tell,
To Mas-sa-chu-setts's length his lines must swell;
Would he the gallant tales of war rehearse,
'Tis graceful Bunker fills the polished verse;
Sings he, dear land, those lakes and streams of thine,
Some mild Mem-phre-ma-gog murmurs in his line,
Some A-mer-is-cog-gin dashes by his way,
Or smooth Con-nect-i-cut softens in his lay,
Would he one verse of easy movement frame,
The map will meet him with a hopeless name·
Nor can his pencil sketch one perfect act,
But vulgar history mocks him with a fact.

But yet, in soberer mood, the time shall rise,
When bards will spring beneath our native skies;
Where the full chorus of creation swells,
And each glad spirit, but the poet, dwells,
Where whispering forests murmur notes of praise;
And headlong streams their voice in concert raise.
Where sounds each anthem, but the human tongue,
And nature blooms unrivalled but unsung.
Oh yes! in future days our Western lyres,
Turned to new themes, shall glow with purer fires,
Clothed with the charms to grace their later ryhme,
Of every former age and foreign clime. . . .

Haste happy times, when through these wide domains
Shall sound the concert of harmonious strains;
Through all the clime the softening notes be spread,
Sung in each grove, and in each hamlet read.
Fair maids shall sigh, and youthful heroes glow,
At songs of valor and at tales of woe;
While the rapt poet strikes, along his lyre,

The virgin's beauty and the warrior's fire.
Thus each successive age surpass the old,
With happier bards to hail it than foretold,
While Poesy's star shall, like the circling sun,
Its orbit finish where it first begun.

—*Phi Beta Kappa Poem, 1812.*

This poem, written at eighteen, certainly gave promise that Everett's name might stand high on the list of American poets. This promise was never fulfilled. He wrote little verse; though one poem, *Alaric the Visigoth,* makes good his claim to rank among the poets in our English tongue. The poem is founded upon a passage in an old chronicle, which reads: "Towards the close of this year, 410, while engaged in the siege of Cosentia, Alaric was seized with an illness which proved fatal after a very short duration. He was buried, with his treasures, in the bed of the river Busentinus, which was diverted from its channel for that purpose, and all the prisoners who were engaged in the work were put to death, in order that the place of his sepulchre might remain unknown."

ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

When I am dead, no pagean train
  Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
  Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
  Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
  In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil,
  Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
  Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "The Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
  And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
  A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of kings;
And never be the secret said
Until the deep gives up its dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
  Back to the clods that gave them birth;
The captured crowns of many a king,
  The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
  Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
  Pillar or mound to mark the spot:
For long enough the earth has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
  And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep;
  And where I went the spot was curst:
No blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
  Beneath the terror of the Goth!

Their iron-breasted legions quail
  Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
  In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
  The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
  O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
  And Vengeance sat upon the helm.
When launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers,
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem;
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done —
  I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
  But darker ministers of fate,

Impatient round the eternal Throne,
And in the caves of vengeance wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

In 1813 Mr. Everett became pastor of the Brattle Street (Unitarian) Church in Boston, and speedily attained a high reputation for the eloquence of his discourses. In 1814 he was chosen Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard College, and went to Europe to better fit himself for the duties of this office. He remained in Europe about four years, pursuing a wide course of study; and in 1819 entered upon his duties at Harvard. He also edited the *North American Review* for some four years, during which period he contributed largely to its pages, and subsequently when the editorship passed into the hands of his brother, Alexander H. Everett.

Mr. Everett's political career began in 1824, when he was elected to Congress, in which he served for ten successive years. He declined a re-election in 1834, and in 1835 was elected Governor of Massachusetts, holding the office by successive re-elections for four years. In 1840 he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to England. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, died in October, 1852, and Mr. Everett filled that position during the remaining four months of Mr. Fillmore's administration. In 1853 he was elected United States Senator; but impaired health compelled him to resign his seat within a year.

Mr. Everett took an active part in the discussion of the political questions of the time; but he was more especially noted as an orator at literary and other public occasions. Collections of his *Speeches and Addresses* have been made at several periods. The sec-

ond collection, in two volumes, made in 1850, contains more than eighty Addresses; a third volume appeared in 1858, and a fourth volume in 1869. One of the best of these is the Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered at Harvard on July 4, 1826, being the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. On that day, within a few hours of each other, Jefferson and Adams, of whom the orator had just feelingly spoken, passed from earth.

THE MEN AND DEEDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Often as it has been repeated, it will bear another repetition; it ought especially to be repeated on this day:— the various addresses, petitions, and appeals, the correspondence, the resolutions, the legislative and popular debates from 1764 to the Declaration of Independence present a maturity of political wisdom, a strength of argument, a gravity of style, a manly eloquence, and a moral courage of which unquestionably the modern world affords no other example. This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Lord Chatham in the British Parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid, it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees and the Henrys, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Samuel Adams — the men who spoke those words of thrilling power which raised and directed the storm of modern resistance, and rang like a voice of fire across the Atlantic — are beyond the reach of our praise. To most of them it was granted to witness some of the fruits of their labors: such fruits as revolutions do not often bear. Others departed at an untimely hour, or nobly fell in the onset; too soon for this country, too soon for everything but their own undying fame.

But all are not gone; some still survive among us to hail the jubilee of the independence they declared. Go back to that day when Jefferson and Adams composed the sub-committee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that

proud but anxious day, compared to the joy of this. What reward, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford compared with having been united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality?

Venerable men, you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed: you have outlived your more than strenuous contention who should stand first among the people whose liberty you had vindicated. You have lived to bear to each other the respect which the nation bears to you both; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honorable name of a leader of a party for that more honorable one, the Father of his Country. While this our tribute of respect, on this jubilee of our independence, is paid to the gray hairs of the venerable survivor [Adams] in our neighborhood, let it not less heartily be sped to him [Jefferson] whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious. And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draught of the Declaration of Independence of the United States, in his own handwriting? Ought not a title-deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation? Ought it not to be laid in the public archives? Ought not the price at which it is bought to be a provision for the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it? Ought not he who at the age of thirty declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own?

Nor would we, on the return of this eventful day, forget the men who, when the conflict of council was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to draw this picture in all its antonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief,

the men and deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war, as well as in the cabinet, are seen in fancy's eye to take their station on the mount of remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and command us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.—*Phi Beta Kappa Oration, July 4, 1826.*

EWALD, or EVALD, JOHANNES, a Danish poet; born at Copenhagen, November 18, 1743; died there, March 17, 1781. He was the son of a chaplain, and from his father inherited delicate health, which he ruined by dissipation, presumably induced by disappointment in love. He was sent to school at Schleswig, and studied theology at the University of Copenhagen. Finding the Church uncongenial to his ambitions and romantic ideas, he ran away from home and enlisted in the Prussian army at the age of sixteen. Being unable to secure any higher rank than private, he deserted and enlisted in the Austrian army, where from a drummer-boy he rose to the rank of sergeant, and would have taken higher rank but for his being a Protestant. He par-

ticipated in several battles in the Seven Years' War on the Austrian side, and growing tired of military life he deserted the Austrian army and succeeded in making his way back to Denmark. The "delicate, noble, and majestic Aresne," for whose love he had studied so diligently and undergone so much hardship, married another, and Ewald plunged himself into all sorts of dissipation, giving his serious thoughts to poetry. In 1764 he published *Lykkens Temple* (The Temple of Fortune), which met with considerable success. On the death of King Frederick V. in 1766, Ewald published several elegies, which were warmly received by the people, and one, at least, of which is a masterpiece. *Adam og Eva* (1769) was a highly imaginative prose drama, but failed of public appreciation until long after its first appearance. In 1770 appeared *Rolf Krage,* the first Danish tragedy. In 1774 he published *Balder's Död* (Balder's Death), the first Danish drama written in iamic pentameter. His greatest work, *Fiskerne* (The Fisherman) (1778), an opera, in which the action takes place on the Hornbeck shore near Rungsted, contains some of the author's sweetest lyric measures, including the Danish national song, *Kong Kristian Stod Ved Höien Mast* (King Christian Stood by the Lofty Mast), which alone must have carried the work far into posterity, but many of the other songs possess an equal charm. At his death he left an uncompleted autobiography.

Besides the works already mentioned Ewald wrote *De Pyrologia Sacra* (1763); *Philet* (1770); *De Brutale Klappers* (1771); *Adskilligt* (Miscellanies) *af Johannes Ewald* (1771); *Harlequin Patriot* and a translation of *Philemon and Baucis* (1772); *Pebersvendene* (1773). After his death fragments of three

tragedies were discovered, one of them a history of Hamlet entirely different from Shakespeare's sable-clad Dane.

The last ten years of Ewald's life were embittered by dissipation as well as disappointment, sickness, and ill-treatment at the hands of his family. He was permitted to witness the first presentation of *Fiskerne* in 1780, but the excitement was too much for him, and he took to his bed, never to rise again.

The works of Ewald were not fully appreciated during his life, though a few years before his death he organized the Danish Literary Society, which made the study of his works a cult and raised the standard of literary taste among the people, though his works are now, with the exception of the national song, regarded as antiquities.

"It is as a lyric, not as a dramatic poet," says Longfellow, "that Ewald is chiefly known and valued. In this point of view he has no rival among his countrymen. His songs are written with remarkable vigor and beauty. In strength and simplicity he resembles Campbell." Some idea, however, of his immense popularity and influence as a dramatist may be gathered from the following words of Edmund Gosse, anent the pulling down of the dingy old theatre at Copenhagen in 1874: "Men who had seen the white, sick face of Ewald grow whiter under the storms of applause, and the long thin fingers press the aching brow in an agony of nervous agitation — these men had a sense of being a living part of the national poetic life such as no citizens have had save at Athens, and Florence, and Weimar."

NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and death glared where he went:
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!

And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

— LONGFELLOW'S *Translation.*

THE WISHES.

All hail, thou new year, that, appareled in sweetness,
Now spring'st like a youth from eternity's breast!
O, say dost thou come from the bright throne of greatness,
Our herald of mercy, of gladness, and rest?
Cheer the heart of our king with benignity's token;
Light his soul with the sunbeam that sets not above;
Be his sword unresisted, his sceptre unbroken;
O, peace be to Christian, the monarch we love!

With an emerald zone bind the rocks of the North;
O'er Denmark's green vales spread a buckler of gold;
Pour the glories of harvest unsparingly forth,
And show that our wealth is our dear native mould:
Smile on the conqueror of ocean, who urges
Through darkness and tempests, his blue path to fame;
May the sea spare her hero, and waft on her surges
Blessings and peace to the land whence he came.

Round the forehead of art twine the wreath that she loves,
And harden to labor the sinews of youth;
With a hedge of stout hearts guard our Eden's fair groves,
And temper their valor with mercy and truth:
Bless him to whom heaven its bright flame commendeth,
And shadow his couch with the folds of thy love;
Give light to our judges,— the heart that ne'er bendeth,—
Inspirit our bards, and our teachers approve.

O, blest be the firm-hearted hero who weaves not
A thought or a wish but his spirit may own!
O, shame on the cold son of interest, who cleaves not
To heart of his country, and loves her alone!

Be her welfare our glory, our joy, our devotion;
Unchilled be her valor, her worth undecayed;
May her friends on her fields gaze with rapture's emotion;
May she long love the stranger, but ask not his aid!
— WALKER'S *Translation.*

EWBANK, THOMAS, an Anglo-American scientist; born at Barnard Castle, Durham, England, March 11, 1792; died at New York, September 16, 1870. He was apprenticed to a tin- and copper-smith, and in 1819 emigrated to New York, where he established himself as a manufacturer of metallic tubing. In 1835 he retired from active business, and devoted himself to scientific and literary pursuits. From 1849 to 1852 he was United States Commissioner of Patents. His principal works are *Descriptive and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines* (1842); *The World a Work-shop* (1855); *Life in Brazil,* giving an account of a visit to that country in 1845–46 (1856); *Thoughts on Matter and Force* (1858), and *Reminiscences in the Patent Office* (1859).

In a review of his work on hydraulic machines, the London *Athenæum* said: "It is full of the gossip of the art; it is just such a book as any amateur of mechanics would allow to lie open on his table for the purpose of passing the little fragments of his time in occupation of a light and useful description."

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AT RIO JANEIRO.

As soon as a person dies the doors and windows are closed — the only occasion, it is said, when the front entrance of a Brazilian dwelling is shut. The undertaker is sent for and as the cost of funerals is graduated to every degree of display, he is told to prepare one of so many *milreis*.* Everything is then left to him. The corpse is always laid out in the best room, is rarely kept more than thirty-six hours, and not often more than twenty-four — the number required by law. If the deceased was married, a festoon of black cloth and gold is hung over the street-door; if unmarried, lilac and black; for children, white or blue and gold. Coffins for the married are invariably black, but never for young persons; theirs are red, scarlet, or blue. Priests are inhumed or borne to the tomb in coffins on which a large cross is portrayed; lay people cannot have the use of these. In fact, few persons, rich or poor, are buried in coffins; their principal use being to convey the corpse to the cemetery, and then, like the hearse, they are returned to the undertaker.

Fond of dress while living, Brazilians are buried in their best, except when from religious motives other vestments are preferred. Punctilious to the last degree, they enforce etiquette on the dead. These must go into the next world in becoming attire: married females draped in black, with black veils, their arms folded, and their hands resting on the opposite elbows; the unmarried in white robes, veils, and chaplets of white flowers; their hands closed as if in adoration, with palm-branches between them. The hands of men and boys are crossed upon the breast, and if not occupied with other symbols, a small cup is placed in them, and removed at the tomb. Official characters are shrouded in official vestments: priests in their robes, soldiers in their uniforms, members of the brotherhoods in their albs, sisters of the same societies in those appropriate to them, *e. g.* those of the

* The value of the *milrei* is about fifty cents.

Carmo, in black gowns, blue cloaks, and a blue slip for the head.

Children under ten or eleven, are set out as friars, nuns, saints, and angels. When the corpse of a boy is dressed as St. John, a pen is placed in one hand and a book in the other. When consigned to the tomb as St. José, a staff crowned with flowers, takes the place of the pen — for Joseph had a rod that budded like Aaron's. If a child is named after St. Francis or St. Anthony, he generally has a monk's gown and cowl for his winding-sheet. Of higher types, St. Michael the archangel is a fashionable one. The little body wears a tunic, short skirts gathered at the waist by a belt, a golden helmet (made of gilt pasteboard), and tight red boots. His right hand rests on the hilt of a sword. Girls are made to represent Madonnas and other popular characters. When supplementary locks are required, the undertaker supplies them, as well as rouge for the cheeks and pearl powders for the neck and arms.

Formerly it was the custom to carry corpses of the young upright in procession through the streets, when, but for the closed eyes, a stranger could hardly believe the figure before him — with ruddy cheeks, hair blowing in the wind, in silk stockings and shoes, and his raiment sparkling with jewels; grasping a palm-branch in one hand, and resting the other quite naturally on some artificial support — could be a dead child. But how was the body sustained in a perpendicular position? "Generally in this way," said Senhora P——, who had often assisted on such occasions, "a wooden cross was fixed on the platform, and against it the body was secured by ribbons at the ankles, knees, under the arms, and at the neck." Twenty-five years ago this practice was common; it is now confined chiefly to the interior.

No near relative accompanies a corpse to the cemetery. It is given at the door into the hands of friends, to whom its final and respectful disposal is confided. No refreshments of any kind are furnished.

On the death of a father, mother, husband, wife, son, or daughter, the house is closed for seven days, during which the survivors indulge in private grief; they wear

mourning twelve months. For brothers and sisters the house is closed four days, the period of mourning four months. On the last of the four or seven days, mourners attend mass, and then resume the business of life. For first cousins, uncles, and aunts, the established rule is to wear mourning two months; for second cousins, one; for other relatives, from eight to fifteen days. By an old law, survivors can be compelled thus to respect the dead according to degrees of consanguinity. The poor contrive, by aid of friends, and sometimes by selling what articles of furniture or clothing they can spare, to comply with the general custom.

Widows never lay aside their weeds unless they marry. Till recently they were never known to dance, such an act being deemed scandalous, no matter how long their husbands had been dead. And now the old people shake their heads, and repeat an ancient apothegm: "Widows should ever mourn their first love, and never take a second." They complain of modern degeneracy and the disappearance of old Portuguese virtue. But the young folks contend that they are as good as their grand-dams, and insist that if widows seldom remain such now, it was much the same formerly, as the proverb more than intimates: "*Viuve rica cazada fica.*" Clusters of a small purple flower are here known as "Widows' Tears." They bloom but once a year, and soon dry up.

When the corpse of a husband is laid out, custom requires his surviving partner to appear before consoling friends in a black woolen gown, train, and cap, crape veil, a fan in one hand, and a handkerchief in the other. Old Senhora P——, who ought to know, says the *mouchoir* often hides smiles as well as tears; and further that some widows have no cause to cry — their losses being no losses at all. Those who cry loudest, she remarked, are the soonest comforted; and mentioned a Senhora who, on the fifth day, being told that her beauty, as well as her health, was suffering, looked up and naively said, "If that is the case, I will stop;" and she did.

Visits of condolence are attended with fashionable formalities. Unless you call in deep mourning you are

thought disrespectful. A full dress of black is a *sine qua non* for both lady and gentlemen visitors; unless near neighbors, etiquette requires a carriage and footman. Enlightened Brazilians are awake to the evils of these expensive follies, and, as in other lands, are making efforts to reform them.

With the exception of holy water the priests are paid for everything. When a person is not interred in the parish he lived in, the fee is exacted all the same. In these cases the Vicar attends in a carriage, immediately behind the corpse, till it reaches its destination. He then bows to his reverend brother into whose charge he delivers the body, according to ecclesiastical or civil rule, and retires receiving the legal fee of twenty *milreis* — the rich frequently giving more. Previous to the transfer the doctor's certificate of the cause of death must be obtained, and countersigned by the Vicar, for which the latter receives two *milreis* — he often gets twenty.

Whatever they may be in life, lay people are profitable to priests when they cease to live. Masses — many or few — are then to be offered for them; and masses are always paid for. The usual charge for one at which a family attends soon after a burial, is two dollars — the wealthy, of course, not being limited to that. For subsequent ones a special agreement is made. J—s observed that he and another gentleman were executors of an acquaintance who left five hundred *milreis* to be expended in masses for the repose of his spirit. They agreed with a priest, and as usual, at so much for each. Now every mass to be effective, must be performed fasting and before noon; and in the case referred to, one only was to be celebrated in one day, and for the exclusive benefit of the soul of the payer. In a very short time the priest brought in his bill, ready receipted, and asked for his money. Objections were raised on the ground that half the period had not elapsed which was necessary honestly to perform his agreement. He insisted that all he had bargained for had been properly done. They winced, but paid him.— *Life in Brazil, Chap. VI.*

EWING, Juliana Horatia Gatty, an English writer of juvenile stories; born in Yorkshire in 1842; died at Bath, May 13, 1885. She was the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman, and began her story-telling for the amusement of her brothers and sisters. When about twenty years of age she published several short stories in *The Monthly Packet,* and in 1866 became one of the chief contributors to *Aunt Judy's Magazine for Children.* Her marriage in 1867 to Major Alexander Ewing, and her removal to Fredericton, New Brunswick, did not interrupt her writing. Many of her verses and her charming tales for young people, which appeared first in *Aunt Judy's Magazine,* have been republished in book-form. Among them are *Melchior's Dream; Brothers of Pity and Other Tales; The Brownies; Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances; Old Fashioned Fairy Tales; Lob-lie-by-the-Fire; Jan of the Windmill; Six to Sixteen; A Great Emergency and Other Tales; Master Fritz; We and the World;* and *Jackanapes.*

MADAM LIBERALITY.

Plum-cakes were not plentiful in her home when Madam Liberality was young, and such as there were, were of the "wholesome" kind — plenty of breadstuff, and the currants and raisins at a respectful distance from each other. But few as the plums were, she seldom ate them. She picked them out very carefully, and put them into a box which was hidden under her pinafore.

When we grown-up people were children, and plum-cake and plum-pudding tasted very much nicer than they do now, we also picked out the plums. Some of us ate them at once, and had then to toil slowly through the

cake or pudding, and some valiantly dispatched the plainer portion of the feast at the beginning, and kept their plums for other people. When the vulgar meal was over — that commonplace refreshment ordained and superintended by the elders of the household — Madam Liberality would withdraw into a corner, from which she issued notes of invitation to all the dolls. They were "fancy written" on curl-papers, and folded into cocked-hats.

Then began the real feast. The dolls came, and the children with them. Madam Liberality had no toy tea-sets or dinner-sets, but there were acorn-cups filled to the brim, and the water tasted deliciously, though it came out of the ewer in the night-nursery, and had not even been filtered. And before every doll was a flat oyster-shell covered with a round oyster-shell, a complete set of complete pairs which had been collected by degrees, like old family plate. And, when the upper shell was raised, on every dish lay a plum. It was then that Madam Liberality got her sweetness out of the cake. She was in her glory at the head of the inverted tea-chest, and if the raisins would not go round, the empty oyster-shell was hers, and nothing offended her more than to have this noticed. That was her spirit then and always. She could "do without" anything, if the wherewithal to be hospitable was left to her. . . .

It may seem strange that Madam Liberality should ever have been accused of meanness, and yet her eldest brother did once shake his head at her and say, "You're the most meanest and the *generousest* person I ever knew!" And Madam Liberality wept over the accusation, although her brother was then too young to form either his words or his opinions correctly. But it was the touch of truth in it which made Madam Liberality cry. To the end of their lives she and Tom were alike, and yet differed in this matter. Madam Liberality saved, and pinched, and planned, and then gave away, and Tom gave away without the pinching and saving. This sounds much handsomer, and it was poor Tom's misfortune that he always believed it to be so; though he gave away what did not belong to him, and fell back for the supply of his own pretty numerous wants upon other people.

not forgetting Madam Liberality. Painful experience convinced Madam Liberality in the end that his way was a wrong one, but she had her doubts many times in her life whether there were not something unhandsome in her own decided talent for economy. Not that economy was always pleasant to her. When people are very poor for their position in life, they can only keep out of debt by stinting on many occasions when stinting is very painful to a liberal spirit. And it requires a sterner virtue than good nature to hold fast the truth that it is nobler to be shabby and honest, than to do things handsomely in debt.— *A Great Emergency and Other Tales.*

M'ALISTER GAES HAME.

John Brown remained by his friend, whose painful fits of coughing, and of gasping for breath, were varied by intervals of seeming stupor. When a candle had been brought in and placed near the bed, the Highlander roused himself and asked:

"Is there a Bible on yon table? Could ye read a bit to me, laddie?"

There is little need to dwell on the bitterness of heart with which John Brown confessed: "I can't read big words, McAlister."

"Did ye never go to school?" said the Scotchman.

"I didn't learn," said the poor boy; "I played."

"Aye, aye. Weel, ye'll learn when ye gang hame," said the Highlander, in gentle tones.

"I'll never get home," said John Brown passionately. "I'll never forgive myself. I'll never get over it that I couldn't read to ye when ye wanted me, McAlister."

"Gently, gently," said the Scotchman. "Dinna daunt yoursel' over much wi' the past, laddie; and for me — I'm not that presoomtious to think I can square up a misspent life as a man might compound wi's creditors. Gin He forgi'es me, He'll forgi'e; but it's not a prayer up or a chapter down that'll stan' between me and the Almighty. So dinna fret yoursel', but let me think while I may."

And so, far into the night the Highlander lay silent,

and John Brown watched by him. It was just midnight when he partly raised himself, and cried: "Whisht, laddie! do ye hear the pipes?"

The dying ears must have been quick, for John Brown heard nothing; but in a few minutes he heard the bagpipes from the officers' mess; where they were keeping Hogmenay. They were playing the old year out with "Auld Lang Syne," and the Highlander beat the time out with his hand, and his eyes gleamed out of his rugged face in the dim light, as cairngorms glitter in dark tartan. There was a pause after the first verse, and he grew restless, and turning doubtfully to where John Brown sat, as if his sight were failing, he said: "Ye'll mind your promise, ye'll gang hame?" And after a while he repeated the last word "Hame!"

But as he spoke there spread over his face a smile so tender and so full of happiness, that John Brown held his breath as he watched him. As the light of sunrise creeps over the face of some rugged rock, it crept from chin to brow, and the pale blue eyes shone tranquil, like water that reflects heaven. And when it had passed it left them still open, but gems that had lost their way.—*Lob-lie-by-the-Fire.*

F

FABER, Cecilia Böhl von, a Spanish novelist, better known by her pseudonym, "Fernan Caballero;" born at Morges, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, in 1797; died at Seville, April 7, 1877. Her father was the son of a German merchant, and in early life removed to Cadiz, professed the Roman Catholic faith, and married the daughter of a Spanish noble. Cecilia received a part of her education at her father's estate near Schwerin, Germany. She became possessed, besides other accomplishments, of a thorough knowledge of German, Spanish, French, Latin, Italian, and English. In 1814 she married Captain Planells, of Cadiz, whom she accompanied to America, where they resided for some years. After his death she married the Marquis de Acro Hermoso, and her high social station frequently required her appearance at the Court of Madrid, where she was much admired for her beauty, wit, and accomplishments. In 1835 she was again left a widow, and two years later married Señor de Arrom, a barrister. He accepted an appointment as Spanish Consul abroad and his wife decided to remain at Seville. Her first publication, and by many thought to be her best, is *La Gaviota* (The Sea Gull) (1849), which was published in daily in-

stalments in a Madrid newspaper, and was highly appreciated at the capital. It was followed at short intervals by *Elia; Clemencia; La Familia de Alvareda; Una en Otra; Simon Verde;* and *Cuadros de Costumbres Populares.*

All the works of this fascinating novelist were published in the later years of her life. Her brilliant intellect turned to literature as a solace for the trials and disappointments of her declining years. It rarely happens that such decided literary instinct remains obscured for so long a time, for she was fifty when her first novel was published, and most of her works saw the light in the succeeding ten years. As early as 1828, however, she had committed to writing *La Familia de Alvareda,* a tale of peasant life which had been told to her in the olive groves of Seville. This was composed in German and not intended for publication. Washington Irving saw the manuscript during a visit to Spain and advised the writer to adopt Spanish literature as a serious occupation. Once before the public, the fame of her stories spread rapidly over the peninsula and were translated into French and German. In 1859 a thirteen-volume edition of her works was issued from the royal press at Madrid and the same year she was appointed governess to the royal children, and occupied rooms in the Palace of the Alcazar. She was one of the promoters of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and at her death was at work on a book of nursery rhymes. The interest of her novels lies not so much in the characters, scenery, and manners described, as in the selection of the incidents which are intended to point a moral and adorn a tale. She excels in her descriptions of peasant life in Andalusia.

THE BLESSINGS OF WEDLOCK.

"I wish," said the Asistenta, half vexed and half amused, "that you were married to each other."

"With such a wife, senora," replied Pedro, "one would have no peace by day; and I'll wager that at night, instead of snoring, she growls."

"For my part," said Maria, tossing her head, "I'd rather go into a convent at once than take such a lump of dough for my husband."

"I was once married, senora," remarked Pedro, "and I would not like a second wife, if it was the Princess of Asturias herself, on account of a story I once heard ——"

"Shut up with your foolish stories," cried Maria, sharply.

"Tell it me, Pedro, said his mistress; "it will amuse me."

"Well, then, senora, once upon a time there were two friends who were greatly attached to each other, and who agreed that whichever of them died first should appear to the other, and tell him how matters went on in the other world. They were both married men; and the first who died fulfilled his promise, and appeared to his friend.

"'How do you get on?' asked the other.

"'Famously,' replied the ghost; 'when I presented myself at the gate above, Saint Peter said to me: *What has been thy life?*

"'*Senor,* I replied, *I am a poor man; I was married* ——

"'*Say no more,* said his holiness; *pass in; you have gone through purgatory, and now you may enter glory.*'

"Then the apparition vanished, leaving his friend greatly satisfied and consoled. In process of time his wife died, and he married again. When the hour arrived that he himself was carried out of his house feet foremost, he presented himself in high spirits to Saint Peter.

"*What has been thy life?* asked the saint.

"*I was married twice,* replied the new-comer confidently, taking a step in advance.

"*Back, gossip, back!* cried Saint Peter, locking his gate in his face; *we have no room in Heaven for natural-born idiots.*"—*From Elia.*

CASTA'S LEARNED DISCOURSE.

"William Tell was a noble Scottish mountaineer, who refused to salute the beaver hat which the English general, Malbrook, had caused to be nailed to a post. This brought about the Revolution and the Thirty Years' War, from which my hero came out victorious, and was proclaimed King of Great Britain, under the name of William the Conqueror. But he tarnished his glory by beheading his wife, the beautiful Anna Bullen. In order to expiate this crime, he sent on a pilgrimage to Palestine his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Richard, on his return, because of his religious zeal, was thrown into prison by Luther. Calvin, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who formed the Directory in France, the same Directory which sent to the scaffold that sainted monarch, Louis XIV. It was then that, in order to avoid similar troubles in Spain, the King, Don Pedro, the Cruel, established the Inquisition, whence he derives his surname."

Nothing could be more comical than the matter-of-fact seriousness with which Casta uttered this string of absurdities; and it was rendered still more so by the fact, that, having chosen the historical names and events with which her recollections of operas, sermons, newspapers, and conversations had supplied her, she knew, indeed, that her recital was not exact, but was very far from suspecting the enormity of its anachronisms.—*From One in the Other.*

FABER, Frederick William, an English clergyman and hymn-writer; born at Calverley, Yorkshire, June 28, 1814; died at London, September 26, 1863. He was educated at Oxford; was ordained deacon in 1837, priest in 1839, and in 1843 became rector of Eltham; but two years later he formally united with the Roman Catholic Communion, to which he had for several years been strongly inclined. In 1848 he joined the "Oratorians" at Brompton, of which religious house he became superior in 1850. His writings in verse and prose were numerous. His principal poems published before leaving the Anglican Church were *The Cherwell Water Lily* (1840); *Sir Lancelot* (1844, rewritten in 1858), and *The Rosary and other Poems* (1845). After becoming a Roman Catholic he wrote many *Hymns.* In 1857 he put forth a collected edition of all the poems which he had published. Several of his hymns, such as "O come and mourn with me awhile," "Hark, hark, my soul!" "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go," have found a place in Protestant as well as Catholic hymnals. Of Faber's devotional works in prose, the most popular are *All for Jesus* (1853); *The Blessed Sacrament* (1855), and *The Precious Blood* (1860). In 1869 was published *The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber,* edited by Father Edward Bowden. Some of these letters, although not written for publication, are of special interest as showing the progress of his feeling toward Roman Catholicism. On St. Alban's Day (June 17), 1843, he writes from Rome to his friend the Rev. J. B. Morris, who also subsequently became a Roman Catholic:

FABER AND POPE PIUS IX.

The Rector of the English College accompanied me [to the Vatican, where he went by appointment for a private presentation to the Pope], and told me that as Protestants did not like kissing the Pope's foot, I should not be expected to do it. We waited in the lobby of the Vatican library for half an hour, when the Pope arrived, and a prelate opened the door, remaining outside. The Pope was perfectly alone, without a courtier or a prelate, standing in the middle of the library, in a plain white cassock, and a white silk skull-cap (white is the papal color). On entering I knelt down, and again, when a few yards from him, and lastly, before him. He held out his hand, but I kissed his foot; there seemed to be a mean puerility in refusing the customary homage.

With Dr. Baggs for interpreter, we held a long conversation: He spoke of Dr. Pusey's suspension for defending the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, with amazement and disgust; he said to me: "You must not mislead yourself in wishing for unity, yet waiting for your *Church* to move. Think of the salvation of your own soul." I said I feared self-will and *individual* judging. He said: "You are all individuals in the English Church; you have only external communion, and the accident of being all under the Queen. You know this; you know all doctrines are taught amongst you anyhow. You have my good wishes, may God strengthen them! You must think for yourself and for your soul." He then laid his hand on my head, and said: "May the grace of God correspond to your good wishes, and deliver you from the nets (*insidiæ*) of Anglicanism, and bring you to the true Holy Church." I left him almost in tears, affected as much by the earnest, affectionate demeanor of the good old man, as by his blessing and his prayer. I shall remember St. Alban's day in 1843 to my life's end. . . .

As to myself, nothing retains me [in the Anglican Church] but the fear of self-will. I grow more and more Roman every day, but I hope not wilfully. I used

— and blessed it was — to invoke the Saints; but since the day last Lent, when you said you feared it was not justifiable on our system, I have desisted: for, please God, I will obey in all things while I can. But I do not know what the end will be indeed; I hardly dare read the Articles; their weight grows heavier on me daily. I hope our Blessed Lady's intercession may not cease for any of us, because we do not seek it, since we desist for obedience sake.— *Life and Letters.*

A few weeks later he again writes to Morris:

DOUBTING AND SUFFERING.

Whatever be the end of my doubts, I can already rejoice in one thing, namely, I have *suffered.* One of the Saints said "*Patire e morire* — To suffer and die;" but Sta. Maria Maddalena de Pazzi went further, "*Vivere e patire* — To live and suffer." . . . If we are not now in the One Church, but in a concubine (so long as it be a *doubt*), we may hope, in the endurance of that last mercy, Purgatory, to be knitted into that true Body; but if it grows beyond a doubt — what then? You will say, *Suffer, suffer, suffer.* If it be so, I must go on, and God will reveal this also to me. If I try to pray, if I kneel without words in acknowledgment of God's Presence, if I try to love Christ, if I meditate on the Passion, all is in the mist and in the dark. I think "All must begin with the One Church; are you in it? If not, of what good is all this? You have had it put before you. Look at her Catholicity, unity, sanctity, fruitful missions, clear miracles, wonderful Saints, ancient things. You pray in vain, because you have not really humbled yourself before the Church thus revealed to you; you confess in vain, you communicate in vain; all are shadows." So thoughts rush upon me. If in happy times I say "*Amore amoris Tui mundo moriar qui amore amoris mei dignatus es in Cruci mori,*" then comes the chilling question, "Why are you not in the communion where he was who said that, and lived upon it?"

But you will answer: "You think too much about the

salvation of your own soul, and too little about the Church." But, my dear J——, I have not the consolation of thinking that I am running the risk (most dreadful idea) for the Church, but of harming a number of misbelievers by not following the light given me to show me where the Church is. . . . It comes to this: To stay is misery at present, and I *dare not* go away.— *Life and Letters.*

In January, 1846, two months after he had been formally received into the Roman Catholic communion, Mr. Faber wrote a letter to a friend justifying the step which he had taken.

REASONS FOR LEAVING THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Why should it seem to you so unnatural that those who have left you should feel anything rather than loyalty and affection to a system, or anything but kindly reminiscences of a dreadful position which they were forced from by the simple fear of everlasting ruin? Where do I owe my Christian allegiance? Is it not to the Church of my baptism? And surely *you,* at least, cannot be so foolish as to suppose that any one is baptized into any particular, insular, national, or provincial part or branch of the Church, or into anything short of the Catholic Church of Christ. It is there my allegiance is due, and it is there your allegiance is due also.

A false system took me from my mother as soon as I had either sense to do overt acts of schism, or wilfulness to commit a mortal sin. That system nurtured me in hatred of the Holy See; it nurtured me in false doctrine; it has had the strength of my youth, and formed the character of my mind, and educated me in strange neglect as well of doctrinal instruction as of moral safeguards. And now, do I owe allegiance to the mother from whose breasts I was torn, and whose face was so long strange to me? or to her who tore me from her, and usurped a name that was not hers, and whose fraud I have discovered? No! I owe my allegiance to the

Church into which I was baptized, the Church wherein my old forefathers died, the Church wherein I can help my later fathers who died away from her in their helpless ignorance. And like the stolen child who has found his mother, her loying reception and the outbreak — the happy outbreak — of his own instinct tell him, and have told him, more truly than all the legal proofs of parentage can do, that this, and this only, is the true mother who bore him years ago to God, and welcomes him now, in a way that humbles him most of all — without suspicion, probation, or reproof.— *Life and Letters.*

DOCTRINE AND ADORATION.

We began with reflecting on the mystery of the Precious Blood because all devotion starts best with doctrine. The incredibilities of divine love become more credible when we have learned them first as dogmas. It was also the more necessary to begin with doctrine in the case of a "devotion," which claims to be an adoration also. We then turned from God to man, and strove to form a right estimate of the Precious Blood. by studying from various points of view our extreme need of it, and our immeasurable wretchedness without it. We then traversed its empire, learned its character by studying the method of its government, and judged of its magnificence by the splendor of its dominion. Our next step was to unfold its chronicles. We found there a whole revelation of God, and much of the secret history of His eternity. We discovered there our own place in creation by discovering our place in the procession of the Precious Blood. From its history we passed to its biography, to that notable characteristic of it which especially reveals its spirit — its prodigality. We saw how God's prodigalities are not excesses, but most extraordinary magnificences; and also how our poverty is so extreme that we can only live on from day to day by being economical of God's most exuberant liberalities. As we had begun with doctrine and adoration, we have had to end with practice and devotion. The history, the characteristics, and the spirit

of the devotion to the Precious Blood have been the concluding subjects of our reflections.— *The Precious Blood.*

O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE.

O come and mourn with me awhile;
  O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
  While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
  His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
  And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
  So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop:
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a font of tears,
  Ask, and they will not be denied:
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
  Since Thou for us art crucified.

MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART!

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
  Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
  In depths of burning light.

How dreadful are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless powers,
And awful purity.

O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to fall,
And ever gaze on Thee.

HARK, HARK, MY SOUL.

Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truths those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"

And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven — the heart's true home — will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all.
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways,
  True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
  With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
  Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
  That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
  And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
  With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love — the poor, the sad,
  The sinful — unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
  Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

FABER, GEORGE STANLEY, an English theologian; born at Calverley, Yorkshire, October 25, 1773; died near Durham, January 27, 1854. He studied at Oxford, became a Fellow and tutor of Lincoln College, and in 1801 was appointed Bampton lecturer. He gave up his Fellowship in 1803, and for two years acted as curate to his father,

the Rector of Calverley, in Yorkshire. He afterward held several vicarages, and in 1831 was made prebendary of Salisbury, and in 1832 master of Sherburne Hospital. He wrote numerous works, all of a theological character, many of them relating specially to the subject of the prophecies. The most important of these are *Horæ Mosaicæ* (1801, enlarged in 1818); *On the Mysteries of the Cabiri* (1803); *The Origin of Pagan Idolatry* (1816); *Difficulties of Infidelity* (1823); *Difficulties of Romanism* (1826); *The Sacred Calendar of Prophecy* (1828); *Papal Infallibility* (1851); and *The Revival of the French Emperorship Anticipated from the Necessity of Prophecy* (1853.)

INFIDELITY PUT ON THE DEFENSIVE.

In their various controversies with infidel writers, the advocates of Revelation have generally contented themselves with standing upon the *defensive*. Against the enemies of their faith they have rarely taken *offensive* operations. Difficulties, indeed, they have removed, and objections they have answered, when started by the ingenuity of a deistical opponent; but they have, for the most part, neglected to urge the manifold objections and the serious difficulties which attend upon his own system. Hence, so far as I can judge, they have needlessly given him the advantage which an assailant will always *seem* to possess over a person assailed.

With this view of the question, it is not my purpose to consider the sundry matters which from time to time have been brought forward by deistical authors against the Holy Scriptures. Such a task in the present state of the controversy may well be deemed superfluous, for, in truth, it would be merely to repeat and answer objections which have been made and answered again and again. I am rather inclined to state a few of the numerous difficulties with which the infidel scheme is itself encumbered. Whence, unless indeed they can be satisfactorily removed, there will arise a strong presumption that, at

some time, and in some place, and after some manner, the Supreme Being has expressly revealed himself to his creature man; and as the Christian Dispensation — viewed as grounding itself upon the preceding Patriarchal and Levitical Dispensations — is the only form of religion which, with any reasonable show of argument, can claim to be a revelation from heaven, we may possibly be brought to a conclusion, that, however much has been said by infidels respecting the easy faith of those who have embraced the Gospel, there is, after all, more real credulity in the disbelief of Christianity than in the belief of it.— *Difficulties of Infidelity, Sect. I.*

ALLEGED IMPOSSIBILITY OF A REVELATION.

The best possible ground for deistical infidelity is the position that "In the very nature of things, a revelation from heaven cannot take place."

If this position has ever been seriously maintained by any writer of the deistical school, the difficulty inseparably attendant upon it will be found in the necessary consequence which it involves; a consequence no less formidable than an eventual denial of God's omnipotence. That such is, indeed, its necessary consequence, will appear from the following syllogism:

God can do everything which is not in itself a contradiction: but it can never be shown that a revelation from God to man implies any contradiction. Therefore a revelation from God to man is abstractedly possible. From the terms of this syllogism it is evident that the abstract possibility of a revelation from God to man cannot be denied without a noncomitant denial of God's omnipotence. A denial, therefore, of God's omnipotence is the necessary consequence of maintaining the position before us. Whence it follows that the present position, involving a denial of God's omnipotence, involves also in the creed both of the deist and the Christian, a gross and palpable absurdity. . . .— *Difficulties of Infidelity, Sect. I.*

ALLEGED INSUFFICIENCY OF THE EVIDENCE OF A REVELATION.

A third possible ground of Infidelity is the position that "the evidences upon which our reception of every system claiming to be a revelation from heaven is demanded, are so weak and unsatisfactory that they are insufficient to command our reasonable assent."

Should this position be assumed by the unbeliever, while we disclaim the vindication of any theological system, except that which is propounded in the Bible, as being a matter wholly foreign to the question at issue between us, we have a clear right to expect and demand a regular confutation of the arguments which are advanced in our best treatises on the evidences of Judaism and Christianity; for it is nugatory to say that the evidences in favor of the Bible being a divine revelation are weak and unsatisfactory, while yet no regular confutation of the arguments upon which those evidences rest is pretended to be brought forward.

To start difficulties is one thing; to answer arguments another. The work which we have a right to demand is a work in which the author shall go regularly through the treatises (we will say) of Leslie and Paley; taking argument after argument, necessarily showing their utter inconclusiveness, and then bringing out the triumphant conclusion that "the evidences of a Divine revelation are too weak and unsatisfactory to command our reasonable assent."

Let this be done; and we may allow the present ground of Infidelity to be tenable. But simply to assert that the evidences are insufficient, while not an attempt is made to give a regular answer to the various arguments which have been brought forward by writers on the evidences, is plainly an assertion without proof. If the evidences are indeed insufficient, it must doubtless be easy to answer the arguments. Why, then, has no reply been given to them? Why is a mere naked, gratuitous assertion made as to the insufficiency of the evidences, while the arguments yet remain unanswered? Such silence is not a little suspicious; and it is difficult to refrain

from conjecturing that vague assertion is found to be more easy than regular confutation; and a starting of insulated difficulties less toilsome than a formal reply to a series of close reasoning. . . .— *Difficulties of Infidelity, Sect. I.*

THE BELIEVER'S THEORY AS TO A REVELATION.

In the present stage of the argument, then, the believer admits Christianity to be a revelation from God, on the following several grounds: 1. A revelation from heaven is, in the abstract, a circumstance clearly possible. 2. From a consideration of the wisdom of the Creator, and the ignorance of the created, the fact of a divine revelation is highly probable. 3. The evidence in favor of Christianity being a divine revelation is so strong that it cannot be reasonably controverted; more especially as the arguments upon which the evidence rests have never yet been confuted. 4. Mere difficulties, even if unanswerable, cannot set aside direct and positive evidence. Still less, therefore, can they set it aside when they have been fully and completely solved. 5. Numerous pretended revelations, like copious issues of base coin, are no proof of the non-existence of what is genuine; but the false may be readily distinguished from the true by a careful and honest examination of their respective evidences.— Finally, as our unassisted reason is an insufficient teacher — a matter long since acknowledged by the wisest of the Greeks — a revelation from God is no less necessary in the abstract than the claim of Christianity to be received as such a revelation is well founded in the concrete.— *Difficulties of Infidelity, Sect. I.*

THE UNBELIEVER'S THEORY AS TO A REVELATION.

On the other hand — still in the present stage of the argument — the unbeliever denies Christianity to be a revelation from God on the following several grounds:

Although a revelation may perhaps in itself be possible, yet the fact of one is very highly improbable: because it is to the last degree unlikely that an all-wise

Creator should deem it necessary to give any instructions to a rational but inevitably ignorant being whom he had created. The evidence in favor of Christianity being a divine revelation is insufficient, though no infidel has hitherto been able to confute the arguments on which it rests.— Insulated objections to a fact, notwithstanding they have been frequently answered, are quite sufficient, with a reasonable inquiry, to set aside the very strongest unanswered evidence.— As *many* pretended revelations are confessedly impostures, therefore *all* alleged revelations must clearly be impostures likewise.— Lastly, as our unassisted reason is held by some philosophers to be a sufficient teacher, while others declare it to be wholly insufficient, a revelation from God is quite unnecessary; nor ought any claim of this character to be admitted, though it may rest on the very strongest unconfuted arguments.— *Difficulties of Infidelity, Sect. I.*

FINAL SUMMATION OF THE CASE.

These are some of the numerous difficulties which encumber the theory of the Infidel — difficulties from which he can never extricate himself, because they are essentially inherent in the hypotheses which he has most unhappily and most illogically been induced to adopt. They have now been stated and discussed at considerable length, and (it is hoped) also with fairness and impartiality. On a careful review of the whole argument, the cautious reader must judge for himself whether, after all the captious objections which have at various times been started by Infidel writers, the disbelief of Christianity does not involve a higher degree of credulity than the belief in it; whether, in point of rationality it be not more difficult to pronounce it an imposture, than to admit it as a revelation from heaven.— *Difficulties of Infidelity, Sect. VIII.*

FABYAN, or FABIAN, ROBERT, an English historian; born about 1450; died in 1512. He seems to have received a fair education, became a member of the Draper's Company, was chosen an Alderman of London and afterward Sheriff. He is principally known by the *Chronicle, "whiche he hymself nameth the Concordance of Hystoryes,"* from the time when "Brute entryed firste the Ile of Albion," to the year 1485, the work being continued by unknown hands down to the year 1559. The *Chronicle* was first printed in 1516, again in 1533, 1542, 1559, 1811, carefully edited by Sir Henry Ellis. It is divided into seven portions, to each of which is appended a poem, under the title of "The Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin."

Warton thinks Fabyan very dull, because "he is equally attentive to the succession of the mayors of London and of the monarchs of England, and seems to have thought the dinners at Guildhall more interesting than our victories in France and our struggles for public liberty at home." In this very minuteness of local detail, however, Bishop Nicolson finds his value as a historian: "The first post in the sixteenth century is due to Robert Fabyan. He is very particular in the affairs of London, many good things being noted by him, which concern the government of that city, hardly to be had elsewhere."

JACK CADE'S INSURRECTION, 1450.*

And in the month of June this year, the commons of Kent assembled them in great multitude, and chose to

* In this extract the spelling has been modernized. The first sentence stands thus in the early editions: "And in the moneth of Juny

them a Captain, and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York; but of most he was named Jack Cade. This kept the people wondrously together, and made such ordinances among them that he brought a great number of people unto the Black Heath, where he devised a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and showed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such as were about the king, a few persons in number, and all under color to come to his abode. The king's council, seeing this bill, disallowed it, and counselled the king, which by the 7th day of June had gathered to him a strong host of people, to go again' his rebels, and to give unto them battle. Then the king, after the said rebels had holden their field upon Black Heath seven days, made toward them. Whereof hearing, the Captain drew back with his people to a village called Sevenoaks, and there embattled. Then it was agreed by the king's council that Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, with William his brother, and other certain gentlemen, should follow the chase, and the king with his lords should return unto Greenwich, weening to them that the rebels were fled and gone. But, as before I have shewed, when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near unto Sevenoaks, he was warned of the Captain that there abode with his people. And when he had counselled with the other gentlemen, he, like a manful knight, set upon the rebels, and fought with them long; but in the end the Captain slew him and his brother, with many others, and caused the rest to give back. . . .

And so soon as Jack Cade had thus overcome the Staffords, he anon apparelled him with the knight's apparel, and did on him his bryganders set with gilt nails, and his salet and gilt spurs; and after he had refreshed his people, he returned again to Black Heath, and there pight again his field, as heretofore he had done, and lay there from the 29th day of June, being St. Peter's day, till the first day of July. In which season came unto

this yere, the commons of Kent assemblyd them in grete multytude, and chase to them a capitayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyn to the Duke of York; but of moste he was named Jack Cade. This kepte the people wondrouslie togader."

him the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham, with whom they had long communication, and found him right discreet in his answers; howbeit they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him unto the king's grace.

In this while the king and the queen, hearing of the increasing of his rebels, and also the lords fearing their own servants, lest they would take the Captain's party, removed from London to Killingworth, leaving the city without aid, except only the Lord Scales, which was left to keep the Tower, and with him a manly and warly man named Matthew Gowth. Then the Captain of Kent thus hoving at Black Heath, to the end to blind the more the people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a petty captain of his named Paris, for so much as had offended again' such ordinances as he had established in his host. And hearing that the king and all his lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the city; so that upon the first day of July he entered the borough of Southwark, being then Wednesday, and lodged him there that night, for he might not be suffered to enter the city. . . .

And the same afternoon, about five of the clock, the Captain with his people entered by the bridge; and when he came upon the drawbridge, he hewed the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations in the king's name, that no man, upon pain of death, should rob or take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword, and said: "Now is Mortimer lord of this city." And when he had thus shewed himself in divers places of the city, and shewed his mind to the mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he before had done; his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would. Then upon the morn, being the third day of July and Friday, the said

Captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Saye to be fette from the Tower, and led into the Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices. Then the Lord Saye desired that he might be judged by his peers. Whereof hearing, the Captain sent a company of his unto the hall, the which per force took him from his officers, and so brought him unto the standard in Cheap, where, or he were half shriven, they strake off his head; and that done, pight it upon a long pole, and so bare it about with them. . . .

Then toward night he returned into Southwark, and upon the morn re-entered the city, and dined that day at a place in St. Margaret Patyn parish, called Gherstis House; and when he had dined, like an uncurteous guest, robbed him, as the day before he had Malpas. For which two robberies, albeit that the porail and the needy people drew unto him, and were partners of that ill, the honest and thrifty commoners cast in their minds the sequel of this matter, and feared lest they should be dealt with in like manner, by means whereof he lost people's favour and hearts. For it was to be thought if he had not executed that robbery, he might have gone fair and brought his purpose to good effect, if he had intended well; but it is to deem and presuppose that the intent of him was not good, wherefore it might not come to any good conclusion.

Then, upon the fifth day of July, the Captain being in Southwark, caused a man to be beheaded, for cause of displeasure to him done, as the fame went; and so he kept him in Southwark all that day; howbeit he might have entered the city if he had wold. And when night was coming, the mayor and citizens, with Matthew Gowth, like to their former appointment, kept the passage of the bridge, being Sunday, and defended the Kentish men, which made great force to re-enter the city. Then the Captain, seeing this bickering begun, yode to harness and called his people about him, and set so fiercely upon the citizens that he drave them back from the stulpes in Southwark, or bridge-foot, unto the drawbridge. Then the Kentishmen set fire upon the drawbridge. In de-

fending whereof many a man was drowned and slain. . . .

But it was not long after that the Captain with his company was thus departed that proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Sussex, and Sowtherey, that who might take the aforesaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand mark for his travail. After which proclamation thus published, a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time that he took him in a garden in Sussex, where in the taking of him the said Jack was slain; and so being dead was brought into Southwark the —— day of the month of September, and then left in the King's Bench for that night. And upon the morrow the dead corpse was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent.

FAIDIT, GAUCELM, a Provençal poet; born at Uzerche, Limoges, about 1156; died at Aix about 1220. Information as to his personal history is meagre and uncertain. Given, it seems, to excess and debauchery, he married a young woman of great beauty and attractiveness, named Guillelma Monja; with whom, for a considerable time, he wandered from place to place in the guise of a "jongleur." He gambled; he sang his own songs, and he played his own plays. He attracted the notice of the Marquis of Montserrat, who patronized him, clothed him, and decorated him; and thereafter Faidit was known as a troubadour. He acquired considerable riches; but his vanity and expensive habits plunged him into financial distresses, from which he was relieved by

the liberality of the troubadour prince, Richard Cœur de Lion. We find him in the train of Richard, upon whose death he wrote, with faithful affection, some beautiful verses in praise of his royal patron. This poem, with the original music by Faidit, was found by Dr. Burney among the manuscripts bequeathed to the Vatican Library by the Queen of Sweden, and was translated by him and published in his *History of Music*. Faidit went to the Holy Land, after being jilted by one of the noble coquettes in whose honor he had been composing verses, intending to throw away his life in battle with the infidels; but returned to write more lays of love and devotion.

Petrarch, in his *Trionfe d' Amore,* places Faidit, whom he imitates, among the greatest poets of Provence. Some Roman Catholic historians have been led by a comic dialogue of Faidit's, entitled *L'Heregia dels Preyres,* to class him with the Vaudois and Albigenses. Collectors have been able to bring together in all about sixty pieces of verse that may with a fair degree of certainty be ascribed to him; the best being, next to that on the *Death of Richard,* his short love-poems.

RICHARD OF THE LION HEART.

And must thy chords, my lute, be strung
To lays of woe so dark as this?
And must the fatal truth be sung —
The final knell of hope and bliss —
Which to the end of life shall cast
A gloom that will not cease —
Whose clouds of woe, that gather fast,
Each accent shall increase?
Valor and fame are fled, since dead thou art,
England's King Richard of the Lion Heart!

Yes! — dead! — whole ages may decay
  Ere one so true and brave
Shall yield the world so bright a ray
  As sunk into thy grave!
Noble and valiant, fierce and bold,
  Gentle, and soft, and kind,
Greedy of honor, free of gold,
  Of thought, of grace, refined:
Not he by whom Darius fell,
  Arthur, or Charlemagne,
With deeds of more renown can swell
  The minstrel's proudest strain;
For he of all that with him strove,
  The conqueror became,
Or by the mercy of his love,
  Or the terror of his name. . . .

O, noble King! O, Knight renowned!
  Where now is battle's pride,
Since in the lists no longer found,
  With conquest at thy side?
Upon thy crest and on thy sword
  Thou show'dst where glory lay,
And sealed, even with thy lightest word,
  The fate of many a day.
Where now the open heart and hand
  All service that o'erpaid?
The gifts that of a barren land
  A smiling garden made?
And those whom love and honest zeal
  Had to thy fate allied,
Who looked to thee in woe and weal,
  Nor heeded aught beside?
The honors thou couldst well allow,
  What hand shall now supply?
What is their occupation now? —
  To weep thy loss — and die!

The haughty pagan now shall raise
  The standard high in air,
Who lately saw thy glory's blaze,

And fled in wild despair.
The Holy Tomb shall linger long
Within the Moslem's power,
Since God had willed the brave and strong
Should wither in an hour.
Oh for thy arm, on Syria's plain,
To drive them to their tents again!

Has Heaven a leader still in store
That may repay thy loss?
Those fearful realms who dares explore,
And combat for the Cross?
Let him — let all — remember well
Thy glory and thy name —
Remember how young Henry fell,
And Geoffrey, old in fame!
Oh, he who in thy pathway treads,
Must toil and pain endure;
His head must plan the boldest deeds,
His arm must make them sure!

— *Translation of* COSTELLO.

FAIRFAX, EDWARD, an English poet; born at Denton, Yorkshire, about 1580; died near Oxley, January, 1632. He was a son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire, and lived the life of a quiet country gentleman of fair estate. He early preferred a life of study and retirement to the military service in which his brothers were distinguished. He married and took up his residence at Fuystone, between Denton and the Forest of Knaresborough, and devoted himself to literary pursuits and the education of his children and those of his elder brother Thomas, afterward Baron of Cameron. He

wrote several works, among which were a series of ten *Eclogues* and a *Discourse on Witchcraft as it was acted in the Family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, in 1621;* this was printed in 1859, edited by Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton. Fairfax is known by his translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered,* which was published in 1600, under the title, *Godfrey of Bulloigne; or, the Recoverie of Jerusalem, done into English heroicall verse, by Edw. Fairfax, Geunt.* Few translations have ever received such high commendation from great poets, among whom are Waller, Dryden, Collins, and Milton. Later Campbell spoke of Fairfax's work as one of the glories of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is the poetical spirit of the work which preserves it, and distinguishes it from others. Hunt and Hoole have produced a more literal version, but Fairfax alone seizes upon the poetical and chivalrous spirit of the poem.

Fairfax was a firm believer in witchcraft. He fancied that some of his children had been bewitched, and he had the persons he suspected brought to trial, but failed to convict them. In this, however, he only shared the prevailing superstition of the age.

ARMIDA AND HER ENCHANTED CASTLE.

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
  Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold;
Her hair — that done — she twisted up in tress,
  And looser locks in silken laces rolled:
Her curls in garland-wise she did up dress,
  Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses dressed.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
  The eyéd feathers of his pompous train;

Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
  Her twenty-colored bow, through clouds of rain,
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
  Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost.
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
  Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret;
  Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mixéd first, by weight and measure meet;
  Then, at an easy fire, attempered were;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be lovéd, wore the same.

RINALDO AT MOUNT OLIVET AND THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day,
  Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined:
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
  And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
  And saw as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought: How many bright
  And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
  Her fixed and wandering stars the azure sky:
So framéd all by their Creator's might.
  That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die,
Till in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he musèd, to the top he went,
  And there kneeled down with reverence and fear,
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
  His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were —

"The sins and errors which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall
And purge my faults and my offences all."

Thus prayéd he: with purple wings up flew,
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, the harness, and the mountain green;
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen,
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream.
So cheeréd are the flowers, late witheréd,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so, returned to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changéd weed
The prince perceivéd well and long admired;
Toward the forest marched he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required;
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and sirens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stayed and well prepared,
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went,
Nor in his way his passage aught withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
  Flowers and odors sweetly smiled and smelled,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
  All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
  This in the wood, that in the forest dwelled;
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

FALCONER, WILLIAM, a British poet; born at Edinburgh, February 11, 1732; was lost at sea in 1769. He was the son of a barber; entered the merchant service at an early age, and in his eighteenth year became second mate of the *Britannia*, a vessel engaged in the Levant trade. The vessel was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in Greece, and all on board perished except Falconer and two others. This casualty forms the subject of his poem *The Shipwreck*, first published in 1762, afterward in 1764, and 1769, with considerable changes and additions. The poem was dedicated to the Duke of York, who procured for the author an appointment as midshipman on board the *Royal George*. In 1769 he published the *Universal Marine Dictionary*. This procured for him the appointment of purser on the *Aurora*, which had been commissioned to carry out several officers of the East India Company. The vessel sailed in October, 1769, reached the Cape of Good Hope, whence she set sail for India on December 27th. Nothing was afterward heard of her; and she is supposed to have foundered at sea. Thus perished William Falconer, the great-

est of British naval poets. His fame rests securely upon *The Shipwreck,* especially among the British people, whose devotion to the sea is a national characteristic.

AN EVENING AT SEA.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean, roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean, hushed, forgets to roar,
But trembling, murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing:
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

THE SHIPWRECK OFF CAPE COLONNA.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the Cape's projecting verge is placed
A range of columns long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The steersmen now received their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors on the foremast, who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the maintop-mast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink forever, numbered with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan. . . .

And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horrow fraught, the dreadful scene drew near,
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground;
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges; hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion rends the solid oak:
Till, like the mine in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides. . . .
As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below;
Some from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges die without a groan;
Three with Pailemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,
Then down they plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,

The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stormy beach — a lifeless crew!

FANSHAWE, ANNE HARRISON, LADY, an English author; born at London, March 25, 1625; died there January 30, 1680. About 1644 she was married to Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608–66), who bore a prominent part in the political and diplomatic history of his time. He was also a poet of some repute, especially for his spirited translation of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, and the *Lusiad* of Camöens, besides others from Latin, Italian, and Spanish. A volume made up of his *Letters* was printed in 1724. Not long after his death Lady Fanshawe wrote her *Memoirs*, in which her husband figures largely. These were first printed in 1829, under the editorial care of Sir N. Harris Nicolas.

LADY AND SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE: 1645.

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying: "I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;" and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me — upon which confidence I will tell you what happened.

My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman — in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her.

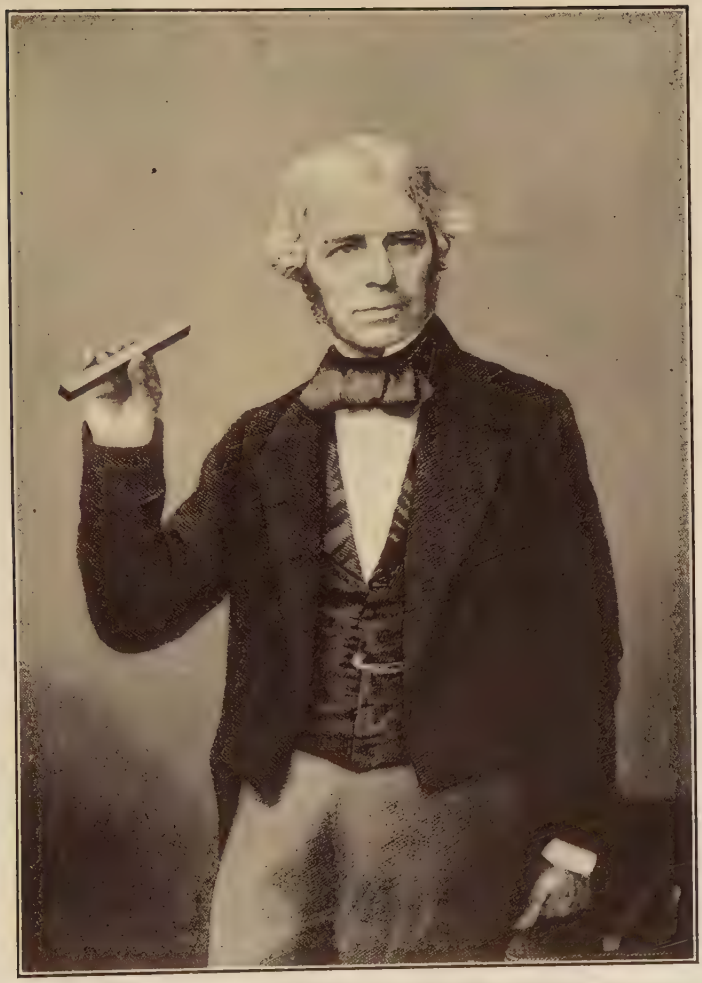
I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth "What news?" began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I then was. When my husband returned home from council, and went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more, I followed him; he turned hastily and said: "What wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied: "My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee, go, for I am very busy." When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep.

Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and

went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said: "Thou dost not care to see me troubled;" to which he, taking me in his arms, answered: "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; but when you ask me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honor is my own; which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied."

So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

FARADAY, MICHAEL, an English physicist; born at Newington Butts, September 22, 1791; died at Hampton Court, August 25, 1867. He was the son of a poor blacksmith, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to a bookbinder. While thus employed he attended some of the chemical lectures of Humphry Davy, of which he took notes. These he transmitted to Davy, asking his assistance to "escape from trade and enter into the service of science." The result was that Faraday, in his twenty-third year, became the assistant of Davy in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. In 1825, upon the retirement of Sir Humphry, he was appointed director of the laboratory, and in 1833 he was made the first Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, a position which he



MICHAEL FARADAY.

held until his death; so that his connection with the Royal Institution lasted fifty-four years. His investigations were especially directed to the sciences of chemistry and electricity, in which his discoveries have been exceeded in value by no other man. Besides almost innumerable papers in the transactions of learned societies and in scientific journals, his principal works are *Chemical Manipulations* (1827); *Researches in Electricity* (1831–55); *Researches in Chemistry and Physics* (1859); *Lectures on the Forces of Matter* (1860); and *Lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle* (1861). He was a man of sincere piety, a member and elder of a small religious society known as "Sandemanians." His views on the relations between science and religion are expressed in a lecture on "Mental Education," delivered before the Royal Institution in 1854, and printed at the end of his *Researches in Chemistry and Physics.* Of this lecture he says: "These observations are so immediately connected in their nature and origin with my own intellectual life, considered either as cause or consequence, that I have thought the close of this volume not an unfit place for their reproduction."

NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL BELIEF.

Before entering upon the subject I must make one distinction which, however it may appear to others, is to me of the highest importance. High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view: and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears, or hopes, or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received

through simple belief in the testimony given. Let no one suppose for an instant that the self-education I am about to commend in respect to the things of this life extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief.

I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations, which I think good in respect of high things, to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead;" and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him and those higher things concerning the future which he cannot know by that spirit.

FORCE AND THE ATOMIC THEORY OF MATTER.

I have long held an opinion almost amounting to a conviction, in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest, have one common origin; in other words, are so directly related and so mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action. . . . The atomic view of the constitution of matter would seem to involve necessarily the conclusion that matter fills all space, or at least all space to which gravitation extends; for gravitation is a property of matter dependent on a certain force, and it is this force which constitutes the matter. In that view, matter is not mutually penetrable; but each atom extends, so to say, throughout the whole of the solar system, yet always retaining its own centre of force.

Faraday has been called "the prince of popular lecturers." As early as 1842 he commenced a course of lectures on chemistry to juvenile audiences, and these

lectures are described as the most perfect examples of extemporaneous speaking. Not a little of the charm of these lectures was found in his facility of making experiments, in which he was himself as earnest as a child playing with its toys. Among his most popular courses of lectures were those on *The Chemical History of a Candle.*

FOOD AS A FUEL.

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things, that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you in the briefest possible manner what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place; we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of

sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion; the proportions in sugar being these: Carbon, 72; hydrogen, 11; oxygen, 88 = 99.

This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water and leaves the carbon in a black mass. You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidize the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidizer — a quicker one than the atmosphere; and so we shall oxidize this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs — taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere — takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go

from each of us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse, seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons of carbonic acid, is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I showed you, or the iron, which, in burning produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapor, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.— *Chemical History of a Candle.*

FARGUS, Frederick John ("Hugh Conway"), an English novelist; born at Bristol, December 26, 1847; died at Monte Carlo, May 15, 1885. He entered the navy at the age of 12, being assigned to the school frigate *Conway*, from which he took his pseudonym of Hugh Conway. His life in the navy was very brief, and we soon hear of him in London writing sketches and verses for the newspapers. In 1879 he published a volume of verse, but it was not until 1881 that he suddenly became famous by the publication of the novel *Called Back*. This melodramatic story caught the popular fancy, and edition after edition appeared in Great Britain, the United States and Australia. His subsequent novels were: *Slings and Arrows* (1882); *A Cardinal Sin* (1883); *A Family Affair* (1883); *Bound Together* (1884); and *Dark Days* (1884).

THE RUSSIAN CONVICTS.

Nor need I enumerate the towns and villages through which we passed unless I wished to make my story as interesting as a scriptural genealogy — Tara, Kainsk, Koliuvan, Tomsk, Achinsk, Krasnoyarsk, Nijnei Udinsk, may or may not be familiar to the reader, according to the depth of his geographical studies; but most of the others, even if I knew how to spell their names, would be nothing more than vain sounds. Perhaps, when we trace the march of the Russian army destined to invade our Indian Empire we may become better acquainted with the Czar's Asiatic dominions.

Yet at the entrance to each of these little towns or villages, the very names of which I have forgotten, so surely as you found the well-appointed posting station, you found also a gloomy square building, varying with the size of the place, surrounded by a tall palisade, the

gates of which were barred, bolted and sentried — these buildings were the ostrogs, or prisons.

Here it was that the wretched convicts were housed as they halted on their long march. In these places they were packed like sardines in a box. Prisons built to hold two hundred were often called upon to accommodate at least twice that number of luckless wretches. I was told that when ice was breaking up in the rivers; when the floods were out; when in fact the progress must perforce be delayed, the scenes at these prisons or depots beggared description. Men, sometimes unsexed women with them, huddled into rooms reeking with filth, the floors throwing out poisonous emanations — rooms built to give but scanty space to a small number, crowded to suffocation. The mortality at times was fearful. The trials of the march were as nothing when compared to the horrors of the so-called rest. And it was in one of these ostrogs I should find Ceneri.

We passed many gangs of convicts plodding along to their fate. Ivan told me that most of them were in chains. This I should not have noticed, as the irons are only on the legs and worn under the trowsers. Poor wretched beings, my heart ached for them! Felons though they were, I could never refuse the charity they invariably prayed for. So far as I could see they were not unkindly treated by the soldiers and officers, but terrible tales were told me about their sufferings at the hands of inhuman jailors and commandants of prisons. There, for the slightest infraction of rules, the rod, the dark cell and a variety of other punishments were called into play.

I always felt relieved when we had passed out of sight of a gang like this. The contrast between my own position and that of such a number of my fellow men was too painful to contemplate — and yet if Ceneri did not clear every shadow of doubt from my mind I might retrace my steps a more miserable wretch than either of those foot-sore convicts.— *Called Back.*

THE TRIAL.

In an apparently highly excited state, the gentleman, whom I rightly judge to be a solicitor for the defense, hurries back, whispers to the barrister, and seems by his gesture to be washing his hands of some responsibility.

What does it all mean? Why do they not go on with the trial? The suspense is growing more than I can bear. Hush! The judge speaks.

The excitement is spreading through the court. In spite of the warning looks of the authorities, people are whispering to each other. The judge is speaking earnestly to the prisoner. He seems to be explaining something, counseling something. Still the man shakes his head sullenly. What does it all mean?

Mean! The next solemn action, the next solemn words of the red-robed judge answer my question, and tell me that a thing has come to pass which never entered within the range of probability. Or have I been asleep? Has the trial been gone through, and the worst, the very worst, happened? No; five minutes ago I pulled Philippa back to her seat, and forced her to withhold her damning words. Even now my grasp is on her to prevent her from rising.

Ha! Look! The judge places a square of black silk upon his head. The prisoner cowers down. He would fall, were it not for the arms which support him on either side. A rustle of intense feeling runs through the court. Men catch their breath; women's eyes are distended. The sensation-seekers are rewarded. Hark! The judge speaks. I can hear him plainly now, although there is deep emotion in his voice.

"Prisoner at the bar, you are guilty, by your own confession, of an atrocious, cold-blooded murder, the motive for which is known but to yourself and your God. For me only the painful duty remains —"

Guilty! On his own confession! The man guilty! The man to save whom we have travelled night and day — he the criminal. Philippa, my peerless Philippa! my wife! my love! Innocent! Innocent! This — this re-

vulsion of feeling is more than human nature can bear!

"Order in the court! Order in the court!" What is it? Who is it? Only a woman in a dead faint. She is borne out tenderly, lovingly, proudly, by a man who clasps his precious burden to a heart full of such rapture as few of his fellow-creatures can ever have known.

But let it also be hoped that few have ever endured such grief and anguish! — *Dark Days.*

FARIA Y SOUSA, MANOEL DE, a Portuguese historian and poet; born near Pombeiro, March 18, 1590; died at Madrid, June 3, 1649. Though Portuguese by birth, he was for much of his life a resident of Spain, having spent four years as Secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Rome, and thereafter residing at Madrid. Most of his works are in the Spanish language. In Portuguese he wrote only a few sonnets and eclogues. His chief works are *Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas* (1628); commentaries on the *Lusiad* (1639); works on Portuguese Europe, Asia, and Africa, poems, etc. As a poet he belongs to the school of Gongora.

Professor Lang says that Faria's works are characterized by a very pedantic and tedious display of learning; and that his poems have little literary merit. His historical works, however, contain "valuable information in regard to the political and intellectual history of Portugal."

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

Now past for me are April's maddening hours
Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth;
A Spring so utterly devoid of truth,

Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.
Gone, too, for me, is Summer's sultry time,
When idly, reasonless, I sowed those seeds
Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds
With gaudy colors, poisoning as they climb.
And well I fancy that they both are flown,
And that beyond their tyrant reach I'm placed;
But yet I know not if I yet must taste
Their vain attacks: my thoughts still make me own
That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,
When feelings sober not as years pass by.
—*Translation of* ADAMSON.

PRINCE HENRY OF PORTUGAL.

Prince Henry, the Beginner and Author of the *South* and *Eastern* discoveries, was of a proportionable bigness, his Limbs gross and strong, his Skin white and fair, his Hair strong and rough, his Countenance was terrible to such as were not acquainted; for in the greatest heats he was more governed by Meekness than Passion; he had a grave and graceful Gate; he was very circumspect and cautious in his words; plain in his Person, as far as suitable with his Quality; patient in Troubles, valiant in Danger, skilled in Learning, the best Mathematician of his Age, very liberal, extream zealous for Religion; he was not known to be given to any Vice; he never married, nor was it heard that he sinned against Continency; his Memory and Prudence were equal to his Authority: He died at Sagres in the year 1463, and the 67th of his Age; he lies with his Father in the most noble Church of *Batalla.*—*From Portuguese Asia; translation of 1695.*

HENRY'S FIRST EXPEDITIONS.

Going to Bed one night, with his thoughts fixt on these Designs; in the morning (as if he had received some heavenly assurance of success) he with all haste gave Orders for fitting out two Ships, which, and some other (1412), passed not beyond Cape Bojador, 60 Leagues beyond Cape Nam, then the Bounds of the Span-

ish Navigation. This Cape was so called by Gilianes, who first passed (1415) it, because it stretches itself out so far, *viz.*, almost 40 Leagues to the Westward, which in Spanish is called Bojar, and thence the Cape Bojador. Its running so far Westward was also the cause that none passed it before; as also that off it for about 6 Leagues, runs a strong Current, which breaking upon the Sands, rises high and makes a great Sea. This terrified all, not considering that keeping off at sea they might turn the Point. The Prince encountring the greatest difficulty, sent John Gonzales Zarco and Tristan Vaz in a small Ship, with Orders to coast along the Barbary shore till they had passed that formidable Cape, discovering all the Land, which according to the Opinions of Learned Men and Information of Arabs, was concluded to run on till under the Equinoctial. Before they reached the Coast of Africa (1418) they met with such violent Storms, they doubted not being swallowed by the Waves. The Weather obliged them not to follow their Orders, and, without knowing where they were, fell in with the Island, which they called Puerto Santo, or Holy Haven, for such it appeared to them after the Storm.— STEVENS'S *old translatio*

VASCO DA GAMA IN EAST AFRICA.

Melinde is seated on the plainest of a rocky coast, encompassed with orchards, palm-trees, and woods of fruit-trees; the buildings great and sightly; the country as well stored with cattle as fruit; the natives pagans, of colour swarthy, of body strong; the women are counted beautiful; from the waist downwards they wear silks and cottons; on the head, veils with gold-laces. Most of the merchants who trade here are of Guzarat, who in return of their spice, carry gold, ivory, amber, and wax. The king is a Mahometan, and is served with state and splendor. Gama gave him an account of his voyage by a souldier, and how he stood in need of a pilot. Some presents and complements having passed between them, they met on the sea, where the King was pleased above all with the thirteen Moors not long before taken. The

Portugues feared the Moors kindness was deceitful; but it proved otherwise, for the effect of this interview was a lasting peace faithfully observed by the Portugueses and Moors. Here Gama discoursed with some merchants of Cambaya, who aboard this ship were seen to worship an image of our Lady; which showed there were yet amongst them some footsteps of the preaching of St. Thomas the Apostle. He carried with him Melemo of Guzarat, finding him so expert in navigation, that being shewn an astrolabe, he took little notice of it, as one who was used to more considerable instruments. With this able pilot, Gama set forwards, having first erected a cross, which he called of the Holy Ghost; and crossing that great Gulph of seven hundred leagues, in twenty-two days, anchored two leagues below Calecut.— *From Portuguese Asia; translation of* CAPTAIN JOHN STEVENS *in 1695.*

FARINI, CARLO LUIGI, an Italian historian and statesman; born at Russi, near Ravenna, October 22, 1812; died at Quarto, near Genoa, August 1, 1866. He studied medicine at Bologna, and first became known as the author of several medical treatises and contributor to scientific periodicals. His connection with political affairs occasioned his proscription in 1842. He then resided successively at Marseilles, Paris, Florence, and Turin, taking advantage of the facilities afforded in each place to perfect himself in medical skill. Soon after the accession of Pius IX. to the Pontificate Farini was permitted to return, and soon after received the position of professor of clinical surgery at Osimo. In 1848 he was in the suite of Charles Albert, and after the flight of the King protested against the proclaiming of a republic.

He was Minister of Public Instruction in 1850, and was afterward a member of the Supreme Council. His influence was powerful in promoting the union of Central Italy to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel II. In 1861 he became Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and in 1862 President of the Council. As a member of the Sardinian Parliament, and as editor of *Il Piemonte,* a political journal, he was one of the most influential supporters of Cavour, and in 1859 he was sent by the latter on a political mission to Parma and Modena. On the flight of the Duke of Modena in June, 1859, Farini was intrusted with the provisional government of the town, in which capacity he negotiated the annexation of the duchy to Piedmont. Over-exertion brought on softening of the brain and he was compelled to retire to private life in March, 1863. Farini has been called "the mind of Italy, as Garibaldi was its sword." His work *Il Stato Romano,* a history of Rome from 1815 to 1850, was translated into English by W. E. Gladstone in 1859. Farini also wrote *Storia d' Italai,* a continuation of Botta's work.

THE SURRENDER OF MILAN.

In any other sort of war, Charles Albert would have been able, from that point, to pass beyond the Po, and use it as a screen; and according to circumstances, either to hold his ground in the Duchies, or to throw himself afresh into Lombardy, or to re-enter Piedmont by its proper line of defence, that is, from Alessandria to Genoa, or from the Po to the sea. But political reasons and respects were always to prevail in that war of ours: accordingly the King still designed to cover a part of Lombardy, and to defend Milan. From the Mincio to that city, he could not make head against the enemy at any one point. The Oglio was incapable of defence. The Adda might, indeed, have been defended for a while

under cover of Pizzighetone and Lodi; but a division which guarded the passage allowed it to be surprised, and, being cut off from the bulk of the army, was forced to throw itself into Piacenza. In vain was an effort made to halt and fight at Lodi, for our men would not hold their ground, and it was necessary to continue the march to Milan, which they reached on the 3d of August. The bulk of the enemy was still in good condition, but in front of it hurried thousands upon thousands of fugitives, who flung away their arms, and carried terror among the inhabitants both of town and country, so that they to fled in distress. History shows that an army defeated on the Mincio, or toward the Ticino, has hardly ever been able to make head in Lombardy. So it was this time also. Milan had little of victuals and less of ammunition; the ground about it had not been cleared of numerous obstructions to the defence. A few trenches had barely been dug on the bastions, and toward the *Piazzi d' Arme.* The six or seven thousand troops who had been there, raw conscripts, had gone with Garibaldi to defend Brescia and the environs; yet part of the National Guard and of the people panted for battle. Under the walls of Milan, the Piedmontese army was reduced to 25,000 men, having diminished by one-half in seven days; for one division, with the great park of artillery, had, as I have said, crossed the Po, and 15,000 fugitives ran for their lives by the roads to the Po and the Ticino.

Radetzki had left 3,000 men at Cremona, and had despatched 10,000 to Pavia. These might at any instant join the 35,000 whom, on the morning of the 4th of August, he brought before Milan, with the intention of either shutting up the King in the city, or compelling him to continue his retreat. The Piedmontese were placed in order of battle before the city, in a curved line, at ten or fifteen furlongs distance from it. The engagement began at ten, and was well contested on both sides, until the Austrians, having broken the Piedmontese line, charged some battalions in flank, took six cannon, and obliged our men to retreat toward the city. The Piedmontese had, however, fought gallantly, and the most resolute of the citizens of Milan had likewise shown

courage and intrepidity in the highest degree. The bells rang the alarm; barricades were erected; there was every appearance of preparing for a desperate defence. But when the army was seen driven back upon the city, the courage of the greater part gave way. A place not very strong always, in modern wars, falls after a short time into the hands of an enemy, if he is in force, and resolved to win it, at whatever cost, by fire and sword, and if it does not possess an army able to keep him at arm's length. But our army was already beaten, so that nothing remained but to expose it, and the city with it, to utter annihilation; that is to say, lose the sole nucleus of strength for Italy, without saving Milan.

A formidable host of 45,000 foes, drunken with victory and revenge, were panting to chastise the rebellious city. The King designed to save it by offering to the Marshal to give it up, and retire upon the Ticino. The Marshal assented; allowing two days for the retreat, and one for those of the Milanese, who might wish it, to depart; he also promised to respect property and persons. On the morning of the 5th, the arrangement was known in Milan, and a fierce tumult arose, such that the very skies rang with the shouts of "Treachery!" such as gave the republicans and the partisans of Radetzki admirable opportunity for inflaming the public mind, and stirring up the high-spirited youth and the daring commonalty against the King; such as showed that those in power at Vienna were right when they affirmed that dangers far more serious than any from the Austrian army overhung Charles Albert. For the rioters, surrounding the palace of the King, and cursing him for a traitor, designed to obstruct his egress. Torn in spirit by such a spectacle, and likewise moved by the complaints of the municipality, Charles Albert cancelled the agreement, and told the Milanese that if they determined to die beneath the ruins of their city, he too would bury himself with them. But municipal magistrates faltered, and decided on sending to Radetzki a request to maintain the agreement. It was then arranged that the Austrians should enter the next day, the 6th of August, at noon. The rioters, who wished to obstruct the King's departure, grew hotter in their

passion, pillaged and overturned his carriages, tried to pierce into the palace and set fire to it, fired musketry against the windows, and obliged him to wait for night in order to get out, and further, to have some companies of infantry to clear the way. Amid the darkness, the war of bells, and musket-shots, the King escaped the rage of the maniacs that menaced his life. That gang, which tried the long-suffering of God by such an enormity, deserves the brand of infamy, whether it were composed of the offspring of the republican sects, or of the hirelings of Austria. But what brand can be deep enough for men that, in such extremities of vanquished Italy, drew upon her God's malediction, by aiming Italian arms at the breasts of brothers, who had entered Lombardy, to shed their blood for the common liberty, and by hunting out for slaughter the very first monarch, as God is witness! that in the round of centuries, had offered up to our unhappy country the holocaust of his life, his fame, his throne, his children? It is to be hoped that no party, no sect, was responsible for any deliberate contrivance of such outrages; and that for the less disgrace of Italy, they may be imputed to the blind fury of the scum of men without a name assorted together by terror, by the enemy's gold, by cupidity; such dregs are as common to all nations.— *The Roman State; translations of* W. E. GLADSTONE.

FARJEON, BENJAMIN LEOPOLD, an English novelist; born at London, May 12, 1833; died at Hampstead, August 1, 1903. For some years he was a journalist and theatrical manager in New Zealand. He returned to London in 1869. His first novel, *Grif* (1870), had great success. His reputation was increased by the publication of *Joshua Marvel* and *Blade-o'-Grass* (1871). He afterward published many novels, and became a successful lecturer

and reader. In 1877 he married a daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the famous American comedian. Among his earlier works are *Golden Grain; Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses; The Duchess of Rosemary Lane; An Island Pearl; Jessie Trim; The King of No Land; Shadows on the Snow; London's Heart; The Bells of Penraven; Great Porter Square; The Sacred Nugget; Solomon Isaacs; Love's Harvest; Love's Victory; Goutran; Little Make-Believe; Golden Land; or, Links from Shore to Shore; Toilers of Babylon; Ties — Human and Divine; A Very Young Couple; Aunt Parker; Dr. Glennie's Daughter; The Last Tenant; Something Occurred;* and *A Fair Jewess.* His later works include *Samuel Boyd of Catchpole Square* (1899); *The Mesmerists* (1900); *The Pride of Race* (1900); and *The Mystery of the Royal Maid* (1902). His style is very like that of Charles Dickens.

JOSHUA'S COURTSHIP.

It was all settled without a word passing between them. I don't believe there ever was such another courtship. They were sitting in Mrs. Marvel's kitchen, only four of them — father, mother, Ellen, and Joshua. It really looked like a conspiracy, that no other person came into the kitchen that night; but there they were, conspiracy or no conspiracy. There was Mrs. Marvel, knitting a pair of stockings for Joshua; not getting along very fast with them, it must be confessed, for her spectacles required a great deal of rubbing, and there was Mr. Marvel, smoking his pipe, throwing many a furtive look in the direction of Joshua and Ellen, who were sitting next to each other, happy and silent. There is no record of how long they sat thus without speaking; but suddenly, although not abruptly, Joshua put his arm around Ellen's waist, and drew her closer to him. It was only a look that passed between them; and then Joshua kissed Ellen's

lips, and she laid her head upon his breast. "Mother! father! look here!"

Mrs. Marvel rose, all of a tremble, and laid her hand upon Ellen's head, and kissed the young lovers. But Mr. Marvel behaved quite differently. He cast one quick, satisfied look at the two youngsters; and then he turned from them and continued smoking as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Well, father!" exclaimed Joshua, rather surprised at his father's silence.

"Well, Josh!" replied Mr. Marvel.

"Do you see this?" asked Joshua, with his arm around Ellen's waist.

Ellen, blushing rosy red, looked shyly at Mr. Marvel; but he looked stolidly at her in return.

"Yes, I see it, Josh," said Mr. Marvel, without any show of emotion.

"And what do you say to it?"

"What do I say to it, Josh?" replied Mr. Marvel, with dignity. "Well, I believe I am your father; and, as such, I think you should ask me if I was agreeable. I thought it proper to ask *my* father, Josh. It isn't because I'm a wood-turner—"

"No, no, father," interrupted Joshua; "I made a mistake. Ellen and I thought—"

"Ellen and you thought," repeated Mr. Marvel.

"That if you were agreeable—" continued Joshua.

"That if I was agreeable," repeated Mr. Marvel.

"And if you will please to give your consent—" said Joshua, purposely prolonging his preamble.

"And if I would be pleased to give my consent," repeated Mr. Marvel, with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"That as we love each other very much, we would like to get married."

"That's dutiful," said Mr. Marvel, laying down his pipe oracularly. "I'm only agreeable, Josh, because I'm old, and because I'm married. As I said to mother the other night, when we were talking the matter over—ah, you may stare; but we knew all about it long ago; didn't we, mother? Well, as I was saying to mother the other night, if I was a young man, and mother wasn't in

the way, I'd marry her myself, and you might go a-whistling. Shiver my timbers, my lass!" he cried, breaking through the trammels of wood-turning and becoming suddenly nautical, "come and give me a kiss!"

Which Ellen did; and so the little comedy ended happily. Joshua having a right now to sit with his arm around Ellen's waist, availed himself of it, you may be sure. If Ellen went out of the room, he had also a right to go and inquire where she was going; and this, curiously enough, happened four or five times during the night. If anything could have added to the happiness of Mr. Marvel — except being anything but a wood-turner, which at his age was out of the question — it was this proceeding of Joshua's. Every time Joshua followed Ellen out of the room, Mr. Marvel looked at his wife with pleasure beaming from his eyes. "It puts me in mind of the time I came a-courting you, mother," he said. "How the world spins round! It might have been last night when you and me was saying good-bye at the street-door."—*Joshua Marvel.*

NAMING THE CHILD.

There was not a garden in Stony Alley. Not within the memory of living men had a flower been known to bloom there. There were many poor patches of ground, crowded as the neighborhood was, which might have been devoted to the cultivation of a few bright petals; but they are allowed to lie fallow, festering in the sun. Thought of graceful form and color had never found expression there. Strange, therefore, that one year, when Summer was treading close upon the heel of Spring, sending warm, sweet winds to herald her coming, there should spring up in one of the dirtiest of all the back-yards in Stony Alley, two or three blades of grass. How they came there was a mystery. No human hand was accountable for their presence. It may be that a bird flying over the place had mercifully dropped a seed, or that a kind wind had borne it to the spot. But however they came, there they were, these blades of grass, peeping up from the ground slyly, and wonder-

ingly, and giving promise of brighter color even in the midst of the unwholesome surroundings. Our little castaway — she was no better — now three years of age, was sprawling in this dirty back-yard with a few other children — all of them regular students of Dirt College. Attracted by the little bit of color, she crawled to the spot where it shone in the light, and straightway fell to watching it, and inhaling quite unconsciously whatever of grace it possessed. Once or twice she touched the tender blades, and seemed to be pleased to find them soft and pliant. The other children, delighted at having the monopoly of a gutter that ran through the yard, did not disturb her; and so she remained during the day, watching and wondering, and fell asleep by the side of the blades of grass, and dreamed, perhaps, of brighter colors and more graceful forms than had ever yet found place in her young imagination. The next day she made her way again to the spot, and seeing that the blades had grown a little, wondered and wondered, and unconsciously exercised that innate sense of worship of the beautiful which is implanted in every nature, and which causes the merest babes to rejoice at light and shades of beauty and harmony of sound. . . .

She grew to love these emerald leaves, and watched them, day after day, until the women round about observed and commented upon her strange infatuation. But one evening when the leaves were at their brightest and strongest a man, running hastily through the yard, crushed the blades of grass beneath his heel and tore them from the earth. The grief of the child was intense. She cast a passionate yet bewildered look at the man, and picking up the torn, soiled blades, put them in the breast of her ragged frock, in the belief that warmth would bring them back to life. She went to bed with the mangled leaves in her hot hand; and when she looked at them the next morning, they bore no resemblance to the bright leaves which had been such a delight to her. She went to the spot where they had grown, and cried without knowing why; and the man who had destroyed the leaves happening to pass at the time, she struck at him with her little fists. He pushed her aside rather

roughly with his foot; and Mrs. Manning seeing this, and having also seen the destruction of the leaves, and the child's worship of them, blew him up for his unkindness. He merely laughed, and said he wouldn't have done it if he had looked where he was going, and that it was a good job for the child that she wasn't a blade o' grass herself, or she might have been trodden down with the others. The story got about the alley, and one and another, at first in fun and derision, began to call the child Little Blade-o'-Grass until, in course of time it came to be recognized as her regular name, and she was known by it all over the neighborhood. So, being thus strangely christened, Little Blade-o'-Grass grew in years and ignorance, and became a worthy member of Dirt College, in which school she was matriculated for the battle of life.—*Blade-o'-Grass.*

FARQUHAR, GEORGE, a British dramatist; born at Londonderry, Ireland, in 1678; died at London in April, 1707. He was the son of a clergyman, and in his sixteenth year went as a sizar to Trinity College, Dublin, under the patronage of the Bishop of Dromore. He remained here only a short time, and in the next year appeared upon the Dublin stage. While acting in a fencing scene he carelessly inflicted a severe wound upon his antagonist; whereupon he abandoned the stage, and received from the Earl of Orrery a lieutenant's commission in his regiment, and his experience in the service formed the subject of *The Recruiting Officer,* one of his most successful plays, produced in 1706. A few months afterward he went to London and began his career as a dramatist. His first comedy, *Love in a Bottle,* was

brought upon the stage while he was a minor. During the remaining ten years of his life he produced about a dozen comedies, the best of which, *The Beaux' Stratagem,* was written in six weeks. He had early contracted an unfortunate marriage, and to a fellow-actor and friend he wrote: "Dear Bob, I have nothing to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine, George Farquhar." A pension of £30 a year was bestowed upon his two infant daughters, one of whom lived to receive it for fully sixty years. Besides those plays already mentioned he wrote *A Constant Couple* (1699); *Sir Henry Wildair* (1701); *The Inconstant; or, the Way to Win Him* (1702); *The Twin Rivals* (1702); *The Stage Coach* (1704).

BONIFACE AND AIMWELL.

Boniface.— This way, this way, sir.

Aimwell.— You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon.— Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim.— Oh, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon.— Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim.— I have heard your town of Lichfield much-famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon.— Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim.— You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon.— As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my

anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, about eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim.— At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon.— Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale; I have ate my ale, drank my ale; and I always sleep upon my ale. [*Enter tapster with a tankard.*] Now, sir, you shall see —. Your worship's health. [*Drinks.*] — Ha! delicious, delicious; fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it — and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim.— [*Drinks.*] —'Tis confounded strong.

Bon.— Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim.— And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon.— Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim.— How came that to pass?

Bon.— I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of Usquebaugh — but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim.— Why, was it the Usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon.— My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies; but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented as the saying is.

Aim.— Who is that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon.— Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbors.

Aim.— Has the lady any children?

Bon.— Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest

fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; of you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim.— What sort of man is he?

Bon.— Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim.— A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon.— Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe, eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim.— A fine sportsman, truly! — and married, you say?

Bon.— Ay, and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not — Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her — But no matter for that.

Aim.— You're very happy, Mr. Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town.

Bon.— A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim.— Oh, that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon.— So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in half a minute.— *The Beaux' Stratagem.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR.

FARRAR, Frederick William, a British theologian and philologist; born at Bombay, India, August 7, 1831; died at London, March 22, 1903. After studying at King William's College, Isle of Man, and at King's College, London, he became a classical exhibitioner of the University of London in 1850, and graduated there; was successively a Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1854, having distinguished himself in his class and taken a prize for English verse. He subsequently gained other prizes. He took Holy Orders in 1854. After some years' experience as one of the Assistant Masters at Harrow, he held the Head Mastership of Marlborough College from 1871 till 1876. In 1870 he preached the Hulsean Lectures, and in 1873 was nominated one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary. He became a Canon of Westminster in 1876, and Archdeacon of Westminster in 1883. In 1890 he was appointed Chaplain of the House of Commons. Canon Farrar was an eloquent preacher and an ardent temperance reformer. Among his works are *Eric, or Little by Little* (1858); *St. Winifred's; or, the World of School* (1863); *Julian Home* (1869); *The Origin of Language* (1860); *Chapters on Language* (1865); *Families of Speech* (1870), since revised and published with *Chapters on Language* under the title of *Language and Languages* (1878); *A Lecture on Public School Education* (1867); *The Fall of Man, and Other Sermons* (1865); *The Witness of History to Christ* (1871); *The Silence and Voices of God* (1873); *The Life of Christ* (1874); *Eternal Hope* (1878); *Life of St. Paul*

(1879); *Early Days of Christianity* (1882); *Seekers after God* (1883); *The Message of the Books* (1885); *The History of Interpretation* (1886); the last-named work being the Bampton Lectures for 1885; *Lives of the Fathers*, 2 vols. (1889); *Darkness and Dawn* (1891); *Places that Our Lord Loved* (1891); *Social and Present Day Questions* (1891); *In the Days of thy Youth*, sermons (1892); *The Voice from Sinai* (1892); *Cathedrals of England* (1893); *The First Book of Kings* (1893); *Sermons* (1893); *The Life of Christ as Represented in Art* (1894); *The Second Book of Kings* (1894); *Men I Have Known* (1897); *Great Books* (1898); *The Herods* (1898); *The Life of Lives* (1899); and *Temperance Reform* (1899).

THE HILL OF NAZARETH.

It has been implied that there are but two spots in Palestine where we may feel an absolute moral certainty that the feet of Christ have trod, namely — the well-side at Shechem, and the turning of that road from Bethany over the Mount of Olives from which Jerusalem first bursts upon the view. But to these I would add at least another — the summit of the hill on which Nazareth is built. That summit is now unhappily marked, not by any Christian monument, but by the wretched, ruinous, crumbling *wely* of some obscure Mohammedan saint. Certainly there is no child of ten years old in Nazareth now, however dull and unimpressionable he may be, who has not often wandered up to it; and certainly there could have been no boy at Nazareth in olden days who had not followed the common instinct of humanity by climbing up those thymy hill-tops to the lovely and easily accessible spot which gives a view of the world beyond. The hill rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Four or five hundred feet below lies the happy valley. The view from this spot would in any country be regarded as extraordinarily rich and lovely; but it receives a yet more indescribable charm from our

belief that here, with His feet among the mountain flowers, and the soft breeze lifting the hair from His temples, Jesus must often have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, and have gazed upwards as He heard overhead the rushing plumes of the long line of pelicans, as they winged their way from the streams of Kishon to the Lake of Galilee. And what a vision would be outspread before Him, as He sat at spring-time on the green and thyme-besprinkled turf! To Him every field and fig-tree, every palm and garden, every house and synagogue, would have been a familiar object; and most fondly of all among the square flat-roofed houses would his eye single out the little dwelling-place of the village carpenter. To the north, just beneath them, lay the narrow and fertile plain of Asochis, from which rise the wood-crowned hills of Naphtali, and conspicuous on one of them was Safed, "the city set upon a hill;" beyond these, on the far horizon, Hermon upheaved into the blue the huge splendid mass of his colossal shoulder, white with eternal snows. Eastward, at a few miles distance, rose the green and rounded summit of Tabor, clothed with trebinth and oak. To the west He would gaze through the diaphanous air on the purple ridge of Carmel, among whose forests Elijah had found a home; and on Caifa and Accho, and the dazzling line of white sand which fringes the waves of the Mediterranean, dotted here and there with the white sails of the "ships of Chittim." Southward, broken only by the graceful outlines of Little Hermon and Gilboa, lay the entire plain of Esdraelon, so memorable in the history of Palestine and of the world, across which lay the southward path to that city which had ever been the murderess of the prophets, and where it may be that even now, in the dim foreshadowing of prophetic vision, He foresaw the agony in the garden, the mockings and scourging, the cross and the crown of thorns.

The scene which lay there outspread before the eyes of the youthful Jesus was indeed a central spot in the world which He came to save. It was in the heart of the Land of Israel, and yet — separated from it only by a narrow boundary of hills and streams — Phœnicia,

Syria, Arabia, Babylonia, and Egypt lay close at hand. The Isles of the Gentiles, and all the glorious regions of Europe, were almost visible over the shining waters of that Western sea. The standards of Rome were planted on the plain before Him; the language of Greec was spoken in the towns below. And however peaceful it then might look, green as a pavement of emeralds, rich with its gleams of vivid sunlight, and the purpling shadows which floated over it from the clouds of the latter rain, it had been for centuries a battle-field of nations. Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Emirs, and Arsacids, Judges and Consuls, had all contended for the mastery of that smiling tract. It had glittered with the lances of the Amalekites; it had trembled under the chariot-wheels of Sesostris; it had echoed the twanging bowstrings of Sennacherib; it had been trodden by the phalanxes of Macedonia; it had clashed with the broadswords of Rome; it was destined hereafter to ring with the battle-cry of the Crusaders, and thunder with the artillery of England and of France. In that plain of Jezreel, Europe and Asia, Judaism and Heathenism, Barbarism and Civilization, the Old and the New Covenant, the history of the past and the hopes of the present, seemed all to meet. No scene of deeper significance for the destinies of humanity could possibly have arrested the youthful Saviour's gaze.— *The Life of Christ.*

THE GREATNESS OF ST. PAUL.

How little did men recognize his greatness! Here was one to whom no single man that has ever lived, before or since, can furnish a perfect parallel. If we look at him only as a writer, how immensely does he surpass, in his most casual Epistles, the greatest authors, whether Pagan or Christian, of his own and succeeding epochs. The Young Pliny was famous as a letter-writer, yet the Younger Pliny never produced any letter so exquisite as that to Philemon. Seneca, as a moralist, stood almost unrivalled, yet not only is clay largely mingled with his gold, but even his finest moral aphorisms are inferior in breadth and intensity to the most casual of St.

Paul's. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius furnish us with the purest and noblest specimens of stoic loftiness of thought, yet St. Paul's chapter on charity is worth more than all they ever wrote. If we look at the Christian world, the very greatest worker in each realm of Christian service does but present an inferior aspect of one phase only of Paul's many-sided pre-eminence. As a theologian, as one who formulated the doctrines of Christianity, we may compare him with St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquino; yet how should we be shocked to find in him the fanciful rhetoric and dogmatic bitterness of the one, or the scholarly aridity of the other! If we look at him as a moral reformer, we may compare him with Savonarola; but in his practical control of even the most thrilling spiritual impulses — in making the spirit of the prophet subject to the prophet — how grand an exemplar might he not have furnished to the impassioned Florentine! If we consider him as a preacher, we may compare him to St. Bernard; yet St. Paul would have been incapable of the unnatural asceticism and heresy-hunting hardness of the great abbot of Clairvaux. As a reformer who altered the entire course of human history, Luther alone resembles him; yet how incomparably is the Apostle superior to Luther in insight, in courtesy, in humility, in dignity, in self-control! As a missionary we might compare him to Xavier, as a practical organizer to St. Gregory, as a fervent lover of souls to Whitefield, and to many other saints of God in many of his endowments; but no saint of God has ever attained the same heights in so many capacities, or received the gifts of the Spirit in so rich an outpouring, or borne in his mortal body such evident brand-marks of the Lord. In his lifetime he was no whit behind the very chiefest of the Apostles, and he towers above the very greatest of all the Saints who have since striven to follow the example of his devotion to the Lord.— *Life and Work of St. Paul.*

THE STUDY OF PAGAN MORALISTS.

A sceptical writer has observed, with something like a sneer, that the noblest utterances of Gospel morality

may be paralleled from the writings of heathen philosophers. The sneer is pointless, and Christian moralists have spontaneously drawn attention to the fact. The divine origin of Christianity does not rest on its morality alone. By the aid of light which was within them, by deciphering the law written on their own consciences, however much its letters may have been obliterated or dimmed, Plato, and Cicero, and Seneca, and Epictetus, and Aurelius were enabled to grasp, and to enunciate a multitude of great and memorable truths; yet they themselves would have been the first to admit the wavering uncertainty of their hopes and speculations, and the absolute necessity of a further illumination. So strong did that necessity appear to some of the wisest among them, that Socrates ventures in express words to prophesy the future advent of some heaven-sent Guide. Those who imagine that without a written revelation it would have been possible to learn all that is necessary for man's well-being, are speaking in direct contradiction even of those very teachers to whose writings they point as a proof of their assertion. . . .

The morality of Paganism was, on its own confession, *insufficient*. It was tentative, where Christianity is authoritative; it was dim and partial, where Christianity is bright and complete; it was inadequate to rouse the sluggish carelessness of Mankind, where Christianity came in with an imperial and awakening power; it gives only a *rule*, where Christianity supplies a *principle*. And even where its teachings were absolutely coincident with those of Scripture, it failed to ratify them with a sufficient sanction; it failed to announce them with the same powerful and contagious ardor; it failed to furnish an absolutely faultless and vivid example of their practice; it failed to inspire them with an irresistible motive; it failed to support them with a powerful comfort under the difficulties which were sure to be encountered in the aim after a consistent and holy life. . . .

What advantage, then, can we gain by studying in Pagan writers truths which are expressed more nobly, more clearly, and infinitely more effectually in our own

sacred books? Before answering the question, let me mention the traditional anecdote of the Caliph Omar. When he conquered Alexandria, he was shown its magnificent library, in which were collected untold treasures of literature, gathered together by the zeal, the labor, and the liberality of a dynasty of kings. "What is the good of all those books?" he said. "They are either in accordance with the Koran or contrary to it. If the former, they are superfluous; if the latter, they are pernicious. In either case, let them be burnt." Burnt they were, as legend tells, but all the world has condemned the Caliph's reasoning as a piece of stupid Philistinism and barbarous bigotry.

Perhaps the question as to the *use* of reading Pagan ethics is equally unphilosophical; at any rate we can spare but very few words to its consideration. The answer obviously is, that God has spoken to men, "at sundry times and in divers manners," with a richly variegated wisdom. Sometimes He has taught truth by the voice of Hebrew prophets, sometimes by the voice of Pagan philosophers. And *all* His voices demand our listening ear. If it was given to the Jew to speak with diviner insight and intenser power, it is given to the Gentile also to speak at times with a large and lofty utterance, and we may learn truth from men with alien lips and another tongue. They, too, had the dream, the vision, the dark saying upon the harp, the "daughter of a voice," the mystic flashes upon the graven gems. And such truths come to us with a singular force and freshness, with a strange beauty, as the doctrines of a less brightly illuminated manhood; with a new power of conviction from their originality of form, which, because it is less familiar to us, is well calculated to arrest our attention after it has been paralyzed by familiar repetitions. We cannot afford to lose these heathen testimonies to Christian truth; or to hush the glorious utterances of Muse and Sibyl which have justly outlived "the drums and tramplings of a hundred triumphs." We may make them infinitely profitable to us. If St. Paul quotes Aratus, and Menander, and Epimenides, and perhaps more than one lyrical melody besides, with earnest

appreciation — if the inspired Apostle could both learn himself and teach others out of the utterances of a Cretan philosopher and an Attic comedian — we may be sure that many of Seneca's apophthegms would have filled him with pleasure, and that he would have been able to read Epictetus and Aurelius with the same noble admiration which made him see with thankful emotion that memorable altar To the Unknown God.— *Seekers after God.*

HAWCETT, Edgar, an American novelist; born at New York, May 26, 1847; died at London, May 2, 1904. He was educated at Columbia College. He became an author by special training and never followed any other profession. Most of the scenes in his works of fiction are laid in New York City. In his verse he shows a remarkable development of poetic fancy. Among his publications are *Short Poems for Short People* (1871); *Ellen Story* (1876); *Purple and Fine Linen* (1878); *A False Friend,* a drama; and *A Hopeless Case* (1880); *A Gentleman of Leisure* (1881); *An Ambitious Woman* (1883); *Tinkling Cymbals; Rutherford;* and *Song and Story,* a volume of poems (1884); *The Buntling Ball* (1884); *Social Silhouettes* (1885); *Romance and Revery,* poems; *The House at High Bridge* (1886); *The Confessions of Claude* (1887); *A New York Family* (1891); *Songs of Doubt and Dream,* book of poems (1891); *Women Must Weep* (1892); *American Push* (1893); *Loaded Dice* (1893); *Her Fair Fame* (1894); *A Mild Barbarian* (1894); *Outrageous Fortune* (1894); and *The Vulgarians* (1903). He also published several very successful plays.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED TOO LONG.

At length I awoke one evening to the fact that I had not seen the old gentleman for several weeks. Learning his residence, I called there. I found him lying back in an arm-chair quite alone. The chamber bore no signs of poverty, but it was grim and stiff in all its appointments. It needed the evidence of a woman's touch. I thought of the dead and gone Elizabeth. How different everything would have been if — but, good heavens! of what was I thinking? Elizabeth, even if she had married Beau Billington, might have lived to a good old age and still long ago have been in her grave. The old invalid smiled when he saw me; but while I sat down beside him and shook his hand, he gave me no further sign of recognition. His old voluble tongue was silent forever. His paralysis had affected him most of all in that way. Every morning he would be dressed and go to his chair, walking feebly, but still walking. And there he would sit all day, never speaking, yet smiling his dim, vacant, pathetic smile, if the doctor or landlady or valet addressed him. He was quite deserted by all his friends. No; I should say he had no friends left to desert him. He had lived too long. There was no one to come except me. And I, strangely enough, was a Manhattan — a kinsman of his long-lost Elizabeth. Of course, if he had had any kindred here, it would have been otherwise. But there was not a soul to whom one could say, "Old Beau Billington is dying at last, and the tie of blood makes it your duty to seek him out and watch beside him." As for his kindred in other cities or States, no one knew them. And if any had been found there, they would doubtless have been perfect strangers to him, the children and grandchildren of vanished cousins. He had lived too long!

Often during the days that followed, while I sat beside his arm-chair, I told myself that there was infinitely more sadness in a fate like his than in having died too early. The gods had never loved any human life of which they were willing to make so lonely and deserted

a wreck as this. At last, one spring evening, at about six o'clock, I chanced to be sitting in his chamber. He had dozed much during the day, they told me; but I fancied that, as I took his hand and looked into his hazel eyes, there was a more intellectual gleam on his face than he had shown for weeks past. A window was open near his arm-chair; the air was bland as June that evening, though as yet it was only early May. I had brought some white and pink roses, and had set them in a vase on the table at his side, and now their delicious odor blent in some subtile way with the serenity of the chamber, the peace and repose of its continual occupant, the drowsy hum of the great city as it ceased from its daily toil, and the slant, vernal afternoon light.

Suddenly he turned and looked at me; and I at once saw a striking change in his face. I could not have explained it; I simply understood it, and that was all. I bent over his chair, taking his hand. It occurs to me now, as I recall what happened, that I could not possibly have been mistaken in the single faintly-uttered word which appeared to float forth from under his snow-white mustache. And that word (unless I curiously underwent some delusion) was "*Elizabeth.*"

The next instant his eyes closed. And then, only a short time later, I stood by his arm-chair and smelt the roses as they scented the sweet, fresh spring twilight and thought, with no sense of death's chill or horror, perhaps there is a blessing, after all, in having lived too long, if one can pass away at the end as peacefully as "Old Beau Billington."—*Social Silhouettes.*

CRITICISM.

"Crude, pompous, turgid," the reviewers said;
"Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read—
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick!"

But while, assaulted of this buzzing band,
The poet quivered at their little stings,
White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
Went flying with his fame beneath their wings!

And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore.
And it befell that after many years,
Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.

"Cold, classic, polished," the reviewers said;
"A book you scarce can love howe'er you praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read,
The power and passion of his younger days!"

SLEEP'S THRESHOLD.

What footstep but has wandered free and far
Amid that Castle of Sleep whose walls were planned
By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
With towers that point to no recorded star?
Here sorrows, memories and remorses are,
Roaming the long dim rooms or galleries grand;
Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand
Gleam through mysterious doorways left ajar.
But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
The halls where slumber's dusky witcheries rule,
Who, after wakening, may reveal aright
By what phantasmal means he entered in?—
What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
What stairway quarried from the mines of night?
—*Song and Story.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

Dulled to a drowsy fire, one hardly sees
The sun in heaven, where this broad smoky round
Lies ever brooding at the horizon's bound;
And through the damp wood's troops of naked trees,
Rustling the brittle ruin along the ground,
Like sighs from souls of perished hours, resound
The melancholy melodies of the breeze!
So ghostly and strange a look the blurred world wears,
Viewed from this flowerless garden's dreary squares,
That now, while these weird vaporous days exist,

It would not seem a marvel if where we walk,
We met, dim-glimmering on its thorny stalk,
Some pale intangible rose with leaves of mist.
—*Song and Story.*

GOLD.

No spirit of air am I, but one whose birth
Was deep in mouldy darkness of mid-earth.

Yet where my yellow raiments choose to shine,
What power is more magnificent than mine?

In hall or hut, in highway or in street,
Obedient millions grovel at my feet,

The loftiest pride to me its tribute brings;
I gain the lowly vassalage of kings!

How many a time have I made honor yield
To me its mighty and immaculate shield!

How often has virtue, at my potent name,,
Robed her chaste majesty in scarlet shame!

How often has burning love, within some breast,
Frozen to treachery at my cold behest!

Yet ceaselessly my triumph has been blent
With pangs of overmastering discontent.

For always there are certain souls that hear
My stealthy whispers with indifferent ear.

Pure souls that deem my smile's most bland excess,
For all its lavish radiance, valueless!

Rare souls, from my imperious guidance free,
Who know me for the slave that I should be!

Grand souls, that from my counsels would dissent,
Though each were tempted with a continent!
—*Romance and Revery.*

FAWCETT, Henry, an English statesman and political economist; born at Salisbury, August 26, 1833; died at Cambridge, November 6, 1884. He was graduated with high mathematical honors from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1856. In 1863 he published a *Manual of Political Economy,* and in the same year he was elected Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. He became a member of Parliament in 1865, and in 1868 was re-elected. *The Economic Position of the British Laborer* was published by him in 1866, revised edition of the *Manual of Political Economy,* with additional chapters on *National Education* and the *Poor Laws and Their Influence on Pauperism,* in 1869, *Pauperism, Its Causes and Remedies,* in 1871, a collection of his *Speeches* in 1873; and *Labor and Wages,* in 1884. In 1880 he was appointed Postmaster-General.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

However strong may be the objections to the general principle of State intervention, yet an exception can be justly made in favor of compulsory education. Interference on behalf of children rests entirely on different grounds from interference on behalf of grown-up people. There is a constant danger that the latter may be encouraged to rely too little upon their own efforts, and too much upon help from others; the former, however, have no power to help themselves. If the parent neglects his duty to his children, they may suffer irreparable injury which they have no power to ward off; the State consequently becomes their natural and proper protector, and to justify compulsory education, it is only necessary to show what a child suffers if permitted to grow up in ignorance. A few words suffice to indicate the nature and extent of the injury thus inflicted.

In the first place, it is obvious that ignorance greatly limits the area of enjoyment; it cuts a man off from many of the truest and most lasting pleasures; all literature, all philosophy, and all science are closed to him; many things which to one who is educated are blessings fruitful of good, often become to the ignorant positive misfortunes. One of the greatest reproaches against our industrial economy is that it yields so little leisure to those who live by daily toil. Leisure may be a priceless boon to those who can properly use it, but spare time hangs so heavily upon those who are unable to read, that in order to get rid of it they often have no other resource but the public-house. The uneducated have not a fair chance of contending in that struggle for existence upon which all have to embark who are obliged to earn their own livelihood. Few, if any, industrial operations are so entirely mechanical that a man will perform them equally well whether his mental powers have been developed, or have been permitted to remain dormant. Ignorance, therefore, takes away a considerable part of the power which an individual possesses to acquire the means of living.—*Pauperism: Its Causes and Remedies.*

FAWKES, FRANCIS, an English poet and translator; born in Warmsworth, Yorkshire, March 25, 1720; died at Hayes, Kent, August 26, 1777. His father was for many years rector of Warmsworth. He was educated at Cambridge, entered into Holy Orders, became successively curate of Brahman, Croydon, vicar of Orpington, rector of Hayes, and, finally, one of the chaplains to the Princess of Wales, and his not having received further clerical promotion is said by Leslie Stephen to have been "probably his own fault, for, though the standard of

clerical life was not high, he was pronounced too fond of social gayety." He was considered by his contemporaries the best translator since the days of Pope; and Johnson remarked that "Frank Fawkes has done the Odes of Anacreon very finely." He published *Bramham Park, a Poem* (1745); a volume of *Poems and Translations* (1761), and *Partridge Shooting, a Poem* (1767). He also edited a family Bible with notes. His translations from Anacreon, Bion, Musæus, Theocritus, and other minor Greek poets, were highly esteemed. His best original poem is the following convivial song, *The Brown Jug,* which has since formed a part in nearly every English song-book.

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale —
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale —
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbor, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

This song was introduced by John O'Keefe into his comic opera of *The Poor Soldier,* which was played at Covent Garden, London, for the first time November 4, 1783. It was then sung by John Johnstone, and it was afterward among the favorite pieces of Charles Incledon. During the debates on Catholic emancipation the opening lines were quoted in the House of Commons by Canning in ridicule of Copley, afterward Lord Lyndhurst, while the punning imputation that a speech by Copley was but the reproduction of the matter which had once appeared in a pamphlet of (Bishop) Phillpotts.

OLD AGE.

My son, attentive, hear the voice of truth;
Remember thy creator in thy youth,
Ere days of pale adversity appear,
And age and sorrow fill the gloomy year,
When wearied with vexation thou shalt say,
"No rest by night I know, no joy by day,"
Ere the bright soul's enlighten'd pow'rs wax frail,
Ere reason, memory, and fancy fail,
But care succeeds to care, and pain to pain,
As clouds urge clouds, returning after rain:
Ere yet the arms unnerv'd and feeble grow,
The weak legs tremble, and the loose knees bow;
Ere yet the grinding of the teeth is o'er,
And the dim eyes behold the Sun no more;
Ere yet the pallid lips forget to speak,
The gums are toothless, and the voice is weak;
Restless he rises when the lark he hears,
Yet sweetest music fails to charm his ears.
A stone, or hillock, turns his giddy brain,
Appall'd with fear he totters o'er the plain;
And as the almond-tree white flow'rs displays,
His head grows hoary with the length of days;
As leanness in the grasshopper prevails,
So shrinks his body, and his stomach fails;

Doom'd to the grave his last long home to go,
The mourners march along with solemn woe;
Ere yet life's silver cord be snapt in twain,
Ere broke the golden bowl that holds the brain,
Ere broke the pitcher at the fountful heart,
Or life's wheel shiver'd, and the soul depart,
Then shall the dust to native earth be given,
The soul shall soar sublime, and wing its way to Heaven.

A NOSEGAY FOR LAURA.

Come, ye fair, ambrosial flowers,
Leave your beds, and leave your bowers,
Blooming, beautiful, and rare
Form a posy for my fair;
Fair and bright, and blooming be,
Meet for such a nymph as she.
Let the young vermilion rose
A becoming blush disclose;
Such as Laura's cheeks display,
When she steals my heart away.
Add carnation's varied hue,
Moisten'd with the morning dew;
To the woodbine's fragrance join
Sprigs of snow-white jessamine.
Add no more; already I
Shall, alas! with envy die,
Thus to see my rival blest,
Sweetly dying on her breast.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Father of all, whose throne illumines heaven,
All honor to thy name be given.
Thy gracious kingdom come: thy righteous will
Let men on Earth as saints in Heaven fulfil.
Give us this day the bread by which we live;
As we our debtors, Thou our debts forgive.
Let not temptation lead us into woe:
Keep us from sin, and our infernal foe.

For thy supreme dominion we adore:
Thy power, thy glory, is for evermore.
Amen.

FAY, THEODORE SEDGWICK, an American novelist and diplomat; born at New York, February 10, 1807; died at Berlin, Germany, November 17, 1898. He was admitted to the bar in 1828, but devoted himself to literature, becoming one of the editors of the New York *Mirror*. From 1837 to 1853 he was Secretary of the American Legation at Berlin, and subsequently Minister Resident in Switzerland. Among his writings are *Dreams and Reveries* (1832); *Norman Leslie* (1835); *Sidney Clifton* (1839); *The Countess Ida* (1840); *Hoboken* (1843); *Robert Rueful* (1844); *Ulric, or the Voices*, a Poem (1851); two works on *Geography* (1867) (1873), and *The Three Germanys* (1889).

Professor Felton, writing in the *North American Review* in 1840, said Fay's literary powers had produced fruits much richer than their early promise. "Longer experience and increased familiarity with the best models of European literature have given him a vigorous impulse, and unfolded his talents in a surprising manner." And in a review of *The Countess Ida*, the same critic says: "It shows a deep sympathy with human nature, as well as a familiar acquaintance with the higher forms of European social life. We rise from his pages with a cordial respect for his abilities, and an admiration of the moral purity which is shed over the scenes he has so vividly placed before us."

ON THE RHINE.

Oh come, gentle pilgrim from the far distant strand,
Come gaze on the pride of the old German land.
On that vision of nature, that vision divine,
Of the past and the present, the exquisite Rhine.
As soft as a smile, and as sweet as a song,
Its famous old billows roll murmuring along,
From its source on the mount whence it flashes in the sea,
It flashes with beauty as bright as can be,
With the azure of heaven its first waters flow,
And it leaps like an arrow escaped from the bow;
While reflecting the glories its hillsides that crown,
It then sweeps in grandeur by castle and town.
And when from the red gleaming towers of Mayence,
Enchanted thou'rt borne, in bewildering trance,
By death-breathing ruin, by life-giving wine,
By thy dark-frowning turrets, old Ehrenbreitstein!
To where the half magic Cathedral looks down
On the crowds at its base of the ancient Cologne;
While in rapture thy dazzled and wondering eyes
Scarce follow the pictures, as bright, as they rise,
As the dream of thy youth, which thou vainly wouldst stay.
But they float, from thy longings, like shadows away.
Thou wilt find on the banks of the wonderful stream
Full many a spot that an Eden doth seem.
And thy bosom will ache with a secret despair,
That thou canst not inhabit a mansion so fair;
And fain thou wouldst linger eternity there.

—*Ulric, or the Voices.*

A WEARIED NOBLEMAN.

The young Lord D—— yawned. Why did the young lord yawn? He had recently come into ten thousand a year. His home was a palace. His sisters were angels. His cousin was in love with him. He himself was an Apollo. His horses might have drawn the chariot of Phœbus, but in their journey around the globe would

never have crossed above grounds more Eden-like than his. Around him were streams, lawns, groves, and fountains. He could hunt, fish, ride, read, flirt, swim, drink, muse, write, or lounge. All the appliances of affluence were at his command. The young Lord D—— was the admiration and the envy of all the country. The young Lord D——'s step sent a palpitating flutter through many a lovely bosom. His smile awakened many a dream of bliss and wealth. The Lady S——, that queenly woman, with her majestic bearing, and her train of dying adorers, grew lovelier and livelier beneath the spell of his smile; and even Ellen B——, the modest, beautiful creature, with her large, timid, tender blue eyes, and her pouting red lips — that rosebud — sighed audibly, only the day before, when he left the room — and yet — and yet — the young Lord D—— yawned.

It was a rich, still hour. The afternoon sunlight overspread all nature. Earth, sky, lake, and air were full of its dying glory, as it streamed into the apartment where they were sitting, through the foliage of a magnificent oak, and the caressing tendrils of a profuse vine that half buried the veranda beneath its heavy masses of foliage.

"I am tired to death," said the sleepy lord.

His cousin Rosalie sighed.

"The package of papers from London is full of news, and —" murmured her sweet voice, timidly.

"I hate news."

"The poetry in the *New Monthly* is —"

"You set my teeth on edge. I have had a surfeit of poetry."

"Ellen B—— is to spend the day with us to-morrow."

Rosalie lifted her hazel eyes full upon his face.

"Ellen B——?" drawled the youth; "she is a child, a pretty child. I shall ride over to Lord A——'s."

Rosalie's face betrayed that a mountain was off her heart.

"Lord A—— starts for Italy in a few weeks," said Rosalie.

"Happy dog!"

"He will be delighted with Rome and Naples."

"Rome and Naples," echoed Lord D——, in a musing voice.

"Italy is a delightful, heavenly spot," continued his cousin, anxious to lead him into conversation.

"So I'm told," said Lord D——, abstractedly.

"It is the garden of the world," rejoined Rosalie.

Lord D—— opened his eyes. He evidently was just struck with an idea. Young lords with ten thousand a year are not often troubled with ideas. He sprang from his seat. He paced the apartment twice. His countenance glowed. His eyes sparkled.

"Rose—"

"Cousin—"

What a beautiful break. Rose trembled to the heart. Could it be possible that he was—

He took her hand. He kissed it eagerly, earnestly, and enthusiastically.

She blushed and turned away her face in graceful confusion.

"Rose!"

"Dear, *dear* cousin!"

"I have made up my mind."

"Charles!"

"To-morrow?—"

"Heavens!"

"I will start for Italy."—*The Countess Ida.*

FEDERALIST, THE, a series of seventy-seven political essays published between October 27, 1787, and April 21, 1788, in two New York newspapers, *The Independent Journal* and The New York *Packet,* besides eight in *The Daily Advertiser.* In 1787, it was doubtful whether the newly drafted Constitution for the United States would receive the ratification of the State of New York. John Jay,

Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison concerted to write a series of essays explaining the intent of the proposed Constitution, and urging its ratification by the State of New York. No. 1, which was introductory to the series, was written by Hamilton; Jay followed with Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, issued in rapid succession, when he received an injury which disqualified him for mental exertion for several months. He, however, recovered in time to write No. 64, when the proposed series was drawing to a close. These papers were all addressed "To the People of the State of New York," and bore the common signature of "Publius." They were recognized as an authoritative exposition of the principles and intent of the Constitution, and as the ablest advocate of its adoption. They were first published in a separate volume in 1788, several editions of which, with some slight corrections, appeared from time to time; up to 1852 there were in all about twenty editions issued. In 1863 Henry Dawson published the commencement of a critical edition which was to consist of two large volumes; but only the first volume was printed. He undertook to reproduce the essays precisely as they originally appeared in the newspapers. A year later John C. Hamilton published another critical edition, in which he adopted the somewhat modified text which had the sanction of at least Jay and Madison. In 1886 Henry Cabot Lodge edited a complete edition of the works of Alexander Hamilton, in six volumes, *The Federalist* constituting Vol. VI. He follows the original, not the amended text.

There is a question as to the authorship of a portion of these essays. There is no doubt that five of them were written by Jay; fifty-three by Hamilton; twelve

by Madison, and three by Hamilton and Madison conjointly. There remain twelve, the authorship of which is claimed both for Hamilton and Madison. Mr. Lodge, after carefully weighing all evidence upon this point, comes to this conclusion: "The outcome of it all is that the evidence in regard to the twelve disputed numbers is so conflicting that, although the balance is strongly in Hamilton's favor, the best which can be done is to present the plain facts, and all the arguments, and then leave everyone to draw his conclusions to suit himself. No one is entitled to assign the disputed numbers to either Hamilton or Madison with absolute confidence. They were surely written by one or the other; and with that uncertainty we must fain be content."

DANGERS FROM FOREIGN POWERS.

I have assigned several reasons why the safety of the people would be best secured by union against the danger it may be exposed to by *just* causes of war given to other nations; and those reasons show that such causes would not only be more rarely given, but would also be more easily accommodated by a National government than either by the State governments or the proposed Confederacies. But the safety of the people of America against dangers from foreign force depends not only on their forbearing to give just causes of war to other nations, but also on their placing and continuing themselves in such a situation as not to invite hostility or insult; for it need not be observed that there are pretended as well as just causes of war. . . .

The people of America are aware that inducements to war may arise from various circumstances; and that whenever such inducements may find fit time and opportunity for operation, pretences to color and justify them will not be wanting. Wisely, therefore, do they consider union and a good National government as neces-

sary to put and keep them in such a situation as, instead of inviting war, will tend to repress and discourage it. That situation consists in the best possible state of defence, and necessarily depends on the government, the arms, and the resources of the country.

As the safety of the whole is the interest of the whole, and cannot be provided for without government — either one or more, or many — let us inquire whether one good government is not, relative to the object in question, more competent than any other given number whatever.

One government can collect and avail itself of the talents and experience of the ablest men in whatever part of the Union they may be found. It can move on uniform principles of policy. It can harmonize, assimilate, and protect the several parts and members, and extend the benefit of its foresight and precautions to each. In the formation of treaties it will regard the interests of the whole, and the particular interests of the parts as connected with that of the whole. It can apply the resources and power of the whole to the defence of any particular part, and that more easily and expeditiously than State governments or separate Confederacies can possibly do, for want of concert and unity of system. It can place the militia under one plan of discipline, and by putting their officers in a proper line of subordination to the chief magistrate, will in a manner consolidate them into one corps, and thereby render them more efficient than if divided into thirteen, or into three or four distinct independent bodies.

What would the militia of Britain be if the English militia obeyed the government of England, if the Scotch militia obeyed the government of Scotland, and if the Welsh militia obeyed the government of Wales? Suppose an invasion: Would those three governments (if they agreed at all) be able with all their respective forces to operate against the enemy so effectually as the single government of Great Britain can do?

We have heard much of the fleets of Britain; and if we are wise, the time may come when the fleets of America may engage attention. But if one National government had not so regulated the navigation of

Britain as to make it a nursery of seamen — if one National government had not called forth all the national means and materials for forming fleets, their prowess and their thunder would never have been celebrated. Let England have its navigation and fleet; let Scotland have its navigation and fleet; let Wales have its navigation and fleet; let Ireland have its navigation and fleet: — let these four of the constituent parts of the British empire be under four independent governments, and it is easy to perceive how soon they would each dwindle into comparative insignificance.

Apply these facts to our own case. Leave America divided into thirteen — or, if you please, into three or four — independent governments; what armies could they raise and pay, what fleets could they ever hope to have? If one was attacked would the others fly to its succor, and spend their blood and money in its defence? Would there be no danger of their being flattered into neutrality by specious promises, or seduced by a too great fondness for peace, to decline hazarding their tranquillity and present safety for the sake of neighbors of whom they perhaps have been jealous, and whose importance they are content to see diminished? Although such conduct would not be wise, it would nevertheless be natural. The history of the States of Greece, and other countries, abounds with such instances; and it is not improbable that what has so often happened would, under similar circumstances, happen again.

But admit that they might be willing to help the invaded State or Confederacy. How, and when, and in what proportion, shall aids of men and money be afforded? Who shall command the allied armies, and from which of the associates shall he receive his orders? Who shall settle the terms of peace; and in case of disputes what umpire shall decide between them, and compel acquiescence? Various difficulties and inconveniences would be inseparable from such a situation; whereas one government, watching over the general and common interests, combining and directing the powers and resources of the whole, would be free from all these

embarrassments, and conduce far more to the safety of the people.

But whatever may be our situation — whether firmly united under one National government, or split into a number of Confederacies — certain it is that foreign nations will know and view it exactly as it is; and they will act toward us accordingly. If they see that our National government is efficient and well administered, our trade prudently regulated, our militia properly organized and disciplined, our resources and finances discreetly managed, our credit re-established, our people free, contented and united — they will be much more disposed to cultivate our friendship than to provoke our resentment. If, on the other hand, they find us either destitute of an effectual government (each State doing right or wrong as to its rulers may seem convenient), or split into three or four independent, and probably discordant, Republics or Confederacies, one inclining to Britain, another to France, and a third to Spain — and perhaps played off against each other by the three — what a poor pitiful figure will America make in their eyes! How liable would she become, not only to their contempt, but to their outrage; and how soon would dear-bought experience proclaim that when a people or a family so divide, it never fails to be against themselves. . . . Let candid men judge then whether the division of America into any given number of independent sovereignties would tend to secure us against the hostilities and improper interference of foreign nations.— *The Federalist, No. 4.*— JAY.

OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION.

A patient who finds his disorder daily growing worse, and that an efficacious remedy can no longer be delayed without extreme danger — after coolly revolving his situation and the character of different physicians — selects, and calls in such of them as he judges most capable of administering relief, and best entitled to his confidence. The physicians attend; the case of the patient is carefully examined; a consultation is held: they are

unanimously agreed that the symptoms are critical; but that the case with proper and timely relief, is so far from being desperate that it may be made to issue in an improvement of his constitution. They are equally unanimous in prescribing the remedy by which this happy effect is to be produced. The prescription is no sooner made known, however, than a number of persons interpose, and, without denying the reality or danger of the disorder, assure the patient that the prescription will be poison to his constitution, and forbid him, under pain of certain death, to make use of it. Might not the patient reasonably demand, before he ventured to follow this advice, that the authors of it should at least agree among themselves on some other remedy to be substituted? And if he found them differing as much from one another as from his first counsellors, would he not act prudently in trying the experiment unanimously recommended by the latter, rather than in hearkening to those who could neither deny the necessity of a speedy remedy, nor agree in proposing one?

Such a patient, and in such a situation, is America at this moment. She has been sensible of her malady. She has obtained a regular and unanimous advice from men of her own deliberate choice. And she is warned by others against following this advice, under pain of the most fatal consequences. Do the monitors deny the reality of her danger? No. Do they deny the necessity of some speedy and powerful remedy? No. Are they agreed — are any two of them agreed — in their objections to the remedy proposed, or in the proper one to be substituted? Let them speak for themselves.

This one tells us that the proposed Constitution ought to be rejected, because it is not a Confederation of the States, but a government over individuals. Another admits that it ought to be a government over individuals to a certain extent, but by no means to the extent proposed. A third does not object to the government over individuals, as to the extent proposed, but to the want of a Bill of Rights. A fourth concurs in the absolute necessity of a Bill of Rights, but contends that it ought to be declaratory not of the personal rights of individ-

uals, but of the rights reserved to the States in their political capacity. A fifth is of opinion that a Bill of Rights, of any sort would be superfluous and misplaced, and that the plan would be unexceptionable but for the fatal power of regulating the times and places of election. An objector in a large State exclaims loudly against the unreasonable equality of representation in the Senate. An objector in a small State is equally loud against the dangerous inequality in the House of Representatives. From this quarter we are alarmed with the amazing expense from the number of persons who are to administer the new government. From another quarter — and sometimes from the same quarter on another occasion — the cry is that Congress will be but a shadow of a representation, and that the government would be far less objectionable if the number and the expense were doubled. A patriot in a State that does not import or export, discerns insuperable objections against the power of direct taxation. The patriotic adversary in a State of great exports and imports is not less dissatisfied that the whole burthen of taxes may be thrown upon consumption. This politician discovers in the Constitution a direct and irresistible tendency to monarchy; that is equally sure it will end in aristocracy. Another is puzzled to say which of these shapes it will ultimately assume, but sees clearly it must be one or other of them; whilst a fourth is not wanting who, with no less confidence, affirms that the Constitution is so far from having a bias toward either of these dangers, that the weight on that side will not be sufficient to keep it upright and firm against its opposite propensities.

With another class of adversaries to the Constitution the language is, that the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments are intermixed in such a manner as to contradict all the ideas of regular government, and all the requisite precautions in favor of liberty. Whilst this objection circulates in vague and general expressions, there are not a few who lend their sanction to it. Let each one come forward with his particular explanation, and scarcely any two of them are exactly agreed upon the subject. In the eyes of one, the junction of

the Senate with the President in the responsible function of appointing to offices, instead of vesting this executive power in the Executive alone, is the vicious part of the organization. To another, the exclusion of the House of Representatives, whose numbers alone would be a due security against corruption and partiality in the exercise of such a power, is equally obnoxious. With another, the admission of the President into any share of a power which must ever be a dangerous engine in the hands of the executive magistrate, is an unpardonable violation of the maxims of republican jealousy.

No part of the arrangement, according to some, is more inadmissible than the trial of impeachment by the Senate, which is alternately a member both of the legislative and executive departments, when this power so evidently belonged to the judiciary department. We concur fully, reply others, in the objection to this part of the plan; but we can never agree that a reference of impeachments to the judiciary authority would be an amendment of the error; our principal dislike to the organization arises from the extensive powers already lodged in that department. Even among the zealous patrons of a Council of State, the most irreconcilable variance is discovered concerning the mode in which it ought to be constituted. The demand of one gentleman is that the Council should consist of a small number, to be appointed by the most numerous branch of the legislature. Another would prefer a larger number, and considers it as a fundamental condition that the appointment should be made by the President himself.

As it can give no umbrage to the writers against the plan of the Federal Constitution, let us suppose that, as they are the most zealous, so they are also the most sagacious of those who think the late Convention were unequal to the task assigned them, and that a wiser and better plan might and ought to be substituted. Let us further suppose that their country should concur both in this favorable opinion of their merits; and in their unfavorable opinion of the Convention; and should accordingly proceed to form them into a second Convention, with full powers, and for the express purpose of

revising and remoulding the work of the first. Were the experiment to be seriously made — though it requires more effort to view it seriously even in fiction — I leave it to be decided by the sample of opinions just exhibited whether, with all their enmity to their predecessors, they would in any one point depart so widely from their example, as in the discord and ferment that would mark their own deliberations; and whether the Constitution now before the public would not stand as fair a chance for immortality as Lycurgus gave to that of Sparta, by making its change depend on his own return from exile and death, if it were to be immediately adopted, and were to continue in force, not until a *better*, but until *another* should be agreed upon by this new assembly of lawgivers.

It is a matter both of wonder and regret that those who raise so many objections against the new Constitution should never call to mind the defects of that which it is to be exchanged for it. It is not necessary that the former should be perfect; it is sufficient that the latter should be more imperfect. No man would refuse to give brass for silver or gold, because the latter had some alloy in it. No man would refuse to quit a shattered and tottering habitation for a firm and commodious building, because the latter had not a porch to it; or because some of the rooms might be a little larger or smaller, or the ceiling a little higher or lower than his fancy would have planned them.

But, waiving illustrations of this sort, is it not manifest that most of the capital objections urged against the new system lie with tenfold weight against the existing Confederation? Is an indefinite power to raise money dangerous in the hands of a Federal Government? The present Congress can make requisitions to any amount they please; and the States are constitutionally bound to furnish them. They can remit bills of credit as long as they will pay for the paper; they can borrow both abroad and at home, as long as a shilling will be lent. Is an indefinite power to raise troops dangerous? The Confederation gives to Congress that power also: and they have already begun to make use of it. Is it im-

proper and unsafe to intermix the different powers of government in the same body of men? Congress — a single body of men — are the sole depository of all the Federal powers. Is it particularly dangerous to give the keys of the treasury and the command of the army into the same hands? The Confederation places them both in the hands of Congress. Is a Bill of Rights essential to liberty? The Confederation has no Bill of Rights. Is it an objection against the new Constitution that it empowers the Senate, with the concurrence of the Executive, to make treaties which are to be the laws of the land? The existing Congress, without any such control, can make treaties which they themselves have declared, and most of the States have recognized, to be the supreme law of the land. Is the importation of slaves permitted by the new Constitution for twenty years? By the old it is permitted forever.

I shall be told that however dangerous this mixture of powers may be in theory, it is rendered harmless by the dependence of Congress on the States for the means of carrying them into practice; that, however large the mass of powers may be, it is in fact a lifeless mass. Then I say, in the first place, that the Confederation is chargeable with the still greater folly of declaring certain powers in the Federal Government to be absolutely necessary, and at the same time rendering them absolutely nugatory; and, in the next place, that if the union is to continue, and no better government be substituted, effective power must either be granted to or assumed by the existing Congress; in either of which events the contrast just stated will hold good. But this is not all. Out of this lifeless mass has already grown an excrescental power which tends to realize all the dangers that can be apprehended from a defective construction of the supreme government of the union. . . .

Congress have undertaken to form new States; to erect temporary governments; to appoint officers for them; and to prescribe the conditions on which such States shall be admitted into the Confederacy. All this has been done, and done without the least color of constitutional authority. Yet no blame has been whispered; no

alarm has been sounded. A great and independent fund of revenue [the public lands] is passing into the hands of a single body of men, who can raise troops to an indefinite number, and appropriate money to their support for an indefinite period of time. And yet there are men who have not only been silent spectators of this prospect, but who are advocates for the system which exhibits it; and at the same time urge against the new system the objections which we have heard. Would they not act with more consistency in urging the establishment of the latter, as no less necessary to guard the union against the future powers and resources of a body constructed like the existing Congress, than to save it from the dangers threatened by the present impotency of that assembly?

I mean not by anything here said to throw censure on the measures which have been pursued by Congress. I am sensible that they could not have done otherwise. The public interest, the necessity of the case, imposed upon them the task of overleaping their constitutional limits. But is not the fact an alarming proof of the danger resulting from a government which does not possess regular powers commensurate to its objects? if dissolution, or usurpation, is the dreadful dilemma to which it is constitutionally exposed.— *The Federalist, No. 38.*— MADISON.

PRESIDENTIAL RE-ELIGIBILITY.

With a positive duration of considerable extent, I connect the circumstance of re-eligibility. The first is necessary to give the officer himself the inclination and the resolution to act his part well, and to the community time and leisure to observe the tendency of his measures, and thence to form an experimental estimate of their merits. The last is necessary to enable the people, when they see reason to approve of his conduct, to continue him in the station, in order to prolong the utility of his talents and virtues, and to secure to the government the advantage of permanency in a wise system of administration.

Nothing appears more plausible at first sight, nor more

ill-founded upon close inspection, than a scheme which, in relation to the present point, has had some respectable advocates — I mean that of continuing the chief magistrate in office for a certain time, and then excluding him from it, either for a limited period or for ever after. This exclusion, whether temporary or perpetual, would have nearly the same effects; and these effects would be for the most part rather pernicious than salutary.

One ill effect of the exclusion would be a diminution of the inducements to good behavior. There are few men who would not feel much less zeal in the discharge of a duty, when they were conscious that the advantage of the station with which it was connected must be relinquished at a determinate period, than when they were permitted to entertain a hope of *obtaining* by *meriting* a continuance of them. This position will not be disputed so long as it is admitted that the desire of reward is one of the strongest incentives of human conduct; or that the best security for the fidelity of mankind is to make interest coincide with duty. Even the love of fame — the ruling passion of the noblest minds — which would prompt a man to plan and undertake extensive and arduous enterprises for the public benefit, requiring considerable time to mature and perfect them, if he could flatter himself with the prospect of being allowed to to finish what he had begun, would, on the contrary, deter him from the undertaking, when he foresaw that he must quit the scene before he could accomplish the work, and must commit that, together with his own reputation, to hands which might be unequal and unfriendly to the task. The most to be expected from the generality of men in such a situation is the negative merit of not doing harm, instead of the positive merit of doing good.

Another ill effect of the exclusion would be the temptation to sordid views, to peculation, and in some instances to usurpation. An avaricious man who might happen to fill the office, looking forward to a time when he must at all events yield up the advantages which he enjoyed, would feel a propensity not easy to be resisted by such a man, to make the best use of his opportunities

while they lasted; and might not scruple to have recourse to the most corrupt expedients to make the harvest as abundant as it was transitory; though the same person probably, with a different prospect before him, might content himself with the regular emoluments of his station, and might even be unwilling to risk the consequences of an abuse of his opportunities. His avarice might be a guard upon his avarice. Add to this that the same man might be vain or ambitious as well as avaricious. And if he could expect to prolong his honors by his good conduct, he might hesitate to sacrifice his appetite for them to his appetite for gain. But with the prospect before him of approaching an inevitable annihilation, his avarice would be likely to get the victory over his caution, his vanity, or his ambition.

An ambitious man, too, finding himself seated on the summit of his country's honors, looking forward to the time at which he must descend from the exalted eminence forever, and reflecting that no exertion of merit on his part could save him from the unwelcome reverse, would be much more violently tempted to embrace a favorable conjuncture for attempting the prolongation of his power at every personal hazard, than if he had the probability of answering the same end by doing his duty.

Would it promote the peace of the community, or the stability of the government, to have half a dozen men who have credit enough to raise themselves to the seat of the supreme magistracy, wandering among the people like discontented ghosts, and sighing for a place which they were destined never more to possess?

A third ill effect of the exclusion would be the depriving the community of the advantage of the experience gained by the chief magistrate of the exercise of his office. That experience is the parent of wisdom is an adage the truth of which is recognized by the wisest as well as the simplest of mankind. What more desirable or more essential than this quality in the governors of nations? Where more desirable or more essential than in the first magistrate of a nation? Can it be wise to put this desirable and essential quality under the ban

of the Constitution; and to declare that the moment it is acquired, its possessor shall be compelled to abandon the station in which it was acquired, and to which it is adapted? This, nevertheless, is the precise import of all those regulations which exclude men from serving their country, by the choice of their fellow-citizens, after they have, by a course of service, fitted themselves for doing it with a greater degree of utility.

A fourth ill effect of the exclusion would be the banishing men from stations in which, in certain emergencies of the State, their presence might be of the greatest moment to the public interest or safety. There is no nation which has not, at one period or another, experienced an absolute necessity of the services of particular men in particular situations; perhaps it would not be too strong to say, to the preservation of its political existence. How unwise, therefore, must be every such self-denying ordinance as serves to prohibit a nation from making use of its own citizens, in the manner best suited to its exigencies and circumstances! Without supposing the personal essentiality of the man, it is evident that a change of the chief magistrate at the breaking out of a war, or any similar crisis, for another even of equal merit, would at all times be detrimental to the community; inasmuch as it would substitute inexperience to experience, and would tend to unhinge and set afloat the already settled train of the administration.

A fifth ill effect of the exclusion would be that it would operate as a Constitutional interdiction of stability in the administration. By inducing the necessity of a change of men in the first office of the nation, it would necessarily lead to a mutability of measures. It is not generally to be expected that men will vary and measures remain uniform. The contrary is the usual course of things. And we need not be apprehensive that there will be too much stability while there is even the option of changing; nor need we desire to prohibit the people from continuing their confidence where they think it may be safely placed; and where, by constancy on their part, they may obviate the fatal inconveniences of fluctuating councils and a variable policy.

These are some of the disadvantages which would flow from the principle of exclusion. They apply most forcibly to the scheme of a perpetual exclusion, but when we consider that even a partial one would always render the readmission of the person a remote and precarious object, the observations which have been made will apply nearly as fully to one case as to another.

What are the advantages promised to counterbalance the evils? They are represented to be: 1. Greater independence in the magistrate; 2. Greater security to the people. Unless the exclusion be perpetual, there will be no pretence to infer the first advantage. But even in that case, may he have no object beyond his present station to which he may sacrifice his independence? May he have no connections, no friends for whom he may sacrifice it? May he not be less willing by a firm conduct to make personal enemies, when he acts under the impression that a time is fast approaching, on the arrival of which he not only *may* but *must* be exposed to their resentment upon an equal, perhaps upon an inferior footing? It is not an easy point to determine whether his independence would be most promoted or impaired by such an arrangement.

As to the second supposed advantage, there is still greater reason to entertain doubts concerning it, especially if the exclusion were to be perpetual. In this case, as already intimated, a man of irregular ambition — of whom alone there could be reason in any case to entertain apprehension — would with infinite reluctance yield to the necessity of taking his leave for ever of a post in which his passion for power and pre-eminence had acquired the force of habit? And if he had been fortunate or adroit enough to conciliate the good-will of the people, he might induce them to consider as a very odious and unjustifiable restraint upon themselves a provision which was calculated to debar them of the right of giving a fresh proof of their attachment to a favorite. There may be conceived circumstances in which this disgust of the people, seconding the thwarted ambition of such a favorite, might occasion greater danger to liberty than could ever reasonably be dreaded from the possibility of a perpetuation in

office, by the voluntary suffrages of the community, exercising a Constitutional privilege.

There is an excess of refinement in the idea of disabling the people to continue in office men who had entitled themselves, in their opinion, to approbation and confidence; the advantages of which are at best speculative and equivocal, and are overbalanced by disadvantages far more certain and decisive.— *The Federalist, No. 72.*— HAMILTON.

FELLTHAM, OR FELTHAM, OWEN, an English moralist; born at Mutford, Suffolk, about 1602; died at Great Billing, Northamptonshire, about 1668. He was a zealous royalist during the civil war in the reign of Charles I. He was secretary to the Earl of Thomond, under whose roof he wrote, at the age of eighteen, a little volume of *Resolves, Divine, Moral and Political.* This became very popular, and during his lifetime at least nine editions were issued, each containing large additions. To his latest editions were appended *Lusoria,* a collection of forty poems. Several later editions of the *Resolves* have been printed. He was also the author of several minor works in prose and verse.

LIMITATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little, and easily viewed; but still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there

you see more water but no shore — no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest which man cannot discover.— *Resolves.*

MEDITATION.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if He were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St. Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.—*Resolves.*

NO MAN CAN SEEM GOOD TO ALL.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal; either the ignorance, the envy, or the par-

tiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humors, or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamental acts of the two houses, reason and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.— *Resolves.*

AGAINST READINESS TO TAKE OFFENCE.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a

double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.—*Resolves.*

FÉNELON, François de Salignac de la Mothe, a French prelate; born at Perigord, August 6, 1651; died at Cambray, January 7, 1715. He was the son of Pons de Salignac, Count de la Mothe. At the age of twelve he entered the University of Cahors, and finished his philosophical studies in the Collège du Plessis at Paris. The attention which he attracted aroused the anxiety of his uncle, who had assumed the charge of his education, and who hastened to remove him to the theological seminary of St. Sulpice. He wished to devote himself to mission work in Canada; but his uncle refused consent to the project. He then gave himself to work as a preacher and catechist in the parish of St. Sulpice, until his appointment as Superior of the Nouvelles Catholiques, a community established for the protection and instruction of female converts from Protestantism. At the request of the Duchess of Beauvilliers he wrote a treatise *On the Education of Girls*, which became an elementary work of high repute among the upper classes of France. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Fénelon was appointed head of a mission among the Protestants of Poitou and Saintonge, then in a dangerous state of irritation. On his presentation to the King, before setting out on his mission, he asked that all troops should be withdrawn from the districts, and that he might choose his co-workers. Under his influence all irritation soon subsided.

FENELON.

On his return to Paris, he was appointed preceptor of the King's grandsons, the Duke of Burgundy, the heir-apparent to the crown, and the Dukes of Anjou and Berry. The Duke of Burgundy was haughty, arrogant, and unfeeling to the last degree. To the training of this ungoverned character Fénelon brought his rare patience, tact, high principle, and deep religious feeling. Under his care the Prince grew up to a promising early manhood, from which were drawn the happiest auguries for his reign. For the use of the princes Fénelon wrote his *Fables;* the *Dialogues of the Dead; Directions for the Conscience of a King; Abridgment of the Lives of Ancient Philosophers;* and the *Adventures of Telemachus,* embodying the principles which he made the groundwork of his royal pupils' education. For five years his services were unrecognized by the King, his only means of support being the proceeds of a small living bestowed upon him by his uncle, the Bishop of Salat.

In 1694, probably through the influence of Madame de Maintenon, the abbacy of St. Valery was given him. In this year he addressed an anonymous letter to the King, Louis XIV., setting forth the manifold abuses of his reign. It is not probable that Louis suspected the authorship of the letter; for in the following year he raised Fénelon to the Archbishopric of Cambray. Fénelon accepted the promotion on the condition that he should be permitted to devote nine months of the year to the duties of the archbishopric, giving only three months to the care of the education of the princes. He also resigned the abbacy of St. Valery.

Fénelon was not long to enjoy the royal favor. He had some years before become acquainted with

Madame Guyon, and was strongly attracted by the doctrine of "Quietism," of which she was the eloquent supporter. The outcome of the matter was, that the teachings of Madame Guyon were denounced by the ecclesiastical authorities. Fénelon, about the time of his elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of Cambray, became involved in the controversy which ensued; and at length wrote the *Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Interieur.* The French prelates, notable among whom was Bossuet, took strong ground against the *Maximes.* Fénelon was deprived of his place as preceptor in the royal family and was ordered to retire to his See of Cambray. The teachings of Fénelon were laid before Pope Innocent III., who submitted the matter to the College of Cardinals, who drew up a list of twenty-three articles as worthy of condemnation, and their decision was sanctioned by the Pope. Fénelon yielded unhesitatingly to this decision of the highest ecclesiastical authority; but he was not restored to favor at Court. Just about this time was printed his *Adventures of Telemachus,* which he had written many years before for the amusement and instruction of his royal pupils. Someone who had the manuscript for copying sold it to a publisher, by whom it was surreptitiously printed in 1699. Louis, not unnaturally, conceived the work to be a satire upon himself and his Court, and ordered every copy to be destoyed; and Fénelon was ordered to confine himself strictly to his own diocese. Here the remaining fifteen years of his life were spent in the exercise of every virtue. The works of Fénelon embrace many subjects: theology, philosophy, literature, history, oratory, spirituality. They have been collected in twenty octavo volumes. His letters are

many and interesting. *Telemachus* has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. After *Telemachus,* his *Demonstration of the Existence of God* is his most important work.

ANCIENT TYRE.

Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation, and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants of the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be common to all as the centre of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out into the sea, embrace a spacious harbor, which is a shelter from every wind. The vessels in this harbor are so numerous as almost to hide the water in which they float; and the masts look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade; and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labor by which it is increased. Their city abounds with the finest linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple — a color which has a lustre that time itself can scarce diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The commerce of the Phœnicians extends to the Straits of Gades; they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages upon the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country.

. . . . . .

"By what means," said I to Narbal, "have the Phœnicians monopolized the commerce of the world, and enriched themselves at the expense of every other nation?"

"You see the means," answered Narbal; "the situation of Tyre renders it more fit for commerce than any other place; and the invention of navigation is the pe-

culiar glory of our country. If the accounts are to be believed that are transmitted to us from the most remote antiquity, the Tyrians rendered the waves subservient to their purpose long before Typhis and the Argonauts became the boast of Greece; they were the first who defied the rage of the billows and the tempest on a few floating planks, and fathomed the abysses of the ocean. They reduced the theories of Egyptian and Babylonian science to practice, regulating their course, where there was no landmark, by the stars; and they brought innumerable nations together which the sea had separated. The Tyrians are ingenious, persevering and laborious; they have, besides, great manual dexterity; and are remarkable for temperance and frugality. The laws are executed with the most scrupulous punctuality; and the people are, among themselves, perfectly unanimous; and to strangers, they are, above all others, friendly, courteous, and faithful. Such are the means, nor is it necessary to seek for any other, by which they have subjected the sea to their dominion, and included every nation in their commerce. But if jealousy and faction should break in among them; if they should be seduced by pleasure or by indolence; if the great should regard labor and economy with contempt, and the manual arts should no longer be deemed honorable; if public faith should not be kept with the stranger, and the laws of a free commerce should be violated; if manufactures should be neglected, and those sums spared which are necessary to render every commodity perfect of its kind, that power which is now the object of your admiration would soon be at an end."

"But how," said I, "can such a commerce be established at Ithaca?"

"By the same means," said he, "that I have established it here. Receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality; let them find safety, convenience, and liberty in your ports; and be careful never to disgust them by avarice or pride. He that would succeed in a project of gain must never attempt to gain too much; and upon proper occasions must know how to lose. Endeavor to gain the good-will of foreigners; rather suffer some injury than offend them by doing justice to yourself, and especially

do not keep them at a distance by a haughty behavior. Let the laws of trade be neither complicated nor burdensome; but do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. Always punish fraud with severity; nor let even the negligence or prodigality of a trader escape; for follies as well as vice effectually ruin trade, by ruining those who carry it on. But above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your own immediate gain; the pecuniary advantages of commerce should be left wholly to those by whose labor it subsists, lest this labor, for want of a sufficient motive, should cease; there are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince, from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his state; and commerce is a kind of spring, which to divert from its natural channel is to lose. There are but two things which invite foreigners, profit and conveniency; if you render commerce less convenient, or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you; and those that once depart will never return, because other nations, taking advantage of your imprudence, will invite them to their ports, and a habit will soon be contracted of trading without you.

"It must, indeed, be confessed, that the glory even of Tyre has for some time been obscured. O my dear Telemachus, hadst thou beheld it before the reign of Pygmalion, how much greater would have been thy astonishment. The remains of Tyre only are now to be seen; ruins which have yet the appearance of magnificence, but will shortly be mingled with the dust. O unhappy Tyre! to what a wretch art thou subjected; thou, to whom, as to the sovereign of the world, the sea so lately rolled the tribute of every nation! Both strangers and subjects are equally dreaded by Pygmalion; and instead of throwing open our ports to traders of the most remote countries, like his predecessors, without any stipulation or inquiry, he demands an exact account of the number of vessels that arrive, the countries to which they belong, the name of every person on board, the manner of their trading, the species and value of their commodities, and the time they are to continue upon his coast;

but this is not the worst, for he puts in practice all the little artifices of cunning to draw the foreign merchants into some breach of his innumerable regulations, that under the appearance of justice he may confiscate their goods. He is perpetually harassing those persons whom he imagines to be most wealthy; and increasing, under various pretences, the incumbrances of trade, by multiplying taxes. . . . And thus commerce languishes; foreigners forget, by degrees, the way to Tyre, with which they were once so well acquainted; and if Pygmalion persists in a conduct so impolitic and so injurious, our glory and our power will be transferred to some other nation, which is governed upon better principles."— *Telemachus; translation of* HAWKSWORTH.

SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity consists in a just medium, in which we are neither too much excited, nor too much composed. The soul is not carried away by outward things, so that it cannot make all necessary reflections; neither does it make those continual references to self, that a jealous sense of its own excellence multiplies to infinity. That freedom of the soul, which looks straight forward in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to contemplate those that it has already taken, is true simplicity.

The first step in the progress of the soul is disengagement from outward things, that it may enter into itself and contemplate its true interests; this is a wise self-love. The second is, to join to this the idea of God whom it fears; this is the feeble beginning of true wisdom; but the soul is still fixed upon itself: it is afraid that it does not fear God enough: it is still thinking of itself. These anxieties about ourselves are far removed from that peace and liberty, which a true and simple love inspires; but it is not yet time for this; the soul must pass through this trouble; this operation of the Spirit of God in our hearts comes to us gradually; we approach step by step to this simplicity.

In the third and last state we begin to think of God

more frequently, we think of ourselves less, and insensibly we lose ourselves in Him. The more gentle and docile the soul is, the more it advances in this simplicity. It does not become blind to its own defects and unconscious of its imperfections; it is more than ever sensible of them; it feels a horror of the slightest sin; it sees more clearly its own corruption; but this sensibility does not arise from dwelling upon itself, but by the light from the presence of God we see how far removed we are from infinite purity. Thus simplicity is free in its course, since it makes no preparation; but it can only belong to the soul that is purified by a true penitence. It must be the fruit of a perfect renunciation of self and an unreserved love of God. But though they who become penitents, and tear themselves from the vanities of the world, make self the object of thought, yet they must avoid an excessive and unquiet occupation with themselves, such as would trouble, and embarrass, and retard them in their progress. Dwelling too much upon self produces in weak minds useless scruples and superstition, and in stronger minds a presumptuous wisdom. Both are contrary to true simplicity, which is free and direct, and gives itself up without reserve and with a generous self-forgetfulness to the Father of spirits. How free, how intrepid, are the motions, how glorious the progress that the soul makes when delivered from all low, and interested, and unquiet cares.

If we desire that our friends be simple and free with us, disencumbered of self in their intimacy with us, will it not please God, who is our truest friend, that we should surrender our souls to Him, without fear or reserve, in that holy and sweet communion with Himself which He allows us? It is this simplicity which is the perfection of the true children of God. This is the end that we must have in view, and to which we must be continually advancing. This deliverance of the soul from all useless, and selfish, and unquiet cares, brings to it a peace and freedom that are unspeakable. . . .

But some will say, "Must we never think of self? We need not practice this constraint; in trying to be simple we may lose simplicity. What then must we do?" Make no rule about it, but feel satisfied that you affect nothing.

When you are disposed to speak of yourself from vanity, you can only repress this strong desire by thinking of God, or what you are called upon by him to do. Simplicity does not consist in false shame or false modesty any more than in pride or vain-glory. When vanity would lead to egotism, we have only to turn from self; when, on the contrary, there is a necessity of speaking of ourselves, we must not reason too much about it, we must look straight at the end. "But what will they think of me? They will think I am boasting; I shall be suspected in speaking so freely of my own concerns." None of these unquiet reflections should trouble us for one moment. Let us speak freely, ingenuously, and simply of ourselves, when we are called upon to speak. It is thus that St. Paul spoke often in his epistles. What true greatness there is in speaking with simplicity of one's self! Vain-glory is sometimes hidden under an air of modesty and reserve. People do not wish to proclaim their own merit, but they would be very glad that others should discover it. As to the matter of speaking against ourselves, I do not either blame or recommend it. When it arises from true simplicity, and that hatred with which God inspires us of our sins, it is admirable, and thus I regard it in many holy men. But usually the surest and most simple way is not to speak unnecessarily of one's self, either good or evil.— *Translation of* ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

Another mystery that I bear within me, and that renders me incomprehensible to myself, is that on the one hand I am free, and on the other, dependent. Independence is the supreme perfection. The Creator must be the cause of all the modifications of His creation. The being who is dependent for his nature must be so for all its operations. Thus God is the cause of all the combinations and movements of everything in the universe. It is He who has created all that is. But I am free, and I cannot doubt it; I have an intimate and immovable conviction that I am free to will, or not to will. There is

within me a power of election, not only to will or will not, but to decide between different objects. This is in itself a proof of the immateriality of my soul. What is material, corporeal, cannot choose; it is, on the contrary, governed by fixed laws, that are called physical, that are necessary, invincible, and contrary to what I call liberty. In saying, then, that I am free, I say that my will is fully in my power, and that God leaves me to use it as I am disposed; that I am not determined by a law like other beings, but I will of myself. I conceive that if the Supreme Being were beforehand to inspire me with a will to do right, I have the power to reject the inspiration, however great it might be, to frustrate its effect, and to refuse my consent. I conceive, also, that when I reject His inspiration to do right, I have actually the power not to reject it, just as I have the power to open or shut my eyes. Outward things may solicit me by all that is most captivating, the most powerful and affecting arguments may be presented to influence me, the Supreme Being may touch my heart with the most persuasive inspiration; but I still remain free to will or not to will. It is this exemption from all restraint and from all necessity, this empire over my own actions, that makes me inexcusable when I will what is evil, and praiseworthy when I will what is good.

This is the foundation of all merit and demerit; it is this that makes the justice of reward or punishment. Hence it is that we exhort, reprove, menace, or promise. This is the foundation of all government, of all instruction, and of all rules of conduct. Everything in human life brings us to this conclusion, that there is nothing over which we have such entire control, as our own wills; and that we have this free will, this power of election, between two things equally in our reach. It is this truth that the shepherds sing among the mountains, that merchants and artisans take for granted in their negotiations, that the actor represents on the stage; the magistrate recognizes it in his decisions, and learned doctors teach it in their schools; it is what no man of sense can seriously doubt. This truth imprinted on our hearts is acknowledged in the practice of those philoso-

phers who attempt to overthrow it by their chimerical speculations. The internal evidence of this truth is like that we have of those first principles, which have no need of demonstration, and by which we prove other truths less certain.— *Translation of* ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

FENN, GEORGE MANVILLE, an English novelist; born at Pimlico, January 3, 1831. His earliest literary ventures were short sketches published in *Chambers' Journal; All the Year Round,* and *Once-a-Week.* In 1873 he became proprietor of *Once-a-Week.* He has published a long list of novels and tales of adventure, many of them stories for boys. His works include: *Hollowdell Grange* (1866); *Bent, not Broken* (1866); *A Fluttered Dovecote* (1878); *Double Cunning* (1886); *The Story of Antony Grace* (1887); *Commodore Junk* (1888); *The Lass that Loved a Soldier* (1889); *Lady Maude's Mania* (1890); *The Black Bar* (1893); *Fire Island* (1894); *The Tiger Lily* (1894); *The Queen's Scarlet* (1895); *High Play* (1898); *The Lost Middy* (1900); *A Dash from Diamond City* (1902); and *Marcus* (1904). Mr. Fenn has also written several dramas of exceptional merit.

MAMMA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Oh, dear!

You will excuse me for a moment? I must take another sheet of paper — I, Laura Bozerne, virgin and martyr, of Chester Square, Belgravia — for that last sheet was all spotted with tears, and when I applied my hand-

kerchief, and then the blotting-paper, the glaze was gone and the ink ran.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute, the French say, but it is not true. However, I have made up my mind to write this history of my sufferings, so to begin.

Though what the world would call young — eighteen — I feel so old — ah! so old — and my life would fill volumes — thick volumes — with thrilling incidents; but a natural repugnance to publicity forces me to confine myself to the adventures of one single year, whose eventful hours were numbered, whose days were one chaos of excitement or rack of suspense. How are the scenes brought vividly before my mind's eye as I turn over the leaves of my poor blotted diary, and recognize a tear blister here, and recall the blistering; a smear there; or find the writing illegible from having been hastily closed when wet, on account of the prying advance of some myrmidon of tyranny when the blotting-paper was not at hand. Faces too familiar rise before me, to smile or frown, as my associations with them were grave or gay. Now I shudder — now I thrill with pleasure; now it is a frown that contracts my brow, now a smile curls my lip; while the tears, "Oh, ye tears!"— by the way, it is irrelevant, but I have the notes of a poem on tears, a subject not yet hackneyed, while it seems to me to be a theme that flows well — "tears, fears, leers, jeers," and so on.

Oh! if I had only possessed yellow hair and violet eyes, and determination, what I might have been! If I had only entered this great world as one of those delicious heroines, so masculine, so superior, that our authors vividly paint — although they might be engravings, they are so much alike. If I had but stood with flashing eyes a Lady Audley, a Mrs. Armitage, the heroine of "Falkner Lyle," or any other of those charming creatures, I could have been happy in defying the whips and stings, and all that sort of thing; but now, alas! alack! — ah, what do I say? — my heart is torn, wrecked, crushed. Hope is dead and buried; while love — ah, me!

But I will not anticipate. I pen these lines solely to put forth my claims for the sympathy of my sex, which will, I am sure, with one heart, throb and bleed for my

sorrows. That my readers may never need a similar expression of sympathy is the fond wish of a wrecked heart.

Yes, I am eighteen, and dwelling in a wilderness — Chester Square is where papa's residence (town residence) is situated. But it is a wilderness to me. The flowers coaxed by the gardener to grow in the square garden seem tame in color and inodorous; the gate gives me a shudder as I pass through, when it grits with the dust in its hinges, and always loudly; while mischievous boys are constantly inserting small pebbles in the dusty lock to break the wards of the key. It is a wilderness to me; and though this heart may become crusted with bitterness, and too much hardened and callous, yet never, ah! never, will it be what it was a year ago. I am writing this with a bitter smile upon my lips, which I cannot convey to paper; but I have chosen the hardest and scratchiest pen I could find, I am using red ink, and there are again blurs and spots upon the paper where tears have removed the glaze — for I always like very highly glazed note.

I did think of writing this diary in my own life's current, but my reason told me that it would only be seen by the blackened and brutal printers; and therefore, as I said before, I am using red ink, and sitting writing by the front drawing-room window, where it is so much lighter, where the different passing vehicles can be seen, and the noise of those horrid men saying "Ciss, ciss" in the mews at the back cannot be heard.

Ah! but one year ago, and I was happy! I recall it as if but yesterday. We were sitting at breakfast, and I remember thinking what a pity it was to be obliged to sit down, and crease and take the stiffening out of the clean muslin I wore, one that really seemed almost perfection as I came downstairs, when suddenly mamma — who was reading that horrid provincial paper — stopped papa just as he raised a spoonful of egg to his lips, and made him start so that he dropped a portion upon his beard.

"Excelsior!" exclaimed mamma.

"Which is?" said papa, making the table-cloth all yellow.

"Only listen," said mamma, and she commenced reading an atrocious advertisement, while I was so astonished at the unwonted vivacity displayed, that I left off skimming the last number of *The World,* and listened as well while she read the following dreadful notice:—

"The Cedars, Allsham.— Educational Establishment for a limited number of young ladies"— (limited to all she could get). "Lady principal, Mrs. Fortesquieu de Blount"— (an old wretch); "French, Monsieur de Tiraille; German, Fraulein Liebeskinden; Italian, Signor Pazzoletto; singing, Fraulein Liebeskinden, R.A.M., and Signor Pazzoletto, R.A.M." (the result of whose efforts was to make us poor victims sing in diphthongs or the union of vowels — Latin and Teutonic); "pianoforte, Fraulein Liebeskinden; dancing and deportment, Monsieur de Kittville; English, Mrs. Fortesquieu de Blount, assisted by fully qualified teachers. This establishment combines the highest educational phases with the comforts of home"— (Now is it not as wicked to write stories as to say them? Of course it is; and as, according to the paper, their circulation was three thousand a week, and there are fifty-two weeks in a year, that wicked old tabby in that one case told just one hundred and six thousand fibs in the twelvemonth; while if I were to analyze the whole advertisement, *comme ca,* the amount would be horrible) —"Mrs. Fortesquieu de Blount having made it her study to eliminate every failing point in the older systems of instructions and scholastic internal management, has formed the present institution upon a basis of the most firm, satisfactory, and lasting character." (Would you think it possible that mammas who pride themselves upon their keenness would be led away and believe such nonsense?) "The staff of assistants has been most carefully selected — the highest testimonials having in every case been considered of small avail, unless accompanied by tangible proof of long and arduous experience."

Such stuff! And then there was ever so much more — and there was quite a quarrel once about paying for the advertisement, it came to so much — about forks and spoons and towels, and advantages of situation in a sanitary point of view, and beauty of scenery, and references

to bishops, priests, and deacons, deans and canons, two M. D's. and a Sir Somebody Something, Bart. I won't mention his name, for I'm sure he must be quite sufficiently ashamed of it by this time, almost as much so as those high and mighty peers who have been cured of their ailments for so many years by the quack medicines. But there, mamma read it all through, every bit, mumbling dreadfully, as she always has ever since she had those new teeth with the patent base.

"Well, but there isn't anything about excelsior," said papa.

"No, of course not," said mamma. "I meant that it was the very thing for Laura. Finishing, you know."

"Well, it does sound pretty good," said papa. "I don't care so long as it isn't Newnham or Girton, and wanting to ride astride horses."

"My dear!" said mamma.

"Well, that's what they're all aiming at now," cried papa. "We shall have you on horseback in Rotten Row next."

"My love!"

"I should do a bit of Banting first," continued papa, with one of those sneers against mamma's *embonpoint* which do make her so angry.

And then, after a great deal of talking and arguing, in which of course mamma must have it all her own way, and me not consulted a bit, they settled that mamma was to write to Allsham, and then if the letter in reply proved satisfactory, she was to go down at once and see the place. If she liked it, I was to spend a year there for a finishing course of education; for they would not call it — as I spitefully told papa they ought to — they would not call it sending me back to school; and it was too bad, after promising that the two years I passed in the convent at Guisnes should be the last.

Yes: too bad. I could not help it if my grammar was what papa called, in his slangy way, "horribly slack." I never did like that horrid parsing, and I'm sure it comes fast enough with reading. Sœur Celine never found fault with my French grammatical construction when I wrote letters to her, and I wrote one that very day; for it did

seem such a horrid shame to treat me in so childish a way.

And while I was writing — or rather, while I was sitting at the window, thinking of what to say, and biting the end of my pen — who should come by but the new curate, Mr. St. Purre, of St. Sympathetica's, and when he saw how mournful I looked, he raised his hat with such a sad smile, and passed on.

By the way, what an improvement it is, the adoption of the beard in the church. Mr. St. Purre's is one of the most beautiful black, glossy, silky beards ever seen; and I'm sure I thought so then, when I was writing about going back to school — a horrible, hateful place! How I bit my lips and shook my head! I could have cried with vexation, but I would not let a soul see it; for there are some things to which I could not stoop. In fact, after the first unavailing remonstrance, if it had been to send me to school for life, I would not have said another word.

For only think of what mamma said, and she must have told papa what she thought. Such dreadful ideas.

"You are becoming too fond of going to church, Laura," she said with a meaning look. "I'm afraid we did wrong in letting you go to the sisters."

"Absurd, mamma!" I cried. "No one can be too religious."

"Oh, yes my dear, they can," said mamma, "when they begin to worship idols."

"What do you mean, mamma?" I cried, blushing, for there was a curious meaning in her tone.

"Never mind, my dear," she said, tightening her lips. "Your papa quite agreed with me that you wanted a change."

"But I don't, mamma," I pleaded.

"Oh yes you do, my dear," she continued, "you are getting wasted and wan, and too fond of morning services. What do you think papa said?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"He said, 'That would cure it.'"

She pronounced the last word as if it was spelt "ate," and I felt the blood rush to my cheeks, feeling speechless for a time, but I recovered soon after, as I told myself that most likely mamma had no *arrière-pensée*.

If it had been a ball, or a party, or fête, the time would have gone on drag, drag, dawdle, dawdle, for long enough. But because I was going back to school it must rush along like an express train. First, there were the answers back to mamma's letters, written upon such stiff thick paper that it broke all along the folds; scented, and with a twisty, twirly monogram-thing done in blue upon paper and envelope; while the writing — supposed to be Mrs. de Blount's, though it was not, for I soon found that out, and that it was written, like all the particular letters, by Miss Furness — was of the finest and most delicate, so fine that it seemed as if it was never meant to be read, but only to be looked at, like a great many more ornamental things we see every day done up in the disguise of something useful.

Well, there were the letters answered, mamma had been, and declared to papa that she was perfectly satisfied for everything was as it should be, and nothing seemed *outré* — that being a favorite word of mamma's, and one out of the six French expressions she remembers, while it tumbles into all sorts of places in conversation where it has no business.

I did tell her, though, it seemed *outré* to send me back to one of those terrible child prisons, crushing down my young elastic soul in so cruel a way; but she only smiled, and said that it was all for my good.

Then came the day all in a hurry; and I'm sure, if it was possible, that day had come out of its turn, and pushed and elbowed its way into the front on purpose to make me miserable.

But there it was, whether or no; and I'd been packing my boxes — first a dress, then a tear, then another dress, and then another tear, and so on, until they were full — John said too full, and that I must take something out or they would not lock. But there was not a single thing that I could possibly have done without, so Mary and Eliza both had to come and stand upon the lid, and then it would not go quite close, when mamma came fussing in to say how late it was, and she stood on it as well; so that there were three of them, like the Graces upon a square pedestal. But we managed to lock it then; and

John was cording it with some new cord, only he left that one, because mamma said perhaps they had all better stand on the other box, in case it would not lock; while when they were busy about number two, if number one did not go off "bang," like a great wooden shell, and burst the lock off, when we had to be content with a strap.

Nobody minded my tears — not a bit; and there was the cab at the door at last, and the boxes lumbered down into the hall, and then bumped up, as if they wanted to break them, on to the roof of the cab; and mamma all the while in a regular knot trying to understand "Bradshaw" and the table of the Allsham and Funnleton Railway. Papa had gone to the City, and said good-bye directly after breakfast; and when mamma and I went out, the first thing mamma must do was to take out her little china tablets and pencil, and put down the cabman's number; if the odious, low wretch did not actually wink at me — such insolence.

When we reached the station, if my blood did not quite boil when mamma would stop and haggle with the horrible tobaccoey wretch about sixpence of the fare, till there was quite a little crowd, when the money was paid, and the tears brought into my eyes by being told that the expenses of my education necessitated such parsimony; and that, too, at a time when I did not wish for a single fraction of a penny to go down to that dreadful woman at Allsham. But that was always the way; and some people are only too glad to make excuses and lay their meannesses upon some one else. Of course, I am quite aware that it is very shocking to speak of mamma in this manner; but then some allowance must be made for my wretched feelings, and besides, I don't mean any harm.—*A Fluttered Dovecote.*

FENN, Sir John, an English antiquary; born at Norwich, November 26, 1739; died February 14, 1794. He was a country gentleman of Norfolkshire and has a claim to a place in literary history mainly on account of having edited a large series of family papers known as *The Paston Letters,* written by various persons of rank and consequence during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. (1420–1485). The first publication of these letters was in 1787, in two quarto volumes; a third and fourth volume appeared in 1789; in 1823 a fifth volume was added, bringing the correspondence down to 1509. *The Paston Letters* have been several times reprinted; the most convenient form being in "Bohn's Antiquarian Library" (2 vols., 1849). A greatly enlarged edition was published in 1872–75. The following letter, by Dame Agnes Paston (1458), shows the way in which gentlewomen of that day wrote the English language:

DAME PASTON'S LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS.

Erands to London of Augnes Paston the xxviii day of Jenure, the yer of Kyng Henry the Sext, xxxvi.

To prey Grenefeld to send me feythfully word, by wrytyn, who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lernyng. And if he hathe nought do well, nor wyll nought amend, prey hym that he will trewly belassch hym, tyl he wyll amend; and so ded the last maystr, and the best that ever he had, at Caumbrage. And sey Grenefeld that if he wyll take up on hym to brynge hym in to good rewyll and lernyng, that I may verily know he doth hys dever, I wyll geve hym x marcs for hys labor; for I had lever he wer fayr beryed than lost for defaute.

Item, to se who many gownys Clement hathe; and

the that be bar, late hem be reysyd. He hath achort grene gowne, and achort musterdevelers gowne, wer never reysyd; and achort blew gowne that was reysyd, and mad of a syde gowne, when I was last in London; and a syde russet gowne, furryd with bevyr, was mad this tyme ii yer; and a syde murry gowne was mad this tyme twelmonth.

Item, to do make me vi sponys, of viii ounce of troy wyght, well facyond, and dubbyl gylt.

And say Elyzabet Paston that she must use hyr selfe to werke redyly, as other gentylwomen done, and sumwhat to help hyr selfe ther with.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole xxvi*s.* viii*d.* for hyr bord.

And if Grenefeld have do wel hys dever to Clement, or wyll do hys dever, geffe hym the nobyll.— *The Paston Letters.*

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, had been sentenced to banishment from England. The vessel in which he embarked was boarded by an English cruiser, and the Duke was murdered. (See Shakespeare, *King Henry the Sixth, Part II.*) The following farewell letter to his son was written by Suffolk on the morning of his embarkation, April 30, 1450. The spelling is here conformed to modern usages.

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK'S FAREWELL LETTER TO HIS SON.

My dear and only well-beloved son — I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him; to the which as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that also wittingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And thus as any frailty maketh you to fall, beseecheth His mercy soon to call you to Him again

with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend Him.

Secondly, next Him, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, always, as ye be bounded by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, and to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, men of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask ye your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living.

Written of mine hand the day of my departing from this land. Your true and loving father.— *Paston Letters.*

FERGUSON, ADAM, a Scottish philosopher and historian; born at Logierait, Perthshire, June 20, 1724; died at St. Andrews, February 22, 1816. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and commenced the study of theology at Edinburgh; but in 1745, when he had completed only half of the course, he was selected, on account of his knowledge of the Gaelic language, to act as chaplain to a Highland regiment, with which he went to the Low Countries. He retained this position until 1754. In 1757 he became conspicuous by a pamphlet on *The Morality of the Stage*, a defence of his friend and fellow-clergyman, John Homes, who had been sharply censured for having written the tragedy of *Douglas*. In 1759 he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy, and in 1764 of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh. In 1778 he went to America as secretary to a commission appointed to negotiate a peace with the revolted colonies; his chair in the University being filled during the year's absence by Dugald Stewart, who became Ferguson's successor after his resignation in 1785. Ferguson's principal works are: *Essay on the History of Civil Society* (1767); *Institutes of Moral Philosophy* (1769); *Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic* (1783); and *Principles of Moral and Political Science* (1792).

DEVELOPMENT OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

Mankind have twice within the compass of history ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees of refinement. In every age, whether destined by its temporary disposition to build or to destroy, they have left

the vestiges of an active and vehement spirit. The pavement and the ruins of Rome are buried in dust, shaken from the feet of barbarians, who trod with contempt on the refinements of luxury, and spurned those arts the use of which it was reserved for the posterity of the same people to discover and to admire. The tents of the wild Arab are even now pitched among the ruins of magnificent cities; and the waste fields which border on Palestine and Syria are perhaps become again the nursery of infant nations. The chieftain of an Arab tribe, like the founder of Rome, may have already fixed the roots of a plant that is to flourish in some future period, or laid the foundations of a fabric that will attain to its grandeur in some distant age.

Great part of Africa has been always unknown; but the silence of fame, on the subject of its revolutions, is an argument, where no other proof can be found, of weakness in the genius of its people. The torrid zone, everywhere round the globe, however known to the geographer, has furnished few materials for history; and though in many places supplied with the arts of life in no contemptible degree, has nowhere matured the more important projects of political wisdom, nor inspired the virtues which are connected with freedom, and which are required in the conduct of civil affairs. It was indeed in the torrid zone that mere arts of mechanism and manufacture were found, among the inhabitants of the new world, to have made the greatest advance; it is in India, and in the regions of this hemisphere which are visited by the vertical sun, that the arts of manufacture and the practice of commerce are of the greatest antiquity, and have survived, with the smallest diminution, ruins of time and the revolutions of empire. The sun, it seems, which ripens the pineapple and the tamarind, inspires a degree of mildness that can even assuage the rigors of despotical government: and such is the effect of a gentle and pacific disposition in the natives of the East, that no conquest, no irruption of barbarians, terminates, as they did among the stubborn natives of Europe, by a total destruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.

Man, in the perfection of his natural faculties, is quick

and delicate in his sensibility; extensive and various in his imaginations and reflections; attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow-creatures; firm and ardent in his purposes; devoted to friendship or to enmity; jealous of his independence and his honor, which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit; under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force; and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited; and men are of inferior importance, either as friends or as enemies. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life; in the other they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both, the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes; in both, the spirit is prepared for servitude; in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future; in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present.— *History of Civil Society.*

FERGUSON, Sir Samuel, an Irish poet; born at Belfast, March 10, 1810; died at Howth, County Dublin, August 9, 1886. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was admitted to the Irish Bar in 1838, and to the Inner Bar in 1859. He was appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland in 1867, and in 1878 received the honor of knighthood on account of his antiquarian and literary merits. As president of the Royal Irish Academy he gave a powerful impetus to the scientific study of early Irish art. His contributions to the magazines began to attract attention in 1832. Be-

sides numerous contributions, in verse and prose, to *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University Magazine*, he published *Lays of the Western Gael* (1865); *Congal, a Poem* (1872); *Poems* (1880); *Shakespearian Brevities* (1882); *Leabhar Breac* (1876); *The Forging of the Anchor* (1883); *Ogham Inscription* (1887). The *Cromlech on Howth* (1864) is enriched with valuable notes on Celtic ornamental art. Among his best known contributions to periodical literature, besides those already mentioned, are *Father Tom and the Pope; The Widow's Cloak*, and a series of Irish pictorial tales entitled *Hibernian Nights' Entertainments*. During his life he collected all the known antiquarian literature of his native land.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come see the *Dolphin's* Anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now,
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leather panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the bright sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid
row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before
the foe;
As quivering through his fleece of flame the sailing mon-
ster slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout; "leap out — leap out!" bang,
bang the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing front of fire is struck at every swashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders
strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering foun-
tains flow;
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke,
pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on
load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower thick and broad.
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of the ocean
poured
From stern to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the
board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at
the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains;
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save where ye pitch
sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing
— here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime!
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the bur-
den be:

"The Anchor is the Anvil-King, and royal craftsmen we!"
Strike in, strike in; the sharks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our Anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bow, or an oozy couch of clay:
Our Anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer,
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far, from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.
In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last:
A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasure would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! Methinks what joys 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the charmed sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle wonder-fish, a bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Norwegian isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles,
Then snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls.

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his black browsing ocean-calves; or haply in his cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?
The *dolphin* weighs a thousand tons that tugs the cable line;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave:
A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-king's halls! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend,
Which sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend —
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide, with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland —
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave —
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among.

FERGUSSON, Robert, a Scottish poet; born at Edinburgh, October 17, 1750; died there, October 16, 1774. He was a copying clerk in a lawyer's office, and was wont to relieve the monotony of his daily labor by writing verse and in conviviality. The doings of a social club to which he belonged, and in which his fine voice made him a favorite, are celebrated in *Auld Reekie,* the best of his poems. In 1773 a collection of his poems was published. He had already manifested symptoms of mental disease; these were aggravated by a fall by which his head was injured, and he was placed in a public asylum, where he died. A copy of his poems fell into the hands of Burns, and had much to do in shaping the bent of his poetical genius. Burns thus apostrophizes his precursor:

> "Oh thou my elder brother in misfortune,
> By far my elder brother in the muses,
> With tears I pity thy unhappy fate."

In 1787 Burns sought out the unmarked grave of Fergusson in the Canongate burying-ground, and caused a memorial-stone to be placed by it, upon one side of which is this inscription: "By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain forever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson."

AN EDINBURGH SUNDAY.

On Sunday, here an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose

To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neighbor think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner of the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad
If good frae virtue's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses lo'e to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace ower the face,
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comedy-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them wi' their Sunday's gills,
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.
While danderin' cits delight to stray,
To Castle-hill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's seat pursue,
Where bonny pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play.
And gie to mirth the livelang day.
Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower
To Holyrood house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;

Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bien Days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame; the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
Ane gie 's our dignity again!
For, oh, wae 's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

—*Auld Reekie.*

FERREIRA, ANTONIO, a Portuguese poet and dramatist; born at Lisbon in 1528; died there in 1569. He is sometimes spoken of as the "Portuguese Horace." He was of noble family, and was educated at the University of Coimbra, where he subsequently became a professor. He was destined for the public service and studied law, and during the reign of King John III. and two of his successors held high positions at court. He was especially fond of the poetry of Horace and hoped to improve the Portuguese tongue by writing in pure, forcible style in his native language. His *Epistles*, written from court to many illustrious persons, contain his best thoughts, and were the first of their kind in Portuguese literature.

He wrote many sonnets, odes, and epigrams, in which the influence of Petrarch appears, but which are lacking generally in sincerity and depth of feeling. His greatest work is the tragedy of *Ines de Castro*, composed in the antique manner, with a chorus of Coimbrian women. This is the first Portuguese

tragedy and the second in modern European literature. He also wrote a comedy, *Bristo.*

SEMI-CHORUS IN IGNES DE CASTRO.

When first young Love was born,
Earth was with life imbued;
The sun acquired his beams, the stars their light,
Heaven shone in Nature's morn;
And, by the light subdued,
Darkness revealed long-hidden charms to sight;
And she the rosy-hued,
Who rules Heaven's fairest sphere,
Daughter of Ocean rude,
She to the world gave Love, her offspring dear.

'Tis Love adorns our earth
With verdure and soft dews;
With colors decks the flowers, with leaves the groves;
Turns war to peace and mirth;
O'er harshness softness strews;
And melts a thousand hates in thousand loves.
Incessant he renews
The lives stern Death consumes,
And gives the brilliant hues
In which earth's beauteous picture ever blooms.

The raging of his flames
'Twere cowardice to fear;
For Love is soft and tender as a child;
His rage entreaty tames;
And passion's starting tear
He kisses from the eyes, tenderly mild.
Within his quiver hear
The golden arrows ring;
The deadly shafts appear,
But love-fraught, love-impelled, their flight they wing.

Love sounds in every lay,
In every tuneful choir;
Tempestuous winds are lulled by his sweet voice;

Sorrow is chased away;
And in his genial fire
The limpid streams, the hills and vales rejoice.
Love's own harmonious lyre
In heaven is heard to sound;
And while his flames inspire
Thy heart, thou, Castro, by Love's God are crowned.
— *Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE LAMENT OF DOM PEDRO FOR IGNES.

Dom Pedro.— What should I say? What do? What shriek or groan?
O fortune! O barbarity! O grief!
O mine own Dona Ignes! O my soul!
And art thou slain? Hath Death the audacity
To touch thee? Do I hear it, and survive?
I live, and thou are dead! O cruel Death!
My life thou'st slain, and yet I am not dead!
Open, thou earth, and swallow me at once!
Burst, burst away, my soul, from this evil body,
Whose weight by force detains thee!
Thy blood! What cruel swords! What cruel hands!
How could they move against thee? Those hard weapons,
How had they strength or edge, turned against thee?
How, cruel king, couldst thou allow the deed?
Mine enemy — not father — enemy?
Wherefore *thus* murder me? Ye savage lions,
Ye tigers, serpents! why, if for my blood
Athirst, glutted ye not on me your rage?
Me had you slain, I might survive. Barbarians,
Wherefore not murder me? If wronged by me,
Mine enemies, why not on me revenge
Your wrongs? She had not wronged you — that meek lamb,
Innocent, beautiful, sincere, and chaste;
But you, as rancorous enemies, would slay me —
Not in my life, but soul. Ye heavens that saw
Such monstrous cruelty, how fell ye not?
Messenger.— My lord, for weeping there is ample leisure;

But what can tears 'gainst death? I pray thee now
Visit the corse, and render it due honors.
Dom Pedro.— Sad honors! Other honors, Lady mine,
I had in store for thee — honors thy due. . . .
How look upon those eyes, forever closed?
Upon those tresses now not gold, but blood?
Upon those hands, so cold and livid now,
That used to be so white and delicate?
On that fair bosom, pierced with cruel wounds?
Upon that form, so often in mine arms,
Clasped, living, beautiful, now dead and cold?
How shall I see the pledges of our loves?
O cruel father, didst thou not in them
Behold thy son? Thou hear'st not, my beloved!
I ne'er shall see thee more! Throughout the world
Shall never find thee! — Weep my griefs with me
All you who hear me! Weep with me, ye rocks,
Since in men's hearts dwells such barbarity!
And thou, Coimbra, shroud thyself forever
In melancholy! Ne'er within thy walls
Be laughter heard, or aught save tears and sighs!
Be thy Mondego's waters changed to blood!
Withered thy trees, thy flowers! Help me to call
Upon Heaven's justice to avenge my woes! —
I slew thee, Lady mine! 'Twas I destroyed thee!
With death I recompensed thy tenderness!
But far more cruelly than thee they slew
Will I destroy myself, if avenge not
Thy murder with unheard-of cruelties!
For this alone does God prolong my life! —
With mine own hands their breasts I'll open; thence
I'll tear out the ferocious hearts that durst
Conceive such cruelty: then let them die!
Thee, too, I'll persecute, thou king, my foe!
Quickly shall wasting fires work ravages
Amidst thy friends, thy kingdom! Thy slain friends
Shall look on others' deaths, whose blood shall drown
The plains, with whose blood shall the rivers stream,
For hers in retribution! Slay me thou,
Or fly my rage. No longer as my father
Do I acknowledge thee! Thine enemy

I call myself — thine enemy! My father
Thou'rt not — I am no son — I'm an enemy! —
Thou, Ignes, art in Heaven! I remain
Till I've revenged thee; then I there rejoin thee!
Thine innocent body shall in royal state
Be placed on high! Thy tenderness shall be
Mine indivisible associate,
Until I leave with thine my weary body,
And my soul haste to rest with thine for ever!

— *Translation in Blackwood's Magazine.*

FERRIER, SUSAN EDMONSTONE, a Scottish novelist; born at Edinburgh, September 7, 1782; died there, November 5, 1854. Her father, James Ferrier, was for a time one of the Clerks of the Court of Sessions with Sir Walter Scott. She herself was an intimate friend of the author of *Waverley*, and contributed much to relieve the sadness which overclouded the later years of his life. She wrote only three novels: *Marriage* (1818); *The Inheritance* (1824), and *Destiny* (1831). These novels were all published anonymously, and by many the authorship was attributed to Scott. Thus in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (November, 1826), the Ettrick Shepherd is made to say: "I aye thocht that *The Inheritance* was written by Sir Walter as weel's *Marriage*, till it spunked out that it was written by a leddy." Sir Walter was wont to give Miss Ferrier a high place among the novelists of the day. In his diary for March 27, 1826, after speaking of a new novel which he had been reading, he says. "The women do this better. Edgeworth, Ferrier, Austen, have all given portraits of real society far

superior to anything man — vain man — has produced of the like nature."

MISS VIOLET MACSHAKE.

As soon as she recognized her grand nephew, Mr. Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

"And wha thought o' sein' ye enoo?" said she, in a quick gabbling voice; "what's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest faither's siller ere he's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?"

Mr. Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

"Health!" repeated she with a sardonic smile; "it wad make an ool laugh to hear the wark that's made aboot young fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye're a' made o'," grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand —"a wheen puir feckless windlestraes — ye maun awa' to Ingland for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam' o' the lasses i' my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sud like to ken,'ll e'r leive to see ninety-sax, like me? Health! he! he!"

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

"Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an' let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?" Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse: "Weel, it's ae mercy. I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits o' the Douglases. I kenna whuther your faither has them or no. I ne'er set een on him: neither him

nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me: but I was at nae loss, by a' accounts.'

"You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends," said Mr. Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

"Time enough — wull ye let me draw my breath, man — fowk canna say awthing at ance. An' ye but to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wudna ser' ye. An' yer wean Ise warran' it's ane o' the warld's wonders — it's been unco lang o' comin'— he, he!"

"He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!" said Mr. Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

'An' wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o't, to hae the birn kirsened an' its grandfather deein'! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to do — awthing's changed."

"You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes," observed Mr. Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

"Changes! — weel a wat I sometimes wonder if it's the same warld, an' if it's my ain heed that's upon my shoothers."

"But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?" said Mary, in a tone of diffidence.

'Impruvements?" turning sharply around upon her; "what ken ye about impruvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there," pointing out of her windows, "whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' and tumlin, an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs — what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot madams prancin'? Impruvements, indeed!"

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr. Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and

who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

"Mainers!" repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh; "what ca ye' mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoos, and bang oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoos; an' as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I' my grandfather's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoos, ay! an' sat wi' his hat on his hed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish an' was ay helpit first, and keep it up his owthority as a man sude do. Paurents war paurents than — bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they do noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days — wife and servants, reteeners an' childer, a' trummelt i' the presence o' their heed."

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. Mr. Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

"Oo, what's takin' ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there," laying her hand upon his arm, "an' rest ye, an' take a glass o' wine an' a bit o' breed; or maybe," turning to Mary, "ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blue, bairn? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the lave; ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half-naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame."

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

"Hae, bairn — tak a cookie — tak it up — what are you feared for! it'l no bite ye. Here's t' ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' yer wean; puir tead, it's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat."

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr. Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

"Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jacky,

an' Nicky? — aye workin' awa' at the peels an' the drogs — he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an' ony o' them 'll rin a race wi' me whan they're naur five-score."

Mr. Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

"Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin'; poor dry fissinless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that il, but they 're no worth the carryin'; they're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauer sawmont, there would hae been some sense in 't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yoursel' wi' your presents; it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I 'se warran' ye 're thinkin' mair o' your ain' diversion than o' my stamick wan ye're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts."

Mr. Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His color rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly toward the door.— *Marriage.*

FEUERBACH, Ludwig Andreas, a German philosopher; born at Landshut, Bavaria, July 28, 1804; died near Nuremberg, Bavaria, September 13, 1872. After studying theology for two years in the University of Heidelberg, he went, in 1824, to Berlin to attend the lectures of Hegel. The following year he abandoned theology for philosophy,

LUDWIG FEUERBACH.

of which in 1828 he became a teacher in the University of Erlangen. His first work, *Thoughts on Death and Immortality,* was published anonymously in 1830. In this, as in his later works, he combated the doctrine of immortality. His peculiarities of manner interfered with his success in teaching, and at length he relinquished the profession, married, and settled in the Castle at Brucksberg, a residence which formed part of his wife's dower. He had already written a *History of Modern Philosophy* (1833); *Abelard and Heloise, or the Writer and the Man* (1834); a *Description, Explanation, and Criticism of the Philosophy of Leibnitz* (1837), and *Pierre Bayle* (1838). The *Critique of Hegel* followed in 1839, and *The Essence of Christianity,* his most important work, in 1841. In this work he claims to set forth a new philosophy, resting "not on an Understanding *per se,* on an absolute nameless understanding, belonging, one knows not to whom, but on the understanding of man, though not on that of man enervated by speculation and dogma." He argues that man's highest good consists in resembling that ideal humanity which, created by man himself, is called God. Among his works not already mentioned are *Grundsätze der Philosophie der Zukunst* (1834); *Das Wesen der Religion* (1846–51); *Theogonie* (1857), and *Gottheit, Freiheit, und Unsterblichkeit* (1866).

REASON, WILL, AFFECTION.

What, then, is the nature of man, of which he is conscious, or what constitutes the specific distinction, the proper humanity of man? Reason, Will, Affection. To a complete man belong the power of Thought, the power of Will, the power of Affection. The power of Thought is the light of the intellect, the power of Will is energy

of character, the power of Affection is love. Reason, love, force of will are perfections — the perfections of the human being — nay, more, they are absolute perfections of being. To will, to love, to think, are the highest powers, are the absolute nature of man as man, and the basis of his existence. Man exists to think, to love, to will. Now that which is the end, the ultimate aim, is also the true basis and principle of a being. But what is the end of reason? Reason. Of love? Love. Of will? Freedom of the Will. We think for the sake of thinking: love for the sake of loving, will for the sake of willing — *i. e.,* that we may be free. True existence is thinking, loving, willing existence. That alone is true, perfect, divine, which exists for its own sake. But such is love, such is reason, such is will. The divine trinity in man, above the individual man, is the unity of reason, love, will. Reason, Will, Love, are not powers which a man possesses, for he is nothing without them; he is what he is only by them; they are the constituent elements of his nature, which he neither has nor makes, the animating, determining, governing powers — divine, absolute powers — to which he can oppose no resistance.

How can the feeling man resist feeling, the loving one love, the rational one reason? Who has not experienced the overwhelming power of melody? And what else is the power of melody but the power of feeling? Music is the language of feeling; melody is audible feeling — feeling communicating itself.. Who has not experienced the power of love, or at least heard of it? Which is the stronger — love or the individual man? Is it man that possesses love, or is it not much rather love that possesses man? When love impels a man to suffer death even joyfully for the beloved one, is this death-conquering power his own individual power, or is it not rather the power of love? And who that ever truly thought has not experienced that quiet, subtle power — the power of thought? When thou sinkest into deep reflection, forgetting thyself and what is around thee, dost thou govern reason, or is it not reason which governs and absorbs thee? Scientific enthusiasm — is it not the most glorious triumph of intellect over thee? The

desire of knowledge — is it not a simply irresistible and all-conquering power? And when thou suppressest a passion, renouncest a habit, achievest a victory over thyself, is this victorious power thine own personal power, or is it not rather the energy of will, the force of morality, which seizes the mastery of thee, and fills thee with indignation against thyself and thine individual weakness? — *Essence of Christianity.*

MAN'S NATURE HIS SOLE OBJECT OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

Man is nothing without an object. The great models of humanity, such men as reveal to us what man is capable of, have attested the truth of this proposition by their lives. They had only one dominant passion — the realization of the aim which was the essential object of their activity. But the object to which a subject essentially, necessarily relates is nothing else than this subject's own, but objective, nature. If it be an object common to several individuals of the same species, but under various conditions, it is still, at least as to the form under which it presents itself to each of them according to their respective modifications, their own, but objective, nature. . . .

In the object which he contemplates, therefore, man becomes acquainted with himself; consciousness of the objective is the self-consciousness of man. We know the man by the object, by his conception of what is external to himself; in it his nature becomes evident; this object is his manifested nature, his true objective *ego*. And this is true, not merely of spiritual, but also of sensuous objects. Even the objects which are most remote from man, *because* they are objects to him, and to the extent that they are so, are revelations of human nature. That he sees them and so sees them is an evidence of his own nature. The animal is sensible only of the beam which immediately affects life; while man perceives the ray, to him physically indifferent, of the remoter star. Man alone has purely intellectual, disinterested joys and passions; the eye of man alone keeps theoretic festivals. . . .

The absolute to man is his own nature. The power of the object over him is therefore the power of his own nature. Thus the power of the object of feeling is the power of feeling itself; the power of the object of the intellect is the power of the intellect itself; the power of the object of the will is the power of the will itself. The man who is affected by musical sounds is governed by feeling; by the feeling, that is, which finds its corresponding element in musical sounds. But it is not melody as such, it is only melody pregnant with meaning and emotion, which has power over feeling. Feeling is only acted on by that which conveys feeling, *i. e.*, by itself, its own nature. Thus also the will; thus, and infinitely more, the intellect. Whatever kind of object, therefore, we are at any time conscious of, we are always at the same time conscious of our own nature; we can affirm nothing without affirming ourselves. And since to will, to feel, to think, are perfections, essences, realities, it is impossible that intellect, feeling, and will should feel or perceive themselves as limited, finite and nothingness are identical; finiteness is only a power, *i. e.*, as worthless, as nothing. For finiteness euphemism for nothingness. Finiteness is the metaphysical, the theoretical — nothingness the pathological, practical expression. What is finite to the understanding is nothing to the heart.

But it is impossible that we should be conscious of will, feeling, and intellect as finite powers, because every perfect existence, every original power and essence, is the immediate verification and affirmation of itself. It is impossible to love, will, or think, without perceiving these activities to be perfections — impossible to feel that one is a loving, willing, thinking being without experiencing an infinite joy therein. Consciousness consists in a being becoming objective to itself; hence it is nothing apart, nothing distinct from the being which is conscious of itself. How could it otherwise become conscious of itself? It is, therefore, impossible to become conscious of a perfection as an imperfection, impossible, to feel feeling limited, to think thought limited. — *Essence of Christianity.*

OCTAVE FEUILLET.

FEUILLET Octave, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Saint Lô, Manche, August 11, 1821; died at Paris, December 29, 1890. He distinguished himself at the College of Louis-le-Grand, in Paris, where he was educated. He began his literary work with part of a romance entitled *Le Grand Vieillard,* to which two other authors also contributed. It was the beginning of a life of constant literary activity. Both as dramatist and novelist he was very successful, and contributed many articles to newspapers and reviews. In 1862, he was elected a member of the French Academy. Among his dramatic works are *La Nuit Terrible* (1845); *La Grise* (1848); *Le Pour et le Contre* (1849); *Dalila* (1857); *Montjoye* (1863); *La Belle au Bois Dormant* (1865); *Le Cas de Conscience* (1867); and *Le Sphinx* (1874). Among his novels are *Punchinello* (1846); *Onesta* (1848); *Rédemption* (1849); *Bellah* (1850); *Le Cheveu Blanc* (1853); *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* (1858); *Histoire de Sibylle* (1862); *Monsieur de Camors* (1867); *Un Mariage dans le Monde* (1875); *Le Journal d'une Femme* (1878); *La Morte,* translated under the title of *Aliette, Honneur d'Artiste* and *Le Veuve* (1890). Many of these novels have been rendered into English. The most popular of his works has been *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre,* which has been translated into many languages.

A RUSTIC LOVE-LETTER.

In the middle of an unusually laborious ascent a voice cried suddenly from the roadside, "Stop, if you please!" And a tall, bare-legged girl, holding a distaff in her hand, and wearing the antique costume and ducal cap

of the peasants of the district, quickly crossed the ditch; she upset some terrified sheep, whose shepherdess she seemed to be, settled herself on the step, and showed us, in the frame of the carriage window, her brown, composed, and smiling face. "Excuse me, ladies," she said, in the short, melodious accents which characterize the speech of the people of the country; "would you be so kind as to read me that?" and she drew from her bosom a letter folded in the old fashion.

"Read it, sir," said Mlle. Laroque, laughing; "and read it aloud, if it is possible."

I took the letter, which was a love-letter. It was very minutely addressed to Mlle. Christine Oyadec, borough of ——, commune of ——, farm of ——. The writing was that of a very uncultivated hand, but one that seemed sincere. The date proclaimed that Mlle. Christine had received the missive two or three weeks before. Apparently the poor girl, not being able to read, and not wishing to reveal her secret to the ridicule of her neighbors, had waited till some passing stranger, both benevolent and learned, should come and give her the key to the mystery which had lurked in her bosom for a fortnight. Her widely opened blue eye was fixed on me with a look of irrepressible eagerness, while I painfully deciphered the slanting lines of the letter, which was conceived in the following terms:

"Mademoiselle, this is to tell you that since the day when we spoke together on the moor after vespers, my mind has not changed, and that I am anxious to learn yours. My heart, Mademoiselle, is all yours, as I desire that yours should be all mine; and, if that is the case, you may be very sure and certain that there is not a more loving soul on earth or in heaven than your friend ——, who does not sign; but you know very well who, Mademoiselle."

"Why, you don't know who, do you, Mademoiselle Christine?" said I, giving her back the letter.

"Very possibly," she said, showing her white teeth, and gravely shaking her young head, radiant with happiness. "Thank you, ladies; and you, sir."

She jumped down from the step, and soon disappeared

in the underwood, flinging toward the sky the joyous notes of a Breton song. Mme. Laroque had followed with evident delight all the details of this pastoral scene, which sweetly flattered her chimera; she smiled — she dreamed in the presence of that happy, barefooted girl — she was charmed. Still, when Mlle. Oyadec was out of sight, a strange idea suddenly came into Mme. Lareque's thoughts. It was that, after all, she would not have done so much amiss to give the shepherdess a five-franc piece, besides her admiration. "Alain!" she cried, "call her back!"

"What for, mother?" said Mlle. Marguérite, eagerly, who had hitherto seemed to pay no attention to the occurrence.

"Why, my child, perhaps the girl does not understand altogether what pleasure I should find, and she herself ought to find, in running about barefoot in the dust. In any case I think it fitting to leave her something to remember me by."

"Money!" returned Mlle. Marguérite. "Oh! mother, don't do that! Don't mix up money with the child's happiness!"

This expression of a refined feeling which poor Christine, by the way, would perhaps not have immensely appreciated, did not fail to astonish me, coming from the mouth of Mlle. Marguérite, who does not generally pique herself on this quintessence. I even thought that she was joking, although her face showed no inclination to merriment. However that might be, her caprice, joke or no joke, was taken very seriously by her mother, and it was enthusiastically decided that the idyl should be left with its innocence and bare feet.— *The Romance of a Poor Young Man.*

FICHTE, JOHANN GOTTLIEB, a German metaphysician and philosopher; born at Rammenau, Upper Lusatia, May 19, 1762; died at Berlin, January 27, 1814. He was the son of a poor weaver, and owed his education to a wealthy nobleman, the Baron von Miltitz. He studied theology at Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg; and afterward became a tutor in several private families, in which capacity he was not successful. In 1790 he took up his residence at Leipsic, where he became personally acquainted with Kant, of whose philosophy he was already an ardent admirer; and soon after published anonymously his *Essay Towards a Critique of all Revelation,* which was by many attributed to Kant himself. In 1794, through the influence of Goethe, he was made Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, and began a series of lectures on *Wissenschaftslehre* (The Science of Knowledge). But after five years some of his teachings aroused opposition on account of their alleged atheistical tendency, and Fichte was constrained to resign his professorship. During his stay at Jena he had fairly formulated his metaphysical system. The leading principles of this system are thus presented by Professor Adamson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica:*

FICHTE'S PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY.

Philosophy is to Fichte the re-thinking of actual cognition, the *theory* of knowledge, the complete, systematic exposition of the principles which lie at the basis of all reasoned cognition. It traces the necessary acts by which the cognitive consciousness comes to be what it is, both in form and content. Not that it is a natural

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

history or even a *phenomenology* of consciousness; only in the later writings did Fichte adopt even the genetic method of expression; it is the complete statement of the pure principles of the understanding in their rational or necessary order. But if complete, this *Wissenschaftslehre* (Theory of Science) must be able to deduce the whole organism of cognition from certain fundamental actions, themselves unproved and incapable of proof; only thus can we have a *system* of reason. From these primary axioms the whole body of necessary thoughts must be developed, and, as Socrates would say, the argument itself will indicate the path of the development.

Of such primitive principles, the absolutely necessary conditions of possible cognition, only three are thinkable: — one, perfectly unconditioned both in form and matter; a second, unconditioned in form but not in matter; a third, unconditioned in matter but not in form. Of these, evidently the first must be the fundamental; to some extent it conditions the other two; though these cannot be deduced from it or proved by it. The statement of these principles forms the introduction to the *Wissenschaftslehre.*

The method which Fichte first adopted for stating these axioms is not calculated to throw full light upon them, and tends to exaggerate the apparent airiness and unsubstantiality of his deduction. They may be explained thus: The primitive condition of all intelligence is that the Ego shall posit, affirm, or be aware of itself. The Ego is the Ego. Such is the first pure act of conscious intelligence, that by which alone consciousness can come to be what it is. It is what Fichte called a "Deed-act" (*Thathandlung*); we cannot be aware of the process — the Ego *is* not until it has affirmed itself — but we are aware of the result, and can see the necessity of the act by which it is brought about. The Ego then posits itself as real. What the Ego posits is real. But in consciousness there is equally given a primitive act of op-positing, or contra-positing, formally distinct from the act of positing, but materially determined, in so far as what is op-posited must be the negative of what is posited. The non-Ego — now be it noticed, the

world as we know it — is op-posed in consciousness to the Ego. The Ego is not the non-Ego. How this act of op-positing is possible and necessary, only becomes clear in the practical philosophy, and even there the inherent difficulty leads to a higher view. But third, we have now an absolute antithesis to our original thesis. Only the Ego is real, but the non-Ego is posited in the Ego. The contradiction is solved in a higher synthesis, which takes up into itself the two opposites. The Ego and non-Ego *limit* one another; and, as limitation is negation of part of a divisible quantum, in this third act the divisible Ego is op-posed to a divisible non-Ego.

From this point onwards the course proceeds by the method already made clear. We progress by making explicit the oppositions contained in the fundamental synthesis, by uniting those opposites, analyzing the new synthesis, and so on, until we reach an ultimate pair. Now, in the synthesis of the third act two principles may be distinguished:—(1) The non-Ego determines the Ego; (2) The Ego determines the non-Ego. As determined the Ego is theoretical, as determining it is practical; ultimately the opposed principles must be united by showing how the Ego is both determining and determined.

From Jena Fichte went to Berlin, where, by his writings, and particularly by his lectures, he exerted a powerful influence on the public mind. Two of his courses of lectures are worthy of especial mention: The *Grundzüge des gegenwärtigen Zeitalters* (Characteristics of the Present Age) and the *Wesen des Gelehrten* (The Nature of the Scholar). These have been admirably translated into English by William Smith. Among the works of Fichte written after his removing to Berlin are the *Bestimmung des Menschen* (The Vocation of Man) and the *Anweisung zum Seligen Leben* (The Way to a Blessed Life). The closing years of Fichte's life were devoted to

labors of a quite practical political and social character. In the autumn of 1813 the hospitals at Berlin were filled with the sick and wounded from the campaign against Napoleon. Among the most devoted of the voluntary nurses in the hospitals was the wife of Fichte. She was seized with a severe attack of "hospital fever," from which, however, she recovered; but on the very day on which she was pronounced to be convalescent Fichte himself was stricken down by the same infectious disease, which proved fatal.

A complete edition of the *Works* of Fichte, including several posthumous writings, was published in 13 vols., 1845–46; second edition, 1862; by his son, Immanuel Herman Fichte (1796–1878), himself a voluminous writer upon philosophical and theological subjects.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE.

A philosophical picture of the Present Age is what we have promised in these lectures. But that view only can be called philosophical which refers back to the multiform phenomena that lie before us in experience to the unity of one common principle, and, on the other hand, from that one principle can deduce and completely explain these phenomena. The mere Empiricist who should undertake a description of the Age, would seize upon some of its most striking phenomena just as they present themselves to casual observation, and recount these, without having any assured conviction that he had understood them all, and without being able to point out any other connection between them than their co-existence in one and the same time. The Philosopher who should propose to himself the task of such a description, would, independently of all experience, seek out an Idea of the Age (which in its own form — *as Idea* — cannot be directly apparent in experience), and would exhibit, as the necessary phenomena of the Age, the form in

which this Idea would come to manifest itself in experience; and in so doing he would distinctly exhaust the circle of these phenomena, and bring them forth in necessary connection with each other, through the common Idea which lay at the bottom of them all. The former would be the *Chronicler* of the age; the latter would have made a *History* of it a possible thing.

In the first place, if the Philosopher must deduce from the Unity of his presupposed principle all the possible phenomena of experience, it is obvious that in the fulfilment of this purpose he does not require the aid of experience; that in following it out he proceeds merely as a Philosopher, confining himself strictly within the limits which that character imposes upon him, paying no respect whatever to experience, and thus absolutely *à priori* to describe Time as a whole, and at all its possible Epochs. It is an entirely different question whether the *present time* be actually characterized by the phenomena that are deduced from the principle which he may lay down, and thus whether the Age so pictured by the speaker be really the present Age — should he maintain such a position, as we, for example, shall maintain it. On this part of the subject every man must consult for himself the experience of his life, and compare it with the history of the Past as well as his anticipations of the Future; for here the business of the Philosopher is at an end, and that of an Observer of the world and of men begins.

Every particular Epoch of Time — as we have already hinted — is the fundamental Idea of a particular Age. These Epochs and fundamental Ideas of particular ages, however, can only be thoroughly understood by and through each other, and by means of their relations to Universal Time. Hence it is clear that the Philosopher, in order to be able rightly to characterize any individual Age, and, if he will, his own, must have *à priori* understood and thoroughly penetrated into the signification of Universal Time and all its possible Epochs. . . .

The life of Mankind *on this Earth* stands here in place of the *One Universal Life*, and *Earthly Time* in place of *Universal Time*. Strictly speaking, and in the

highest speculation, Human Life on Earth, and Earthly Time itself, are but necessary Epochs of the *One Time* and of the *One Eternal Life;* and this Earthly Life, with all its subordinate divisions, may be deduced from the fundamental Idea of the *Eternal Life* already accessible to us here below. It is our present voluntary limitation alone which forbids us to undertake this strictly demonstrable deduction, and permits us here only to declare the fundamental Idea of this Earthly Life, requesting every hearer to bring this Idea to the test of his own sense of truth, and, if he can, to approve it thereby.

Life of *Mankind* on Earth, we have said, and Epochs of this Life. We speak here only of the progressive Life of the *Race,* not of the *Individual.* The Idea of a World-Plan is thus implied in our inquiry, which, however, I am not at this time to deduce from the absolute source indicated above, but only to point out. I say, therefore — and thus lay the foundation of our intended edifice — The End of the Life of Mankind on Earth is this: That in this Life they may order all their relations with *Freedom* according to *Reason.*

With *Freedom,* I have said; — their own Freedom — the Freedom of Mankind in their collective capacity — *as a Race.* And this Freedom is the first accessory condition of our fundamental principle which I intend at present to pursue, leaving the other conditions, which may likewise need explanation, until the subsequent lectures. This Freedom must become apparent in the collective consciousness of the Race; it must appear there as the proper Freedom of the Race — as a true and real fact — the product of the Race during its Life, and proceeding from its Life, so that the absolute existence of the Race itself is necessarily implied in the existence of this fact and product thus attributed to it. If a certain person has done something, it is unquestionably implied in that fact that the person has been in existence prior to the deed, in order that he might form the resolution so to act, and also during the accomplishment of the deed, in order that he might carry his previous resolution into effect; and every one would accept the

proof of *non-existence* at a particular time, as a proof of *non-activity* at the same time. In the same way — if Mankind, as a Race, has done something, and appeared as an actor in such a deed, this act must necessarily imply the existence of the Race at a time when the act had not yet been accomplished.

As an immediate consequence of this remark, the Life of Mankind upon our Earth divides itself, according to the fundamental Idea which we have laid down, into two principal Epochs or Ages: — the one in which the Race exists and lives without as yet having ordered its relations with *Freedom* according to *Reason;* and the other, in which this Voluntary and Reasonable arrangement has been actually accomplished.

To begin our farther inquiry with the first Epoch: — It does not follow, because the Race had not yet, *by its own free act,* ordered its relations according to Reason, that therefore these relations are not ordered by Reason; and hence the one assertion is by no means to be confounded with the other. It is possible that Reason of itself, by its own power, and without the co-operation of human Freedom, may have determined and ordered the relations of Mankind. And so it is in reality. Reason is the first law of the Life of a Race of Men, as of all Spiritual Life; and in this sense, and in no other, shall the word "Reason" be used in these lectures. Without the living activity of this law a Race of Men could never have come into existence; or, even if it could be supposed to have attained to being, it could not, without this activity, maintain its existence for a single moment. Hence, where Reason cannot as yet work Freedom, as in the first Epoch, it acts as a law or power of Nature, and thus may be visibly present in consciousness and active there, only without insight into the grounds of its activity; or, in other words, may exist as mere Feeling — for so we call Consciousness without this insight. In short, to express this in common language: — Reason acts as *blind Instinct,* where it cannot as yet through Free Will. It acts thus in the first epoch of the Life of Mankind upon Earth; and this

first Epoch is thereby more closely characterized and more strictly defined.

By means of the stricter definition of the first Epoch we are also enabled, by contrast, more strictly to define the second. Instinct is *blind.* — a Consciousness without insight. Freedom, as the opposite of Instinct, is thus *seeing* and clearly conscious of the grounds of its activity. But the sole ground of this free activity is Reason. Freedom is thus conscious of Reason, of which Instinct was unconscious. Hence between the dominion of Reason through mere Instinct, and the dominion of the same Reason through Freedom, there arises an intermediate condition — *the Consciousness* or *Knowledge of Reason.*

But further: — Instinct as a blind impulse excludes Knowledge; hence the birth of Knowledge presupposes a liberation from the compulsive power of Instinct as already accomplished; and thus between the dominion of Reason as Instinct and that of Reason as Knowledge there is interposed a third condition — that of *Liberation from Reason as Instinct.*

But how could humanity free itself, or even wish to free itself, from that Instinct which is the law of its existence, and rules it with beloved and unobtrusive power? Or how could the *one* Reason which, while it speaks in Instinct, is likewise active in the impulse towards Freedom — how could this same Reason come into conflict and opposition with itself in human life? Clearly, not directly; and hence a new medium must intervene between the dominion of Reason as Instinct and the impulse to cast off that dominion.

This medium arises in the following way: — The results of Reason as Instinct are seized upon by the more powerful individuals of the Race — in whom, on this very account, that Instinct speaks in its loudest and fullest tones, as the natural but precipitate desire to elevate the whole race to the level of their own greatness — or, rather, to put themselves in the room and place of the Race — and by them it is changed into an *external ruling Authority,* upheld through outward constraint; and then among other men Reason awakens in another form —

as the impulse toward Personal Freedom, which, although it never opposes the mild rule of the inward Instinct which it loves, yet rises in rebellion against the pressure of a stranger Instinct which has usurped its rights, and in this awakening it breaks the chains — not of Reason as Instinct itself — but of the Instinct of foreign natures clothed in the garb of external power. And thus the change of the individual Instinct into a compulsive Authority becomes the medium between the dominion of Reason as Instinct, and the liberation from that dominion.

And finally, to complete this enumeration of the necessary divisions and Epochs of the Earthly Life of our Race: — We have said that through liberation from the dominion of Reason as *Instinct,* the *Knowledge* of Reason becomes possible. By the laws of this Knowledge, all the relations of Mankind must be ordered and directed *by their own free act.* But it is obvious that mere cognizance of the law, which is nevertheless all that Knowledge of itself can give us, is not sufficient for the attainment of this purpose, but that there is also needed a peculiar practical capacity, which can only be thoroughly acquired by use: in a word, *Art.* This Art of ordering the whole relations of Mankind according to that Reason which has already been scientifically comprehended — (for in this higher sense we shall always use the word "Art" when we employ it without explanatory remark) — this Art must be universally applied to all the relations of Mankind, and manifested therein, until the Race become a perfect image of its everlasting archetype in Reason: — and then shall the purpose of this Earthly Life be attained, its end become apparent, and Mankind enter upon the higher spheres of Eternity.— *Characteristics of the Present Age; translation of* WILLIAM SMITH.

EUGENE FIELD.

FIELD, EUGENE, an American poet and journalist; born at St. Louis, Mo., September 2, 1850; died at Chicago, Ill., November 4, 1895. He was a son of Judge Field of the Circuit Court of Missouri, who was widely known as counsel for the negro and his wife in the famous Dred Scott case. In early childhood Eugene lost his mother, and was sent, with his brother Roswell, to a cousin named Mary French, living at Amherst, Mass.; and during his minority his father also died. He studied at Williams College, at Knox College, and at the University of Missouri; and then went to Europe and spent his money in the purchase of rare and valuable books. Returning to America, he married, and was for some time co-editor of several papers in the larger cities of his native State. He first became generally known in 1881 as a humorous writer for the Denver *Tribune;* and later for his "Sharps and Flats" in the *Daily News* of Chicago. In the "Sharps and Flats" column first appeared the dialect poems and charming children's verses which have endeared him to the hearts of American and European readers; chief among them being his *Little Boy Blue; Intry-Mintry; Ganderfeather's Gift;* and *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.* His separately published works are: *The Tribune Primer* (1882); *A Model Primer* (1882); *Culture's Garland* (1887); *A Little Book of Western Verse* (1889); *A Little Book of Profitable Tales* (1889); *Echoes From the Sabine Farm* (1891); *The Holy Cross and Other Tales* (1891); *With Trumpet and Drum* (1892); *Second Book of Verse* (1892). Several of these books were written in collaboration with his brother; and

some were at first privately printed, and were not given to the general public until a year or two later than the dates here affixed. *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* was left unfinished, and was published after the author's death.

Eugene Field was widely known among literary people, and was universally beloved. He was above all things a lover of books; his library, collected with care, was large, and contained many rare volumes, bought at any price, whether he could afford it or not. His own literary work was carefully and conscientiously performed. His poems, which were widely copied, are all marked, as a writer in *White's National Biography* expresses it, "by daintiness and pathetic beauty, some of his child-poems being among the best in the language." "His prose," says another writer, "is filled with delicate sentiment and rare humor, which very often lies very close to tears." "His character," says the *Critic*, "was a strange combination of smiles and tears, and it was hard to tell which side was the more interesting. Underneath the laughter, though, there was always a current of seriousness, which would appear on the surface now and then at unexpected moments." Speaking of the love that existed between the children and the "children's poet," the Rev. Dr. Bristol made the following suggestion on the day of Mr. Field's funeral: "Some day, out in God's Acre, where angels sing their 'Sleep, oh, sleep,' a monument shall mark the resting-place of our gentle poet; and let it be built, as was Daniel Defoe's in London, by the loving, grateful contributions of the children of the land."

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue——
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ah, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

THE LITTLE PEACH.

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
It grew.
One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw —
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew —
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true!

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu.

DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars of the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three —
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

CONKY STILES: A CONCORDANCE.

As near as I could find out, nobody ever knew how Conky Stiles came to know as much of the Bible as he did. Thirty years ago people as a class were much better acquainted with the Bible than folks are nowadays, and there wasn't another one of 'em in the whole Connecticut valley from the Canada line to the Sound, that could stand up 'longside of Conky Stiles and quote Scripture. Well, he knew the whole thing by heart — from Genesis, chapter first, to the Amen at the end of the Revelation of St. John the Divine; that's the whole business in a nutshell!

His name wasn't Conky; we called him Conky for short. His real name was Silas Stiles, but one time at a Sunday-school convention, Mr. Hubbell, the minister, spoke of him as a "veritable concordance of Holy Scriptures," and so we boys undertook to call him "Concordance," but bimeby that name got whittled down to "Conky," and "Conky" stuck to him all the rest of his life.

When Conky was eight years old he got the prize at our Sunday-school for having committed to memory the most Bible verses in the year, and that same spring he got up and recited every line of the Acts of Apostles without having to be prompted once. By the time he was twelve years old he knew the whole Bible by heart, and most of the hymn book, too, although, as I have said, the Bible was his specialty.

Conky was always hearty and cheery; we all felt good when he was round. We never minded the way he had of quotin' things from the Bible. It was like this: Conky, we'll say, would be goin' down the road, and I'd come out of the house and holler: "Hello, there, Conky! where be you goin'?"

Then he'd say: "John xxii: 3."* That would be all he'd say, and that would be enough; for it gave us to understand that he was goin' a-fishin'. Conky never made a mistake; his quotations were always right.

The habit grew on him as he got older. Associating with Conky for fifteen or twenty minutes wasn't much different from readin' the Bible for a couple of days, except that there wa'n't any manual labor about it. I guess he'd have been a minister, if the war hadn't come along and spoiled it all.

In the fall of 1862 there was a war meetin' in the town-hall, and Elijah Cutler made a speech urgin' the men folks to come forward and contribute their services — their lives, if need be — to the cause of freedom and right. We were all keyed up with excitement, for next to Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher, I guess that Elijah Cutler was the greatest orator that ever lived.

* "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go afishing. . . ."

While we were shiverin' and waitin' for somebody to lead off, Conky Stiles rose up and says: "1 Kings xix: 20," says he, and with that he put on his hat and walked out of the meetin'.

"Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."

That's what Conky said, or as good as said, and that's what he meant, too.

He didn't put off his religion when he put on his uniform. Conky Stiles, soldier or civilian, was always a livin', walkin' encyclopedy of the Bible, a human compendium of psalms and proverbs and texts; and I had that confidence in him that I'd have bet he wrote the Bible himself if I hadn't known better and to the contrary.

We were with McClellan a long spell. There was a heap of sickness among the boys, for we weren't used to the climate, and most of us pined for the comforts of home. Lookin' back over the thirty years that lie between this time and that, I see one figure loomin' up, calm and bright and beautiful, in the midst of fever and sufferin' and privation and death; I see a homely, earnest face, radiant with sympathy and love and hope, and I hear Conky Stiles' voice again speaking comfort and cheer to all about him. We all loved him; he stood next to Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan in the heart of everybody in the regiment.

They sent a committee down from our town, one Thanksgiving time, to bring a lot of good things, and to see how soon we were going to capture Richmond. Mr. Hubbell, the minister, was one of them. Deacon Cooley was another. There was talk at one time that Conky had a soft spot in his heart for the deacon's eldest girl, Tryphena, but I always allowed that he paid as much attention to the other daughter, Tryphosa, as he did to her elder sister, and I guess he hadn't any more hankerin' for one than he had for the other, for when the committee come to go home, Conky says to Deacon Cooley: "Well, good-by, Deacon," says he, "Romans xvi: 12." *

* "Salute Tryphæna and Tryphosa who labor in the Lord."

The histories don't say anything about the skirmish we had with the rebels at Churchill's Bridge, along in May of '64, but we boys who were there remember it as the toughest fight in all our experience. They were just desperate, the Confederates were, and — well, we were mighty glad that the night came, for a soldier can retreat in the dark with fewer chances of interruption. Out of our company of one hundred and fifty, only sixty were left. You can judge from that of what the fighting was at Churchill's Bridge. When they called the roll in camp next day, Conky Stiles wasn't there.

Had we left him dead at the bridge, or was he wounded, dying the more awful death of hunger, thirst, and neglect?

One said; "Let's go back for Conky!"

A detachment of cavalry went out to reconnoiter. Only the ruins of the preceding day remained where we boys had stood and stood and stood — only to be repulsed at last. Bluecoats and graycoats lay side by side and over against one another in the reconciling peace of death. Occasionally a maimed body, containing just a remnant of life, was found, and one of these crippled bodies was what was left of Conky.

When the surgeon saw the minie hole there in his thigh, and the saber gash here in his temple, he shook his head, and we knew what that meant.

We heard Conky's voice once again. For when, just at the last, he opened his eyes and saw that we were there, he smiled, feeble like, and the grace of the Book triumphed once more within him, and he says — it seemed almost like a whisper, he spoke so low: "Good-by, boys; 2 Timothy iv: 7."

And then, though his light went out, the sublime truth of his last words shone from his white, peaceful face:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith!"

FIELD, HENRY MARTYN, an American clergyman and journalist; born at Stockbridge, Mass., April 3, 1822. He studied at Williams College; in 1842 he became pastor of a church in St. Louis, and subsequently proprietor of the New York *Evangelist.* In 1875–76 he made a twelve months' tour around the world. Soon after his return he published an account of this journey in two volumes, entitled respectively: *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn* and *From Egypt to Japan* (1876, 1877). He has also written *The Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798* (1851); *Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice* (1859); *History of the Atlantic Telegraph* (1866); *Among the Holy Hills* and *On the Desert* (1883); *Old Spain and New Spain* (1888); *Gibraltar* (1889); *Bright Skies and Dark Shadows* (1890), and *The Barbary Coast* (1892).

BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND.

What shall be said of the first sight of a ruin? Of course it was Blarney Castle, which is near Cork, and famous for its Blarney Stone. A lordly castle indeed it must have been in the days of its pride, as it still towers up a hundred feet and more, and its walls are eight or ten feet thick; so that it would have lasted for ages if Cromwell had not knocked some ugly holes through it a little more than two hundred years ago. But still the tower is beautiful, being covered to the very top with ivy, which in England is the great beautifier of whatever is old, clinging to the mouldering wall, covering up the huge rents and gaps made by the cannon-balls, and making the most unsightly ruins lovely in their decay. We all climbed to the top, where hangs in air, fastened by iron clamps in its place, the famous Blarney Stone, which is said to impart to whoever kisses

it the gift of eloquence which will make one successful in love and in life. As it was, only one pressed forward to snatch this prize which is held out to our embrace. . . .

Before leaving this old castle — as we shall have many more to see hereafter — let me say a word about castles in general. They are well enough *as ruins,* and certainly, as they are scattered about Ireland and England, they add much to the picturesqueness of the landscapes, and will always possess a romantic interest. But viewed in the sober light of history they are monuments of an age of barbarism, when the country was divided among a hundred chiefs, each of whom had his stronghold, out of which he could sally to attack his less powerful neighbors. Everything in the construction — the huge walls, with narrow slits for windows through which the archers could pour arrows, or in later times the musketeers could shower balls on their enemies; the deep moat surrounding it; the drawbridge and portcullis — all speak of a time of universal insecurity, when danger was abroad, and every man had to be armed against his fellow. As a place of habitation, such a fortress was not much better than a prison. The chieftain shut himself in behind massive walls, under huge arches where the sun could never penetrate, where all was dark and gloomy as a sepulchre. I know of a cottage in New England, on the crest of one of the Berkshire Hills, open on every side to light and air, kissed by the rising and the setting sun, in which there is a hundred times more of real comfort than could have been in one of these old castles, where a haughty baron passed his existence in gloomy grandeur, buried in sepulchral gloom.

And to what darker purposes were these castles sometimes applied! Let one go down into the passages underneath, dark, damp, and cold as the grave, in which prisoners and captives were buried alive. One cannot grope his way into these foul subterranean dungeons without feeling that these old castles are the monuments of savage tyrants; that if these walls could speak they would tell many a tale, not of knightly chivalry, but of barbarous cruelty that would curdle the blood with hor-

ror. These things take away somewhat of the charm which Walter Scott has thrown about those old "gallant knights," who were often no better than robber chiefs; and I am glad that Cromwell with his cannon battered their strongholds about their ears. Let those relics remain, covered with ivy, and picturesque as ruins, but let it never be forgotten that they are the fallen monuments of an age of barbarism, of terror, and of cruelty.— *From Killarney to the Golden Horn.*

IN THE DESERT.

And now we are approaching the border line between Asia and Africa. It is an invisible line; no snow-capped mountains divide the mighty continents which were the seats of the most ancient civilization; no sea flows between them. The Red Sea terminates over seventy miles from the Mediterranean; even the Suez Canal does not divide Asia and Africa, for it is wholly in Egypt. Nothing marks where Africa ends and Asia begins but a line in the desert, covered by drifting sands. And yet there is something which strangely touches the imagination as we move forward in the twilight, with the sun behind us setting over Africa, and before us the black night coming on over the whole continent of Asia.

But what can one say of the desert? The subject seems as barren as its own sands. *Life* in the desert? There is no life; it is the very realm of death, where not a blade of grass grows, nor even an insect's wing flutters over the mighty desolation; the only objects in motion the clouds that flit across the sky, and cast their shadows on the barren waste below; and the only sign that man has ever passed over it, the bleaching bones that mark the track of caravans. But as we look, behold "a wind cometh out of the North," and stirring the loose sand, whirls it into a column which moves swiftly toward us like a ghost, as if it said, "I am the Spirit of the Desert! Man, wherefore comest thou here? Pass on! If thou invadest long my realm of solitude and silence, I will make thy grave!"

We shall not linger; but only "tarry for a night," to

question a little the mystery that lies hidden beneath these drifting sands. We look again, and we see shadowy forms coming out of the whirlwind — great actors in history, as well as figures of the imagination. The horizon is filled with moving caravans and marching armies. Ancient conquerors pass this way for centuries from Asia into Africa, and back again — the wave of conquest flowing and reflowing from the valley of the Tigris to the valley of the Nile. As we leave the Land of Goshen we hear behind us the tramp of the Israelites beginning their march; and as the night closes in, we see in another quarter of the horizon the Wise Men of the East coming from Arabia, following their guiding star, which leads them to Bethlehem, where Christ was born. And so the desert which was dead becomes alive; a whole living world starts up from the sands, and glides into view, appearing suddenly like Arab horsemen, and then vanishing as if it had not been, and leaving no hole in the sands any more than is left by a wreck that sinks in the ocean. But like the sea it has its passing life, which has a deep human interest. And not only is there a life of the desert, but a literature which is the expression of that life; a history and a poetry which take their color from these peculiar forms of nature; and even a music of the desert, sung by the camel-drivers to the slow movement of the caravan, its plaintive cadence keeping time to the tinkling of the bells. . . .

A *habitat* so peculiar as the desert must produce a life as peculiar. It is of necessity a lonely life. The dweller in tents is a solitary man without any fixed ties or local habitation. Whoever lives in the desert must live alone, or with few companions, for there is nothing to support existence. It must also be a nomadic life. If the Arab camps with his flocks and herds in some green spot beside a spring, yet it is only for a few days, for in that time his sheep and cattle have consumed the scanty herbage, and he must move on to some new resting-place. Thus the life of the desert is a life always in motion. The desert has no settled population, no towns or villages, where men are born, and grow up, and live and die. Its only "inhabitants" are the

KATE FIELD.

"strangers and pilgrims," that come along or in caravans, and pitch their tents, and tarry for a night, and are gone. — *From Egypt to Japan.*

FIELD, MARY KATHERINE KEMBLE, better known as KATE FIELD, an American journalist and lecturer; born at St. Louis, Mo., about 1840; died at Honolulu, Hawaii, May 19, 1896. She was educated in Massachusetts and in Europe, and became a foreign correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and several other papers. She was an industrious writer for magazines, a public reader, a lecturer, an actress, an editor, and a publisher. In 1874 she appeared upon the stage in New York in the character of *Peg Woffington.* She established *Kate Field's Washington,* a weekly paper, at Washington, in 1889. She was the author of *Planchette's Diary* (1868); *Haphazard* (1873); *Ten Days in Spain* (1875); *History of Bell's Telephone* (1878), and *Life of Fechter* (1885).

One of her warmest personal friends, Jeannette Gilder, editor of *The Critic,* says: "It was as a newspaper correspondent that Miss Field shone to best advantage. She had a quick observation, a keen sense of humor and a facile pen. In the early days of her career there was no more popular newspaper writer in America. But toward the end she got worn out; she had worked too hard, and things had not gone well with her. The old snap and spirit were missing. But she worked on with as much energy as when she was young and strong." Her best writings, perhaps, are those describing incidents of travel abroad.

A RETURNED OFFICER.

A few miles west of Saragossa we changed our train, the Blinker appearing with his carpet-bag, intensely disgusted that all the beggars were still asleep — a criminal offense, which obliged him to be his own porter. Again I was the sole occupant of a dirty compartment that consoled me for not being pecuniarily interested in Spanish railroads. Again I gazed upon sunburnt desolation, and when we stopped at a station, situated in the middle of nothing, there was a tumultuous appearance of nobody that made me tremble for dividends. However, I did see an officer get out at an impossible place, and be received by the entire population, consisting of four women, six men, and a boy. His wife threw her arms about his neck, laughing with all the joy of her impulsive heart, the little boy clung to his father's legs and screamed in Spanish, the father's father felt of his son to see whether he really had come back in one piece, while three women and five men slapped the hero on his back and shouted a hearty welcome. I may be mistaken about the relations existing between these happy people, but if they were not as I imagine, they ought to have been. — *Ten Days in Spain.*

AT BAYONNE.

The Consular Agent would be back directly; would I wait? Sitting beneath the widespread wings of the American Eagle, I overheard a conversation between an elderly Englishman and a Frenchman. The Englishman was a journalist. "I'm here in the interest of my paper," he observed, "but I'm not to be lured into Spain. 'If you want your head to remain on your shoulders, you'll keep out of Spain,' said the English Consul, and he's about right. Those Spaniards are always cutting and slashing one another. They never can be quiet. A good-for-nothing lot! Why, they are worse than the French!" This was truly British, and the decorous silence that followed was truly French. I envied the

journal that possessed a correspondent whose courage was only equalled by his courtesy. At the close of this remark, the Consular Agent appeared upon the scene of inaction. Would he give me a passport? No, he wouldn't, for the excellent reason that he couldn't. Only ministers could issue passports. Moreover, I had no need of a passport. I was a woman. It was satisfactory to be assured of my sex; nevertheless, in case of trouble, I wanted a certificate of American citizenship. Would the Consular Agent put that important fact down in writing, and stamp it with the seal of my country? The American Eagle almost flapped his wings and shrieked "E Pluribus Unum!" in his desire to protect me from Legitimus brigands. More suspicious, the Consular Agent, who did not speak English, and could not tell an American by the horrible nasal twang which, according to Englishmen, is peculiar to this country (but which I know prevails in several English counties), looked at me, studied my letter of credit, and then good-naturedly complied with my request.

The Englishman who would not risk his precious life in Spain opened his mouth and eyes, and an elderly Frenchman followed me down stairs, making a profound bow as I entered the carriage. I was a heroine on such small capital as to be ashamed of myself. I began to feel as though I was drawing a hundred dollars' interest on an investment of fifty cents; nor did the banker modify this sensation, for it required twenty minutes to make him see that a woman could go to Spain. After seeing it, he entered into my plans with enthusiasm. Money? That, of course. Courier I must have, and he could secure one. In five minutes a telegram sped to Biarritz for the purpose of securing a man Friday. I shuddered at the thought, for couriers are — couriers; but I did not dare fly in the face of public opinion, especially in the face of a genial banker who spoke English like a native, and took as much interest in my trip as though he had known me for years. Anything he could do for me he would, and I must write to him if I fell among thieves. I left Bayonne feeling the richer by one new friend. — *Ten Days in Spain.*

FIELD, ROSWELL MARTIN, an American poet, essayist and journalist; brother of Eugene Field; born at St. Louis, Mo., September 1; 1851. He was graduated from the Phillips Exeter Academy in 1869, and from the University of Missouri in 1875. For many years he was an editorial writer on the Chicago *Evening Post*. He has written *Echoes from Sabine Farm* (with Eugene Field); *In Sunflower Land; The Passing of Mother's Portrait* (1901); *The Romance of an Old Fool* (1902); and *The Bondage of Ballinger* (1903).

THE BIBLIOPHILE'S KINGDOM.

Within four walls of cloistered books,
With territorial bays and nooks,
My kingdom stretches;
And every vassal there confined
Comes at my call, and to my mind
Some new joy fetches.

The frontier at my window pane
Is threatened by the hostile rain
Which vainly splashes;
While I sit by the open fire
Unarmed save for a pipe of briar
Half full of ashes.

Could caliph's order, sultan's stamp,
The genie's ring, Aladdin's lamp,
Bring greater pleasure
Than I may summon, sitting here,
From royal garners ever near,
And rich with treasure?

My garb does not proclaim the king—
And what are robes? a paltry thing
But to infest ease.

With you, Erasmus, let me cry:
"First the Greek authors I will buy,
Deinde vestes."

What beauteous slave shall I invite?
Her of the far-off Trojan fight,
The curse of Priam?
With Helen's smile and Helen's laugh,
No haremed Mussulman is half
So rich as I am.

Do I, the king, seek ventures bold?
Broad shelves of heroes centuries old
Bid me despatch them.
From fabled story, legend, song,
From minstrelsy and saga long —
Where can you match them?

Must continents be lost or won?
Give me an hour, the work is done;
(The lamp holds steady).
No modern paladin appears;
The heroes of three thousand years
Are here and ready.

Would warm desire invoke romance,
The tender thought, the amorous glance,
And love's faint aura?
Then come, fair shades of Rome and Greece,
Swift Stella, Dante's Beatrice,
Or Petrarch's Laura!

Would I be soothed by power of verse?
Dread singers of the past, rehearse
Your sweetest measures!
So, lulled thereby to grateful rest,
I find your noble song's the best
Of all my pleasures.

In what domain of lettered art
Do I not play the lordly part,
The king and master?

And still upon my window pane
The envious foe, the blustering rain,
Falls fast and faster.

Secure within the banquet hall,
I pledge my loyal subjects all
With cheery wassail.
Smile, love! strike, heroes! poets, sing!
A friendly but despotic king
Commands each vassal.

FIELDING, HENRY, an English novelist, dramatist, and essayist; born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707; died at Lisbon, Portugal, October 8, 1754. He was of an ancient family which could trace its descent from the same stock as the Imperial house of Hapsburg. After distinguishing himself at Eton, he was sent to the University of Leyden; but he led so expensive a life that his not over-rich father was obliged to recall him in his twentieth year. His father promised him an allowance of £200 a year "which," said Fielding, "anybody might pay who would." He took up his residence in London, and began writing for the stage, his first comedy, *Love in Several Masks*, being produced while he was yet a minor. In his twenty-seventh year he married Miss Craddock, who had a fortune of only £1,500. He retired to a small estate worth about £200 a year which he had inherited from his mother, resolving to amend his loose way of life. He gave up writing for the stage, and applied himself closely to literary studies. But his income was insufficient for his

profuse expenses, and in three years he fell into bankruptcy. He went back to London, entered himself as a student at the Inner Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. But repeated attacks of gout prevented him from traveling the circuit, and compelled him to fall back to his pen for support. He wrote comedies and farces for the theatre; essays, poems, and squibs for periodicals, and even produced an elaborate treatise on *Crown Law.* The entire number of his dramatic pieces was about thirty; but the only ones which have kept the stage are his burlesque *Tom Thumb the Great,* produced at twenty-three, and *The Miser* (an adaptation from the French), three years later. Among the poems of Fielding the following is about the only one worth reproducing:

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
  Generous and free;
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic —
  This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
  Engaging and new;
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical —
  But ever true.

Fielding did not discover wherein his true strength lay until he had reached the age of thirty-four, when

(in 1742) appeared his first novel, *Joseph Andrews,* which was begun as a burlesque upon Richardson's *Pamela,* but which grew into something of a far higher order. Shortly after the publication of this novel his wife died. He was sincerely attached to her, and mourned her deeply, but in a few months he consoled himself by marrying her maid. In 1743 he published three volumes of *Miscellanies,* including the *Journey from This World to the Next,* and soon after the great prose satire, *The History of Jonathan Wild.* In 1749 appeared the second of his novels, and the best of all, *Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling,* which some have styled "the greatest of all compositions of its class." He had by his pen done good service to the Whig party of his day, and in 1749, when his constitution had completely broken down, he received the appointment of Acting Magistrate for Westminster. The emoluments of this office were small; and the duties, which were not onerous, seem to have been performed with great ability. In 1752 was published his third novel, *The History of Amelia,* in which he attempts to portray the virtues of his first wife and the reckless conduct of his own early years. His health gave way wholly; dropsy, with which he had long been troubled, assumed an aggravated form; he was induced to make a voyage to Portugal, in the hope of being benefited by a milder climate. He sailed in the summer of 1754, but died in two months after reaching Lisbon. Few authors have been so warmly praised by famous critics as Fielding. Perhaps the most genial of all of these eulogies is pronounced by Thackeray in his *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.*

During his voyage to Lisbon, Fielding kept a journal, which, though he was suffering the utmost pain,

shows that his intellect was as vigorous and his affections as warm as they had ever been.

PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.— On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a motherlike fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffering the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behavior applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.— *Journal of Voyage to Lisbon.*

MR. PARTRIDGE SEES GARRICK IN "HAMLET."

In the first row, then, of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said: "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper

candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller: "Look, look, madame; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted: "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,* began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones: "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered: "That is the Ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile: "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever exactly saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither."

In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself?" "Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases.

Oh! here he is again. No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried: "Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the Ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said: "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterward, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what a noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet: "Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised,

gave him no other satisfaction than "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the Ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out: "There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as — what's his name? 'Squire Hamlet — is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madame Miller would not laugh so; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her: "If she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered: "That it was one of the most famous burial places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is

JAMES T. FIELDS.

digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out: "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred at the play; at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question: "The King, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage."

"He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man — that is, any good man — that had such a mother would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country: and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."— *Tom Jones.*

FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS, an American publisher and poet; born at Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817; died at Boston, Mass., April 26, 1881. He was educated at the High School in his native town. At the age of seventeen he went

to Boston, and was employed in a bookstore. A year after, he delivered the anniversary poem before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, the oration being delivered by Edward Everett. He had barely reached his majority when he became a partner in the house in which he was employed, the title of which in 1844 became Ticknor & Fields, and in 1864 Fields, Osgood & Co. In 1870 he withdrew from the business, and devoted himself to lecturing and other literary occupations. Among the important enterprises in which Mr. Fields was personally engaged was a *Complete Collection of the Works of De Quincey,* in twenty volumes, completed in 1858. In 1860 the *Atlantic Monthly,* which had been established several years, passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, Mr. Fields for some time acting as editor. He visited Europe several times, and was personally intimate with nearly every prominent American and English author of his time. His published writings include three small volumes of *Poems* (1849, 1854, 1858); *Yesterdays with Authors* (1871); *Hawthorne* (1875); *Old Acquaintances* (1875); *In and Outdoors with Dickens* (1876); and *Underbrush* (1881).

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin, not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters, and a storm was on the deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in Winter to be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut away the mast!"
So we shuddered there in silence, for the stoutest held his breath,

While the hungry sea was roaring, and the breakers
talked of Death.

As thus we sat in darkness, each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted as he staggered
down the stairs.
But his little daughter whispered, as she took his icy
hand,"
"Isn't God upon the ocean just the same as on the
land?"
Then we kissed the little maiden, and we spoke in bet-
ter cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor when the moon was
shining clear.

THE LAST OF THACKERAY.

I parted with Thackeray for the last time in the street, at midnight, a few months before his death. The *Cornhill Magazine,* under his editorship, having proved a very great success, grand dinners were given every month in honor of the new venture. We had been sitting late at one of these festivals, and as it was getting towards morning I thought it wise, as far as I was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on driving me in his brougham to my lodgings. When we reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray's servant, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat, and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o'clock — time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, "I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London." John knew his master's quips and cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we went on.

When we reached my lodgings the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk and

escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock-heroic protest to the heavens above us, that "It would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*. But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club, and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray was a *master* in every sense, having, as it were, in himself a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford Seer. There was nothing in him amorphous and unconsidered. Whatever he chose to do was always perfectly done. There was a genuine Thackeray flavor in everything he was willing to say or to write. He detected with unerring skill the good or the vile wherever it existed. He had an unerring eye, a firm understanding, and abounding truth. "Two of his great master powers," said the chairman at a dinner given to him many years ago in Edinburgh, "are satire and sympathy." George Brinley remarked that "he could not have painted Vanity Fair as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." He had, indeed, an awful insight, with a world of solemn tenderness and simplicity in his composition. Those who heard the same voice that withered the memory of King George the Fourth repeat "The spacious firmament on high" have a recollection not easily to be blotted from the mind; and I have a kind of pity for all who were born so recently as not to have heard and understood Thackeray's *Lectures*. But they can read him, and I beg of them to try and appreciate the tenderer phase of his genius as well as the sarcastic one. He teaches many lessons to young men; and here is one of them, which I quote

memoriter from *Barry Lyndon:* "Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? Had not the gaze of her loving eyes stolen into your senses long before you awoke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, love, and fresh-springing joy?"

Thackeray was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning, 1863, and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such a noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted. But there had been years of sorrow, years of labor, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.— *Yesterdays with Authors.*

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Underneath the sod low-lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep;
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

When we are no longer young we look back and see where we might have done better and learned more; and the things we have neglected rise up and mortify us every day of our lives. May I enumerate some of the more important matters, large and small, that, if I were a boy again, I would be more particular about?

I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to lame either of them the other would be all ready to write and handle things, just as if nothing had occurred. There is no reason in the world why both hands should not be educated alike. A little practice would render one set of fingers just as expert as the other; and I have known people who never thought, when a thing was to be done, which particular hand ought to do it, but the hand nearest the object took hold of it, and did it. . . .

I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to "make something," as the saying is! — to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper; or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there! Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight; and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation. It is a pleasant relaxation from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool-shop; and my friend, the learned and lovable Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things," when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before. He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet. . . .

I think I would ask permission, if I happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge. We *guess* at many country things, but we are *certain* of very few. It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres, in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a cat-bird. He once handed me a bunch of pansies, and called them violets; and on another occasion he mistook sweet-peas for geraniums. What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird-music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name? When we go to the opera, we are fully posted with regard to all the principal singers; and why should we know nothing of the owners of voices that far transcend the vocal powers of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson? . . .

If I were a boy again, I would learn how to row a boat and handle a sail; and, above all, how to become proof against sea-sickness. I would conquer *that* malady before I grew to be fifteen years old. It can be done, and ought to be done in youth; for all of us are more or less inclined to visit foreign countries, either in the way of business or mental improvement — to say nothing of pleasure. Fight the sea-sick malady long enough, and it can be conquered at a very early age. Charles Dickens, seeing how ill his first voyage to America made him, resolved after he got back to England to go into a regular battle with the winds and waves; and never left off crossing the British Channel, between Dover and Calais, in severe weather, until he was victor over his own stomach, and could sail securely after that in storms that kept the ravens in their nests. "Where there's a will, there's a way," even out of ocean troubles; but it is well to begin early to assert supremacy over salt-water difficulties. . . .

If I were a boy again I would have a blank-book in which I could record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I

began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book, and faithfully put down what happened to interest me. On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them; and if the horse fell ill, down should go the malady in my book; and what cured him should go there, too. If the cat or the dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary; and nothing worth recording should escape me. . . .

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with, and then deal honestly with *myself;* to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities: and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits. I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character, and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material. If I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend; and if advised to pursue it, I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly allowed in boyhood. . . .

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of *attention* oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes while we are young is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then — at that particular moment. We do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning. We wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily attained, if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention on the sermon or book, although I wished to do so." And the reason is that a *habit* of attention was never formed in youth.

If I were a boy again, I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. When in England I have

always been impressed with the minute and accurate knowledge constantly observable in young English lads of average intelligence and culture concerning the history of Great Britain. They not only have a clear and available store of historical dates at hand for use on any occasion, but they have a wonderfully good idea of the policy of government adopted by all the prominent statesmen in different eras down to the present time. . . . If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely. What a confused notion of distinguished Americans a boy must have to reply, as one did not long ago when asked by his teacher, "Who was Washington Irving?" "A General in the Revolutionary War, Sir." . . .

If I were a boy again, I would strive to become a fearless person. I would cultivate *courage* as one of the highest achievements of life. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing is so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author of a late essay on "Conduct." Too many of us nowadays are overcome by fancied lions in the way that have never existed out of our own brains. Nothing is so credulous as fear. Some weak-minded horses are forever looking around for white stones to shy at; and if we are hunting for terrors, they will be sure to turn up in some shape or other. We are too prone to borrow trouble, and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." Abraham Lincoln once said that he never crossed Fox River, no matter how high the stream was, "until he came to it." Dangers will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate, and there is no harm to be feared.

If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything; for everything, almost, has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling,

unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life." Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out of love." . . .

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more *courtesy* towards my companions and friends. Indeed I would rigorously exact it of myself towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody. But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph: Instead of trying so hard to *be* happy, as if that were the sole purpose in life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve* happiness.— *Underbrush.*

AGASSIZ.

Once in the leafy prime of spring, when blossoms whitened every thorn,
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe, where Agassiz was born.
The birds in boyhood he had known went flitting through the air of May,
And happy songs he loved to hear made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills run laughing through the valleys green;
And, as I watched it run, I said, "This his dear eyes have seen!"
Far cliffs of ice his feet had climbed that day outspoke of him to me;
The avalanches seemed to sound the name of Agassiz!

And standing on the mountain crag, where loosened waters rush and foam,
I felt that, though on Cambridge side, he made that spot my home.

And looking round me as I mused, I knew no pang of
fear or care,
Or homesick weariness, because once Agassiz stood there.

I walked beneath no alien skies, no foreign heights I came
to tread;
For everywhere I looked, I saw his grand, belovèd head.
His smile was stamped on every tree; the glacier shone to
gild his name;
And every image in the lake reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys that could unlock the
magic gates,
Where Science like a monarch stands, and sacred Knowl-
edge waits: —
Thine ashes rest on Auburn's banks: thy memory all the
world contains;
For thou couldst bind in human love all hearts in golden
chains!
Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets our warm and
deep affections free: —
Who knew thee best must love thee best, and longest
mourn for thee!

FIGUEROA, Francisco de, a Spanish poet; born at Alcala de Henares about 1540; died there about 1620. He was a soldier by profession. Lope de Vega calls him "the Divine Figueroa." Cervantes makes him and his friend Garcilasso interlocutors in his pastoral poem *Galatea*. Of Figueroa, Mr. Ticknor says: "A gentleman and a soldier, whose few Castilian poems are still acknowledged in the more choice collections of his native literature, but who lived so long in Italy, and so studied its language, that he wrote Italian verse with purity, as well as Spanish."

Just before his death he ordered that all of his poetical works should be burned; but a few copies escaped destruction.

ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASO.

O beauteous scion from the stateliest tree
That e'er fertile mead or forest grew,
With freshest bloom adorned, and vigor new,
Glorious in form, and first in dignity!
The same fell tempest, which by Heaven's decree
Around thy parent stock resistless blew,
And far from Tejo fair its trunk o'erthrew,
In foreign clime has stripped the leaves from thee.
And the same pitying hand has from the spot
Of cheerless ruin raised ye to rejoice,
Where fruit immortal decks the withered stem
I will not, like the vulgar, mourn your lot,
But with pure incense and exulting voice,
Praise your high worth, and consecrate your fame.
— *Translation of* HERBERT.

FIGUIER, GUILLAUME LOUIS, a French scientist; born at Montpellier, February 15, 1819; died at Paris November 9, 1894. He studied medicine under his uncle, Pierre Oscar Figuier, Professor of Chemistry in the School of Pharmacy in Montpelier, and, having taken his degree of M.D., went to Paris, in 1842, to continue his studies. Four years later he was appointed a professor in the School of Pharmacy in his native town. He afterward returned to Paris, became the scientific editor of *La Presse*, and contributed numerous articles to scientific journals. Among his works are *Exposition and History of the Principal*

Modern Scientific Discoveries (1851–53); *History of the Wonders of Modern Times* (1859–60); *Lives of Illustrious Savants from Antiquity to the Nineteenth Century* (1866); *The World Before the Deluge* and *The Vegetable World* (1867); *The Ocean World* and *The Insect World* (1868); *Birds and Reptiles; The Mammalia,* and *Primitive Man* (1870); *The Human Race* (1872); *Recent Conquests of Science* (1885), and *The Mysteries of Science* (1887.) Figuier was the editor of *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle.*

GLACIERS.

The fortunate spectator who could embrace with a bird's-eye view, or from the chariot of some adventurous aeronaut, the whole of the vast Alpine chain, from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Adriatic, would behold nearly every shining and silent peak draped in a dazzling robe of ice, which falls over the vast body of each mountain like a kingly shroud, except when broken here and there by the sharp points of rocks too precipitous to retain the descending snows. Beneath, far beneath these towering crests, he would mark a labyrinth of narrow valleys, whose inner flanks are rude with furrows of ice, like the fringes or tatters of the silver mantle spread about the summit. He would perceive that these long furrows penetrate to the very heart of the fertile regions which the sons of men call their own. If he removed his gaze from the centre of the Alpine mass, secondary and less important chains, ramifying in every direction, would offer him the same spectacle on a smaller scale. And if his wandering glances descended lower still, he would observe that the ice and snows gradually disappear; that nature loses its savage and inhospitable aspect; that the contours of the soil grow rounder and more softened; and finally, that the smiling vegetation and fairy-like bloom of the plains replace the desolate monotonousness of the black fields of snow.

These rivers of solidified water, which in the Alps are

found wherever the mountain-summits rise above the perpetual snow-line, and which descend into the valleys far below that boundary, perform no unimportant part in Nature's grand economy. On the awakening of Spring, Nature, too, awakes; the budding trees announce and prepare the laughing verdure of the woods; everywhere the gloom of Nature disappears before the genial influence of April. The glaciers alone respond not to the warm embraces of the sun, and the summer heats apparently play upon their impassive surfaces without producing any impression. But when we reflect that these long, motionless, frozen rivers descend unbrokenly from the region of eternal snows, we easily divine that their origin must be sought, no less than their sustenance, in the remote recesses of the mountain-summits. The glaciers are the advance-guards despatched from the inaccessible heights where reigns Eternal Winter; they are the emissaries of those powers of frost which clothe in snow and ice the supreme elevations.

The snow which falls on the loftier mountains never melts; it preserves its condition of solidity upon all rocks whose temperature never rises above zero. The masses which are thus accumulated year after year, would eventually, one might say, threaten the very sky; they would gather in ever-succeeding strata on the summits, and deprive the plains of the benefit of their waters if provident Nature had not guarded against so evil a result. And it guards against it by the formation of glaciers. A glacier is immovable only to the eye; in reality it is endowed with a progressive motion. This motion is miraculously slow, and in this very slowness of progression rests the providential intention of the phenomenon. Little by little the glaciers advance into the valleys; there they undergo the influence of the mild temperature of Spring and Summer; they melt away at their base; and in this manner create inexhaustible springs and innumerable watercourses. Ascend the bed of an Alpine torrent; follow it up the course of the miry ravine which encloses it, and you will come upon a glacier. A glacier is, in fact, neither more nor less than a vast reservoir of congealed waters, which melt very slowly, and drag on their linger-

ing way into the lower valleys, where they form a rapid stream, or broaden into a noble river. And if we would unveil the whole series of Nature's operations in this branch of her chemistry, we must add that, in the plains and the valleys, the heat of the sun, evaporating the water of brook and river, returns it to the atmosphere in the condition of vapor; which, after awhile, descends again to earth in the form of snow, to be anew converted into ice, and then into vivifying springs; accomplishing thus the most complete and marvellous circle of natural operations, a circle everlasting, which, like its Author, has neither beginning nor end.— *Earth and Sea.*

FILICAJA, VINCENZO DA, an Italian poet; born at Florence, December 30, 1642; died there, September 25, 1707. He was of a noble family and studied philosophy, jurisprudence, and theology, writing poetry only by way of relaxation. His early poems were of an amatory character, but the lady to whom he was attached died young, and he resolved thereafter to write only upon sacred or heroic themes. After the raising of the Turkish siege of Vienna by John Sobieski, in 1683, Filicaja celebrated the triumph of the Christian arms by six triumphal odes. His sonnet to Italy is esteemed the best in the Italian language.

"Filicaja's sonnets," writes Professor Marani of Trinity College, Dublin, "are singularly beautiful, rivalling Petrarch's in style and versification; whilst, according to Muratori, the style and language of his 'Canzones' are lofty and inimitable. It is, however, admitted by every impartial critic that although a highly poetical tone pervades the works of Filicaja,

many of his compositions are disfigured by tropes and far-fetched expressions, partaking still of that wearisome flippancy unhappily introduced by Marini at the beginning of the seventeenth century."

Macaulay pays this tribute to Filicaja: "Vincenzo da Filicaja was the greatest lyric poet of modern times."

SONNET TO ITALY.

Italia, O Italia! hapless thou
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain —
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain —
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
O were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes — they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess —
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore —
Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.
— *Translation in The Literary Gazette.*

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

How long, O Lord, shall vengeance sleep,
And impious pride defy Thy rod?
How long Thy faithful servants weep,
Scourged by the fierce barbaric host?
Where, where, of Thine almighty arm, O God,
Where is the ancient boast?
While Tartar brands are drawn to steep
Thy fairest plains in Christian gore,
Why slumbers Thy devouring wrath,
Nor sweeps the offender from Thy path?
And wilt Thou hear Thy sons deplore

Thy temples rifled — shrines no more —
Nor burst their galling chains asunder,
And arm Thee with avenging thunder?

See the black cloud on Austria lower,
Big with terror, death and woe!
Behold the wild barbarians pour
In rushing torrents o'er the land!
Lo! host on host, the infidel foe
Sweep along the Danube's strand,
And darkly serried spears the light of day o'erpower!
There the innumerable swords,
The banners of the East unite;
All Asia girds her loins for fight:
The Don's barbaric lords,
Sarmatia's haughty hordes,
Warriors from Thrace, and many a swarthy file
Banded on Syria's plains or by the Nile.

Mark the tide of blood that flows
Within Vienna's proud imperial walls!
Beneath a thousand deadly blows,
Dismayed, enfeebled, sunk, subdued,
Austria's queen of cities falls.
Vain are her lofty ramparts to elude
The fatal triumph of her foes;
Lo her earth-fast battlements
Quiver and shake; hark to the thrilling cry
Of war that rends the sky,
The groans of death, the wild laments,
The sob of trembling innocents,
Of 'wildered matrons, pressing to their breast
All which they feared for most and loved the best!

Thine everlasting hand
Exalt, O Lord, that impious man may learn
How frail their armor to withstand
Thy power — the power of God supreme!
Let Thy consuming vengence burn
The guilty nations with its beam!
Bind them in slavery's iron band,

Or as the scattered dust in summer flies
Chased by the raging blast of Heaven
Before Thee be the Thracians driven?
Let trophied columns by the Danube rise,
And bear the inscription to the skies:
"Warring against the Christian Jove in vain,
Here was the Ottoman Typhœus slain!" . .

If Destiny decree,
If fate's eternal leaves declare,
That Germany shall bend the knee
Before a Turkish despot's nod,
And Italy the Moslem yoke shall bear,
I bow in meek humility,
And kiss the holy rod.
Conquer — if such Thy will —
Conquer the Scythian, while he drains
The noblest blood from Europe's veins,
And Havoc drinks her fill:
We yield Thee trembling homage still;
We rest in Thy command secure;
For Thou alone art just, and wise, and pure.

But shall I live to see the day
When Tartar ploughs Germanic soil divide,
And Arab herdsmen fearless stray,
And watch their flocks along the Rhine,
Where princely cities now o'erlook his tide?
The Danube's towers no longer shine,
For hostile flame has given them to decay:
Shall devastation wider spread
Where the proud ramparts of Vienna swell,
Shall solitary Echo dwell,
And human footsteps cease to tread?
O God, avert the omen dread!
If Heaven the sentence did record,
Oh, let Thy mercy blot the fatal word!

Hark to the votive hymn resounding
Through the temple's cloistered aisles!
See, the sacred shrine surrounding,

Perfumed clouds of incense rise!
The Pontiff opes the stately piles
Where many a buried treasure lies;
With liberal hand, rich, full, abounding,
He pours abroad the gold of Rome;
He summons every Christian king
Against the Moslem in to bring
Their forces leagued for Christendom:
The brave Teutonic nations come,
And warlike Poles like thunderbolts descend,
Moved by his voice their brethren to defend.

He stands upon the Esquiline,
And lifts to heaven his holy arm,
Like Moses, clothed in power divine
While faith and hope his strength sustain
Merciful God! has prayer no charm
Thy rage to soothe, Thy love to gain?
The pious king of Judah's line
Beneath Thine anger lowly bended,
And Thou didst give him added years;
The Assyrian Nineveh shed tears
Of humbled pride when death impended,
And thus the fatal curse forefended:
And wilt Thou turn away Thy face
When Heaven's vicegerent seeks Thy grace?

Sacred fury fires my breast,
And fills my laboring soul.
Ye who hold the lance in rest,
And gird you for the holy wars,
On, on, like ocean waves to conquest roll,
Christ and the Cross your leading star!
Already He proclaims your prowess blest:
Sound the loud trump of victory!
Rush to the combat, soldiers of the Cross!
High let your banners triumphantly toss:
For the heathen shall perish, and songs of the free
Ring through the heavens in jubilee!
Why delay ye? Buckle on the sword and the targe,
And charge, victorious champions, charge!

—*Translation in The Literary Gazette.*

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES, an American poet; born at Ithaca, N. Y., June 9, 1827. He was graduated from Yale in 1848. He is well known as the author of several popular lyrics including *The Patriot Spy* and *The Blue and the Gray*. He is also the author of a popular college song, beginning: *"Floating Away Like the Fountain's Spray."*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederates and of the National soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day,
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,

Alike for the friend and the foe: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of gain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE PATRIOT SPY.

To drum-beat and heart-beat
  A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
  There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
  In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
  He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
  And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and the moonlight
  His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
  He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
  By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
  Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave!
  It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
  Like the glimmer of a lance;
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
  On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang!
  And terror in the sound;
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
  In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
  The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
  He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,

Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ had trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry!

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of Hale * shall burn.

FINLAY, GEORGE, an English historian; born at Faversham, Kent, December 21, 1799; died at Athens, Greece, January 26, 1875. At the age of twenty, while a student at Göttingen, he began to

* Nathan Hale, the patriot martyr of the Revolution.

interest himself especially in the affairs of Greece. In 1823 he resolved to go there that he might judge for himself the likelihood of success for the uprising of the Greeks against the Turks. Arriving at Cephalonia in November, he had some intercourse with Lord Byron, who had already embarked in that enterprise. In 1829, when the independence of Greece had been secured, Mr. Finlay took up his residence in Attica; but the hopes which he had cherished of the regeneration of Hellas were not then realized; he lost all his fortune, which he had invested in an attempt to improve the agricultural condition of his adopted land. In the years ensuing he wrote several works relating to the later history of Greece. The principal of these are *The Hellenic Kingdom and the Greek Nation* (1836); *Greece under the Romans* (1844, second edition 1857); *The History of the Greek and Byzantine Empires* (1854); *The History of Greece under the Ottoman and Venetian Dominion* (1856), and *The History of the Greek Revolution* (1861). A new edition of *The History of the Byzantine and Greek Empires* was brought out in 1877.

THE VICISSITUDES OF NATIONS.

The vicissitudes which the great masses of the nations of the earth have undergone in past ages have hitherto received very little attention from historians, who have adorned their pages with the records of kings and the personal exploits of princes and great men, or attached their narrative to the fortunes of the dominant classes, without noticing the fate of the people. History, however, continually repeats the lesson that power, numbers, and the highest civilization of an aristocracy are, even when united, insufficient to insure national prosperity and establish the powers of the rulers on firm and permanent basis. On the other hand, it teaches us that

conquered tribes, destitute of all these advantages, may continue to perpetuate their existence in misery and contempt. It is that portion only of mankind which eats bread raised from the soil by the sweat of its brow that can form the basis of a permanent national existence. The history of the Romans and of the Jews illustrates these facts. Yet even the cultivation of the soil cannot always insure a race from destruction, "for mutability is nature's bane." The Thracian race has disappeared. The great Celtic race has dwindled away, and seems hastening to complete absorption in the Anglo-Saxon. The Hellenic race, whose colonies extended from Marseilles to Bactria, and from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the coast of Cyrenaica, has become extinct in many countries where it once formed the bulk of the population, as in Magna Græcia and Sicily. On the other hand, mixed races have arisen, and, like the Albanians and Wallachians, have intruded themselves into the ancient seats of the Hellenes. But these revolutions and changes in the population of the globe imply no degradation of mankind, as some writers appear to think, for the Romans and English afford examples that mixed races may attain as high a degree of physical power and mental superiority as has ever been reached by races of the purest blood in ancient or modern times.—*History of the Greek and Byzantine Empires.*

FINLEY, JOHN, an American poet; born at Brownsburg, Rockbridge County, Va., January 11, 1797; died at Richmond, Ind., December 23, 1866. After receiving such an education as the common schools of his native county could afford him, he removed, upon the attainment of his majority, to Cincinnati; and five years later he removed to the State of Indiana, and settled at Richmond. Here he

became prominent as a journalist and proprietor of the *Palladium*. He was for a time a member of the State Legislature, and enrolling clerk of the Senate. From 1838 until 1845 he was clerk of the county courts of Wayne County; and in 1852 he was elected Mayor of Richmond, which office he held until his death, fourteen years later. His *Hoosier's Nest and Other Poems* — that being the collective title of a volume containing his well-known *Bachelor's Hall* and other verses — was published at Cincinnati the year before the author's death.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall? What a quare-looking place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over — Saint Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

There like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know?

His meal being over, the table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can!
But hunger returns — then he's fuming and fretting so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Pots, dishes, pans, and such greasy commodities,
Ashes and prata-skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shivering:
Niver the bit is the bed made at all!
He crapes, like a terrapin, under the kivering:—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall.

FIRDAUSI, Abul Kasim Mansur, a Persian epic poet; born at Shadab, Khorasan, about 940; died at Tus in 1020. He is said to have been the son of a gardener on the domain of the Governor of Tus. He was carefully educated in the Arabic language and literature, the Old Persian, and the history and traditions of his country. For many years he cultivated his poetical talents with success, and at length conceived the design of relating in an epic poem the history of the Persian kings. He began his work when he was thirty-six years old. When he was more than fifty he went to the Court of the Sultan Mahmud ibn Sabuktagin, drawn thither by the report that the monarch had directed the poets at his Court to write a poetical version of the deeds of the ancient kings. For some time Firdausi remained at the Court unnoticed; but at length one of his friends presented to Mahmud the poet's version of the battles of Rustem and Isfendiyar. The Sultan immediately appointed him to complete the *Shah-Nameh, or Book of the Kings,* gave him the name of Firdausi, or "Paradise," and commanded his treasurer to pay him a thousand pieces of gold for every thousand verses of the poem. The poet chose to wait until the work was complete, and receive the entire payment in a lump. The poem was at length completed in 60,000 verses. Mahmud

professed himself delighted, and ordered payment to be made. But whether through the parsimony of the king, or the treachery of his treasurer, silver was substituted for gold; the poet saw his splendid reward dwindle to paltry wages. He was at the bath when the money was brought to him. In a transport of disappointment and rage, he immediately divided it into three equal parts, which he gave to the keeper of the bath, the seller of refreshments, and the slave who brought the money. "The Sultan shall know," said he, "that I did not bestow the labor of thirty years on a work to be rewarded with silver." On learning that his gift had been despised, Mahmud reproached the treasurer, who contrived to throw the blame on Firdausi, and so inflamed the Sultan's rage that he condemned the poet to be trampled to death by an elephant on the following morning. In anguish Firdausi hastened to the Sultan, and besought his pardon. It was reluctantly granted, but the outraged poet fled, first giving into the hands of the king's favorite a sealed paper containing a bitter satire on Mahmud. He first took refuge in Mazenderan, and afterward at Badgad, where in honor of its Caliph, Al Kader Billah, he composed a thousand additional verses to the *Shah-Nameh*. He also wrote *Yusef and Zuleika*, a poem of 9,000 couplets. He at length returned to his native town, where it is said that he lived obscurely until his death.

The *Shah-Nameh* is regarded by the Orientals as an authority on the ancient history of Persia; but there are in it no pretensions to true history, chronology being disregarded, and some of the kings represented as reigning for hundreds of years. It is held in as high estimation, in comparison with other Oriental poems,

as are the works of Homer in comparison with other poems of the West. Hence, Firdausi has been called the Homer of the East. The principal hero is Rustem, the son of Zal and Rudabeh, who in his eighth year was as powerful as any hero of his time. His exploits in early youth, as recorded by Firdausi, were the marvel of the world. The story of Rustem and his son Sohrab is regarded as the finest episode of the *Shah-Nameh.*

While on a hunting excursion to Turan, Rustem, overcome with fatigue after a long day's chase, lay down and fell asleep. His horse, Rakush, left to browse near him, was captured by a band of Tartars and led away. On waking, Rustem traced his horse by his footprints to Samengan, a small kingdom on the border of Turan. The king of Samengan went forth to meet him, begged that the hero would become his guest, and promised that his horse should be restored to him. Rustem accepted the king's hospitality, and was entertained at a feast. In the night Rustem was awakened by a light shining across his eyes. On opening them he saw a beautiful girl attended by a female slave carrying a lamp. It was Tamineh, the king's daughter, who told him that the story of his wonderful deeds had captivated her heart, and that she had long before resolved to be the wife of no other man. Her beauty and tenderness instantly won his love, and he sent for her father, and asked his consent to their marriage. It was given, and the marriage was solemnized.

Rustem could spend but a short time with his bride. On parting with her he gave her his golden bracelet, telling her that if their child should be a daughter, she might bind the bracelet in her hair, and if it should

be a son, she might place it on his arm. Tamineh told him that it was she who had caused Rakush to be stolen, in order that she might obtain a horse of his famous breed. The horse was restored to Rustem, and he returned to his king, and said nothing of his marriage. In due time a son was born to Tamineh; but when her husband sent her a rich present, and a message in regard to the child, she so feared to lose it that she replied that it was a daughter.

She named the boy Sohrab, and spared no pains on his education. When he was ten years old she told him the name of his father, but cautioned him against revealing it on account of enemies. One day he asked her for a suitable war-horse, and found none that could carry him until he tried the foal of Rakush, which had been trained in the royal stables. He now announced his intention of going to war with Kaus, then King of Persia, and securing the kingdom for Rustem. On this, Afrasiab, who had always borne Rustem malice for his former defeat, sent a message to Sohrab, telling him that Kaus was also his enemy, and asking to join him against the king. Sohrab accepted his offer, and Afrasiab instructed Human and Barman, the leaders of his Tartar auxiliaries, to prevent Rustem and Sohrab from recognizing each other, but to bring them together in battle, when Sohrab, being younger and stronger, would probably vanquish his father, and could then be slain by the followers of Afrasiab, who would seize the kingdom for himself. Rustem was summoned by Kaus to drive out the invaders of Persia.

Sohrab, bent on discovering his father, questioned Hujir, but was deceived by him in regard to his father's tent and horse. Rustem, seeing the remark-

able likeness of the young prince, only fourteen years of age, to his own grandfather, inquired anxiously about him; but, remembering Tamineh's assertion that their child was a daughter, put the thought of kinship aside, and went to meet Sohrab in single combat. The battle was fought on three successive days, with spears, swords, clubs, bows, and arrows, and finally by wrestling. Before every struggle, Sohrab, who instinctively loved Rustem, begged the champion to reveal his name. To the question, "Art thou not Rustem?" the champion replied, "I am the servant of Rustem." For two days the young hero had the advantage, but spared his adversary. On the third day, he was thrown by Rustem, who, fearing that he could not hold him, drove a dagger into his side, giving him a mortal wound. While dying, Sohrab revealed his identity to his father, who was overwhelmed with anguish at his deed. We give large space to an extract from the great Persian epic:

THE DEATH OF SOHRAB.

When the bright dawn proclaimed the rising day,
The warriors armed, impatient of delay,
But first Sohrab, his proud confederate nigh,
Thus wistful spoke, as swelled the brooding sigh —
"Now mark my great antagonist in arms!
His noble form my filial bosom warms;
My mother's tokens shine conspicuous here,
And all the proofs my heart demands appear;
Sure this is Rustem, whom my eyes engage!
Shall I, O grief! provoke my father's rage?
Offended nature then would curse my name,
And shuddering nations echo with my shame."
He ceased, then Human: "Vain, fantastic thought,
Oft have I been where Persia's champion fought,
And thou hast heard what wonders he performed,
When, in his prime, Mazinderan was stormed;

That horse resembles Rustem's, it is true,
But not so strong nor beautiful to view."
Sohrab now buckles on his war-attire,
His heart all softness, and his brain all fire;
Around his lips such smiles benignant played.
He seemed to greet a friend, as thus he said:
"Here let us sit together on the plain,
Here social sit, and from the fight refrain;
Ask we from Heaven forgiveness for the past,
And bind our souls in friendship that may last;
Ours be the feast — let us be warm and free,
For powerful instinct draws me still to thee;
Fain would my heart in bland affection join,
Then let thy generous ardor equal mine;
And kindly say with whom I now contend —
What name distinguished boasts my warrior-friend?
Thy name unfit for champion brave to hide,
Thy name so long, long sought, and still denied;
Say, art thou Rustem whom I burn to know?
Ingenuous say, and cease to be my foe!"
Sternly the mighty champion cried, "Away! —
Hence with thy wiles — now practised to delay;
The promised struggle, resolute I claim,
Then cease to move me to an act of shame."
Sohrab rejoined: "Old man! thou wilt not hear
The words of prudence uttered in thine ear;
Then, Heaven! look on."
Preparing for the shock,
Each binds his charger to a neighboring rock;
And girds his loins, and rubs his wrists, and tries
Their suppleness and force with angry eyes.
And now they meet — now rise, and now descend,
And strong and fierce their sinewy arms extend:
Wrestling with all their strength they grasp and strain,
And blood and sweat flow copious on the plain;
Like raging elephants they furious close;
Commutual wounds are given, and wrenching blows.
Sohrab now clasps his hands, and forward springs
Impatiently and round the champion clings;
Seizes his girdle belt, with powers to tear
The very earth asunder in despair.

Rustem, defeated, feels his nerves give way,
And thundering falls. Sohrab bestrides his prey:
Grim as the lion, prowling through the wood,
Upon a wild ass springs, and pants for blood.
His lifted hand had lopt the gory head,
But Rustem, quick, with crafty ardor said:
"One moment, hold! what, are our laws unknown?
A chief may fight until he is twice o'erthrown;
The second fall his recreant blood is spilt,
These are our laws: avoid the menaced guilt."
Proud of his strength, and easily deceived,
The wondering youth the artful tale believed;
Released his prey, and wild as wind or wave,
Neglecting all the prudence of the brave,
Turned from the place, nor once the strife renewed,
But bounded o'er the plain, and other cares pursued,
As if all memory of the war had died,
All thoughts of him with whom his strength was tried. . . .
When Rustem was released, in altered mood
He sought the coolness of the murmuring flood;
There quenched his thirst and bathed his limbs, and prayed.
Beseeching Heaven to yield its strengthening aid.
His pious prayer indulgent Heaven approved,
And growing strength through all his sinews moved;
Such as erewhile his towering structure knew,
When his bold arm unconquered demons slew.
Yet in his mien no confidence appeared,
No ardent hope his wounded spirits cheered.
Again they met. A glow of youthful grace
Diffused its radiance o'er the stripling's face,
And when he saw in renovated guise
The foe, so lately mastered; with surprise,
He cried: "What! rescued from my power again
Dost thou confront me on the battle plain?
Or dost thou, wearied, draw thy vital breath,
And seek from warrior bold the shaft of death?
Truth has no charms for thee, old man; even now,
Some further cheat may lurk upon your brow;
Twice have I shown thee mercy, twice thy age

Hath been thy safety — twice it soothed my rage."
Then mild the champion: "Youth is proud and vain!
The idle boast the warrior would disdain;
This aged arm perhaps may yet control
The wanton fury that inflames thy soul."
Again, dismounting, each the other viewed
With sullen glance, and swift the fight renewed;
Clinched front to front, again they tug and bend,
Twist their broad limbs as every nerve would rend;
With rage convulsive Rustem grasps him round;
Bends his strong back, and hurls him to the ground;
Him who had deemed the triumph all his own;
But dubious of his power to keep him down,
Like lightning quick he gives the deadly thrust,
And spurns the stripling withering in the dust.
Thus as his blood that shining steel embrues,
Thine too shall flow when destiny pursues:
For when she marks the victim of her power,
A thousand daggers speed the dying hour.
Writhing with pain Sohrab in murmurs sighed —
And thus to Rustem; "Vaunt not in thy pride;
Upon myself this sorrow I have brought,
Thou but the instrument of fate — which wrought
My downfall; thou art guiltless — guiltless quite;
O had I seen my father in the fight,
My glorious father! Life will soon be o'er;
And his great deeds enchant my soul no more.
Of him my mother gave the mark and sign,
For him I sought, and what an end is mine!
My only wish on earth, my only sigh,
Him to behold, and with that wish I die,
But hope not to elude his piercing sight,
In vain for thee the deepest glooms of night.
Couldst thou through ocean's depths for refuge fly,
Or 'midst the star-beams track the upper sky!
Rustem, with vengence armed, will reach thee there
His soul the prey of anguish and despair."
An icy horror chills the champion's heart,
His brain whirls round with agonizing smart;
O'er his wan cheek no gushing sorrows flow,
Senseless he sinks beneath the weight of woe;

Relieved at length, with frenzied look, he cries:
"Prove thou art mine, confirm my doubting eyes!
For I am Rustem!" Piercing was the groan,
Which burst from his torn heart — as wild and lone,
He gazed upon him. Dire amazement shook
The dying youth, and mournful thus he spoke:
"If thou art Rustem, cruel is thy part,
No warmth paternal seems to fill thy heart;
Else hadst thou known me when, with strong desire,
I fondly claimed thee for my valiant sire;
Now from my body strip the shining mail,
Untie these bands ere life and feeling fail;
And on my arm the direful proof behold!
Thy sacred bracelet of refulgent gold!
When the loud brazen drums were heard afar,
And, echoing round, proclaimed the pending war,
Whilst parting tears my mother's eyes o'erflowed,
This mystic gift her bursting heart bestowed:
'Take this,' she said, 'thy father's token wear,
And promised glory will reward thy care.'
The hour is come, but fraught with bitterest woe
We meet in blood to wail the fatal blow."
The loosened mail unfolds the bracelet bright,
Unhappy gift! to Rustem's 'wildered sight.
Prostrate he falls ——"By my unnatural hand,
My son, my son is slain — and from the land
Uprooted." Frantic, in the dust, his hair
He rends in agony and deep despair;
The western sun had disappeared in gloom,
And still the champion wept his cruel doom;
His wondering legions marked the long delay,
And, seeing Rakush riderless astray,
The rumor quick to Persia's monarch spread,
And there described the mighty Rustem dead.
Kaus, alarmed, the fatal tidings hears;
His bosom quivers with increasing fears.
"Speed, speed, and see what has befallen to-day
To cause these groans and tears — what fatal fray!
If he be lost, if breathless on the ground,
And this young warrior with the conquest crowned,
Then must I, humbled, from my kingdom torn,

Wander like Jemshid, through the world forlorn."
The army, roused, rushed o'er the dusty plain,
Urged by the monarch to revenge the slain;
Wild consternation saddened every face,
Thus winged with horror sought the fatal place,
And thus beheld the agonizing sight —
The murderous end of that unnatural fight.
Sohrab, still breathing, hears the shrill alarms,
His gentle speech suspends the clang of arms:
"My light of life now fluttering sinks in shade,
Let vengeance sleep, and peaceful vows be made.
Beseech the king to spare the Tartar host,
For they are guiltless, all to them is lost;
I led them on, their souls with glory fired,
While mad ambition all my thoughts inspired.
In search of thee, the world before my eyes,
War was my choice, and thou my sacred prize;
With thee, my sire! in virtuous league combined,
No tyrant king should persecute mankind.
That hope is past, the storm has ceased to rave,
My ripening honors wither in the grave;
Then let no vengeance on my comrades fall,
Mine was the guilt, and mine the sorrow, all.
How often have I sought thee — of my mind
Figured thee to my sight — o'erjoyed to find
My mother's token; disappointment came,
When thou denied thy lineage and thy name;
Oh! still o'er thee my soul impassioned hung,
Still to my father fond affection clung!
But fate, remorseless, all my hopes withstood,
And stained thy reeking hand in kindred blood."
His faltering breath protracted speech denied;
Still from his eyelids flowed a gushing tide:
Through Rustem's soul redoubled horror ran,
Heart-rending thoughts subdued the mighty man.
And now, at last, with joy-illumined eye,
The Zabul bands their glorious chief descry;
But when they saw his pale and haggard look,
Knew from what mournful cause he gazed and shook,
With downcast mien they moaned and wept aloud;
While Rustem thus addressed the weeping crowd:

"Here ends the war! let gentle peace succeed
Enough of death, I — I have done the deed!"
Then to his brother, groaning deep, he said:
"O what a curse upon a parent's head!
But go — and to the Tartar say — No more
Let war between us steep the earth with gore."
Zuara flew, and wildly spoke his grief
To crafty Human, the Turanian chief,
Who, with dissembled sorrow, heard him tell
The dismal tidings which he knew too well;
"And who," he said, "has caused these tears to flow?
Who, but Hujir? He might have stayed the blow;
But when Sohrab his father's banners sought,
He still denied that him the champion fought:
He spread the ruin, he the secret knew,
Hence should his crime receive the vengeance due!"
Zuara, frantic, breathed in Rustem's ear
The treachery of the captive chief Hujir;
Whose headless trunk had weltered on the strand,
But prayers and force withheld the lifted hand.
Then to his dying son the champion turned,
Remorse more deep within his bosom burned;
A burst of frenzy fired his thrilling brain;
He clinched his sword, but found his fury vain;
The Persian chiefs the desperate act repŕest,
And tried to calm the tumult in his breast.
Thus Gudarz spoke: "Alas! wert thou to give
Thyself a thousand wounds, and cease to live;
What would it be to him thou sorrowest o'er?
It would not save one pang — then weep no more;
For if removed by death, O say, to whom
Has ever been vouchsafed a different doom?
All are the prey of Death — the crowned, the low,
And man, through life, the victim still of woe."
Then Rustem: "Fly! and to the king relate
The pressing horrors which involve my fate;
And if the memory of my deeds e'er swayed
His mind, O supplicate his generous aid;
A soyereign balm he has whose wondrous power
All wounds can heal and fleeting life restore;
Swift from his tent his potent medicine bring."

But mark the malice of the brainless King!
Hard as the flinty rock he stern denies
The healthful draught, and gloomy thus replies:
"Can I forgive his foul and slanderous tongue?
The sharp disdain on me contemptuous flung?
Scorned 'midst my army by a shameless boy,
Who sought my throne, my sceptre to destroy!
Nothing but mischief from his heart can flow,
Is it then wise to cherish such a foe?
The fool who warns his enemy to life,
Only prepares for scenes of future strife."
Gudarz, returning, told the hopeless tale —
And thinking Rustem's presence might prevail,
The champion rose, but ere he reached the throne,
Sohrab had breathed the last expiring groan.
Now keener anguish racked the father's mind,
Reft of his son, a murderer of his kind;
His guilty sword distained with filial gore;
He beat his burning breast, his hair he tore;
The breathless corse before his shuddering view.
A shower of ashes o'er his head he threw;
"In my old age," he cried, "what have I done?
Why have I slain my son, my innocent son?
Why o'er his splendid dawning did I roll
The clouds of death, and plunge my burning soul
In agony? My son! from heroes sprung;
Better these hands were from my body wrung,
And solitude and darkness, deep and drear,
Fold me from sight than hated linger here.
But when his mother hears with horror wild,
That I have shed the life-blood of her child,
So nobly brave, so dearly loved, in vain,
How can her heart that rending shock sustain?"
Now on a bier the Persian warriors place
The breathless youth, and shade his pallid face;
And turning from that fatal field away,
Move toward the champion's home in long array.
Then Rustem, sick of martial pomp and show,
Himself the spring of all this scene of woe,
Doomed to the flames the pageantry he loved,
Shield, spear, and mace, so oft in battle proved;

Now lost to all, encompassed by despair;
His bright pavilion crackling blazed in air;
The sparkling throne the ascending column fed;
In smoking fragments fell the golden bed;
The raging fire red glimmering died away,
And all the warrior's pride in dust and ashes lay.
— *Translation of* J. Atkinson.

FIRENZUOLA, Agnolo, an Italian poet; born at Florence, September 28, 1493; died at Rome about 1545. He studied at Siena and Perugia, entered upon an ecclesiastical career, and finally became an Oblate. His habits, however, were extremely loose, and his constitution was broken down in middle life. He translated into Italian the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, and wrote some satirical poems, sonnets, prose essays, novels, and dramas, most of which are of a questionable character, and also several works in prose. His two comedies, entitled *I Lucidi* and *La Trinuzia,* are much admired; in fact, all his writings are esteemed models of style, and are cited as authorities in the vocabulary of the *Accademia della Crusca.* None of his writings were published until after his death. They have since been frequently reprinted. The best edition, in two volumes, appeared at Florence in 1848.

"Firenzuola's *Dialogue of the Beauty of Women* appeals," wrote Theodore Child, "neither to the erudite alone, nor to the general public, but to all those who love refinement and pursue beauty. He was a poet and a literary man of very great talent; and the extreme perfection of his Tuscan style was such that

one of his translations was eulogized as being 'the most perfect piece of Italian prose ever written.'"

OF THE WEARING OF FLOWERS.

Madonna Lampiada. When I was a girl we did not love to dress our heads as many of our maidens do now-a-days, by putting on so many flowers and leaves that they often resemble a jar full of gilliflowers or marjoram; nay, some might be a quarter of a kid on the spit, since they will even wear rosemary, which to me seems the most graceless thing in the world. And you, Messer Celso, how seems it to you?

Celso. I like it not, if I am to tell the truth; and this mistake arises from their not knowing for what reason the ancients would wear a flower above the ear. I speak of gentlewomen, since the peasant women, having no other jewels or pearls, load themselves, as you know, with flowers, without order, fashion, or number; and in them this excess becomes beauty.

Madonna Lampiada. But tell us, I entreat, the reason of wearing flowers.

Celso. It must be known to you that in general folks sleep rather on the right temple than on the left; whence it comes that this side, being more pressed and crushed than the other, is more hollow; as we see that in men the beard, for the same reason, is less thick on the right side than on the left. And therefore, desiring to raise the hollowed part somewhat by a little art, gentle ladies were wont to place over it some few flowers, but, small ones, which should stand out and raise it a little, yet in such a way as not to make the other side seem too small. And these were of two kinds, but of the same color, and helped rather than took away from the freshness of the vermilion cheeks and the fairness of the whole face; this was blue, and they chose certain flowers called hood flowers (chicory), besides blue cornflowers, which had this name by reason of their use. Inasmuch as you must have heard tell that ladies of yore wore on their heads certain headgear which were called hoods, and whereas these flowers were worn under these hoods,

they were called hood flowers (capucci), and these served to fill up the hollowed temple of which I spoke. The cornflower, indeed, since it hath a longer stem and stuck out farther toward the face, was called "flower of the face," as being seemly to adorn the face withal. And again they were wont to use violets, which for the short time they endure, and for their color and size, resemble those other flowers; and they were called *viole mammole,* as who should say bosom violets. Politian, indeed, calls them *mammolette verginelle,* as meaning that they are flowers or violets for virgin bosoms.

Those flowers which, for their odor, many call clove-pinks, and roses, and other large, strongly-smelling flowers they were fain to carry in the hand; and to the end that their too fiery redness should not make the natural hue of the rosy face look pale they placed them not by the cheeks, since you know how ill red beseems the carnations of a fair cheek and the flesh generally of you ladies. Nay, and I should wonder that any would ever wear it, if I did not perceive that everything is done as chance directs, and that the art of apparel, and of arraying and adorning ladies, is lost. What foolishness it is to see a pair of fur cuffs on the tight sleeves of a gown. Is it not plain that this fur puffs out the cuffs, and that the shoulders are lost, and the arm appears crippled? A fine thing it is to see the figure bereft of all profile about the neck, and without a curve, but straight down! Is it the arm alone from below the elbow that is cold and therefore wrapped in fur, and not the whole person? Oh! what a monstrosity, what a folly, what an ungraceful thing! and yet it is common, and we see it done by those who find that orange flowers stink.

But to return to our flowers: I say that certain foolish maids, without considering the matter too nicely, seeing that these flowers lent so much grace, argued among themselves after the manner of the Sophists: if one little flower lends such grace, what will not a large one do? And if one or two, what will not ten, or twelve, or a bunch? And they began to heap them up, as you see, without considering whether the head were wide, the face long, the temples hollow or full. If the wife of Panfilo

took my advice perchance she would not wear so many; for she, having somewhat hollow temples, by the gilliflowers she places on her cheeks, or it may be even lower, not merely takes all the color out of her face (and she hath none to sell), but, by filling out her temples more than she need, makes them seem more hollow than in truth they are. And mark this when you shall see her, and you will discern if I am telling the truth, and if I know what I am saying.— *Dialogo delle Bellezze delle Donne; translation of* CLARA BELLE.

UPON HIMSELF.

O thou, whose soul from the pure sacred stream,
  Ere it was doomed this mortal veil to wear,
Bathed by the gold-haired god, emerged so fair,
  That thou like him in Delos born didst seem!
If zeal that of my strength would wrongly deem,
Bade me thy virtues to the world declare,
And in my highest flight, struck with despair,
  I sunk unequal to such lofty theme:
Alas! I suffer from the same mishap
  As the false offspring of the bird that bore
The Phrygian stripling to the Thunderer's lap:
  Forced in the sun's full radiance to gaze,
Such streams of light on their weak vision pour,
  Their eyes are blasted in the furious blaze.
— *Translation in The London Magazine.*

FISCHER, ERNST KUNO BERTHOLD, a German philosopher; born at Sandewalde, Silesia, July 23, 1824. He was educated at Leipzig University and at the University of Halle. In 1849 he issued his *Diotima, the Idea of the Beautiful;* and three years later, when but twenty-eight years of age, he be-

gan the publication of his great work on the *History of Modern Philosophy* (1852–77).

"Professor Fischer's right to speak with authority," said the *Yale Review*, "and to be heard with particular consideration, in the domain of philosophical development since Descartes, cannot be called in question. But — what is perhaps rarer among German writers — he expresses his views with great clearness and in an attractive way. His style has in places the pointed and epigrammatic forms of statement which are characteristic of that nation of brilliant lecturers, the French."

From 1856 to 1872 Fischer was Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jena, and during this period he published — besides attending to the writing and issuing of the above work — *Kant* (1860); *Spinoza* (1865); *System of Logic and Metaphysics* (1865). In 1872 he became Professor of Philosophy at the Heidelberg University, where he produced his critical and historical works on *Bacon* (1876); *Lessing* (1882); *The Kantian Philosophy* (1885); *Goethe's Faust* (1886); *Schiller* (1892).

THE RELATION OF MODERN TO ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

In certain crises the mind of man, weary of that which is, reverts to its original powers, and, from its own unbounded resources, begins anew its culture. The foundations of such crises are laid deep in the progress of humanity: they are dependent upon a long series of historical conditions, and, therefore, they are rare. They never appear except in the fulness of time. Such a fulness of time, modern philosophy required for its origin. Hence, this philosophy, with all its independence of thought, with all its originality of its foundations, remains in constant intercourse with all its historical presuppositions. It contradicts them in its first period, and

sharpens this contradiction to a complete contrast: as it progresses, it inclines to them, and feels a kinship with them; and, in its most recent period, it renews this antagonism and this relationship. Thus, modern philosophy always sustains a definite relation to the philosophy of ancient times, and never permits it to vanish from its horizon.—*From History of Modern Philosophy.*

THE CRISIS.

In Jesus has been solved the deepest and most difficult of this world's problems, man's salvation from the world. Jesus was the personal solution of this problem; he forms therefore the decisive crisis in the development of humanity, as Socrates was in the development of Greek consciousness. This comparison shows likewise the difference between the two. At this point in the history of humanity a spiritual renewing began. Before this was possible, it was necessary for the divine idea to be embodied in a person who restored and revealed the human archetype in himself; then it was necessary for humanity to recognize this archetype as its own, and believe in the person Jesus as the Saviour of the world. This faith in Jesus Christ forms the foundation and the principle of Christianity: it contains the problem which from that time occupied humanity, and out of which new problems are progressively developed.

MAGIC AND MYSTICISM.

There is a road which leads to God; and it goes through the very centre of our being. It demands absorption into ourselves, the quiet turning into our own inmost being, and away from all worldly pleasure; in a word, perfectly sincere, profound, contemplative piety, by means of which we become what we are in the primary principle of our being. That is not the path of magic, but of mysticism. Both are forms of theosophy which seek the path to God through the mystery of things. Magic takes its course through external nature; mysticism, through internal; that, through the mystery of nature; this, through

that of man. Mysticism is the deeper and more abiding form, since it seeks by a sure way which always leads to new discoveries.

FISHER, GEORGE PARK, an American clergyman; born at Wrentham, Mass., August 10, 1827. He was graduated from Brown University in 1847, and studied theology at Yale, Andover, and Halle. On his return from Germany in 1854 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Yale, and in 1861 Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Yale Divinity School. In 1866 he became one of the editors of the *New Englander*. He is the author of *Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity* (1865); *A History of the Reformation* (1873); *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief; The Beginnings of Christianity; Discussions in History and Theology; Faith and Rationalism; The Christian Religion; Outlines of Universal History* (1886); *Colonial History of the United States* (1892); and *Manual of Natural Theology* (1893).

AN INFINITE AND ABSOLUTE BEING.

It is objected to the belief that God is personal, that personality implies limitation, and that, if personal, God could not be infinite and absolute. "Infinite," (and the same is true of "absolute") is an adjective, not a substantive. When used as a noun, preceded by the definite article, it signifies, not a Being, but an abstraction. When it stands as a predicate, it means that the subject, be it space, time, or some quality of a being, is without limit. Thus, when I affirm that space is infinite, I express a

positive perception, or thought. I mean not only that imagination can set no bounds to space, but also that this inability is owing, not to any defect in the imagination or conceptive faculty, but to the nature of the object. When I say that God is infinite in power, I mean that He can do all things which are objects of power, or that his power is incapable of increase. No amount of power can be added to the power of which He is possessed. It is only when "the Infinite" is taken as the synonym of the sum of all existence, that personality is made to be incompatible with God's infinitude. No such conception of Him is needed for the satisfaction of the reason or the heart of man. Enough that He is the ground of the existence of all beings outside of Himself, or the creative and sustaining power. . . .

An absolute being is independent of all other beings for its existence and for the full realization of its nature. It is contended that, inasmuch as self-consciousness is conditioned on the distinction of the *Ego* from the *non-Ego,* the subject from the object, a personal being cannot have the attribute of self-existence, cannot be absolute. Without some other existence than himself, a being cannot be self-conscious. The answer to this is, that the premise is an unwarranted generalization from what is true in the case of the human, finite personality of man, which is developed in connection with a body, and is only one of numerous finite personalities under the same class. To assert that self-consciousness cannot exist independently of such conditions, because it is through them that I come to a knowledge of myself, is a great leap in logic. The proposition that man is in the image of God does not necessarily imply that the divine intelligence is subject to the restrictions and infirmities that belong to the human. It is not implied that God ascertains truth by a gradual process of investigation or of reasoning, or that He deliberates on a plan of action, and casts about for the appropriate means of executing it. These limitations are characteristic, not of intelligence itself, but of finite intelligence. It is meant that He is not an impersonal principle or occult force, but is self-conscious and self-determining. Nor is it asserted that He is perfectly compre-

hensible by us. It is not pretended that we are able fully to think away the limitations which cleave to us in our character as dependent and finite, and to frame thus an adequate conception of a person infinite and absolute. Nevertheless, the existence of such a person, whom we can apprehend if not comprehend, is verified to our minds by sufficient evidence. Pantheism, with its immanent Absolute, void of personal attributes, and its self-developing universe, postulates a deity limited, subject to change, and reaching self-consciousness — if it is ever reached — only in men. And Pantheism, by denying the free and responsible nature of man, maims the creature whom it pretends to deify, and annihilates not only morality, but religion also, in any proper sense of the term.

The citadel of Theism is in the consciousness of our own personality. Within ourselves God reveals Himself more directly than through any other channel. He impinges, so to speak, on the soul which finds in its primitive activity an intimation and implication of an unconditioned Cause on whom it is dependent — a Cause self-conscious like itself, and speaking with holy authority in conscience, wherein also is presented the end which the soul is to pursue through its own free self-determination — an end which could only be set by a Being both intelligent and holy. The yearning for fellowship with the Being thus revealed — indistinct though it be, well-nigh stifled by absorption in finite objects and in the vain quest for rest and joy in them — is inseparable from human nature. There is an unappeasable thirst in the soul when cut off from God. It seeks for "living water." — *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief.*

FISHER, John, an English prelate; born at Beverley, Yorkshire, in 1459; beheaded on Tower Hill, London, June 22, 1535. He was graduated from Cambridge in 1487, became Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1501, and Professor of Divinity in 1503. In 1504 he was elected Chancellor of the University and repeatedly re-elected. In 1504 he was made Bishop of Rochester, and is supposed to have been the author of the treatise *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum,* for which Henry VIII. obtained the title of "Defender of the Faith." From 1505 to 1508 he was President of Queen's College. He was one of the most prominent supporters of the new learning, and a friend of Erasmus, whom he invited to Cambridge and had appointed to the professorship of Greek, but was hostile to the Reformation. Fisher was the confessor, chief adviser, and champion of Catharine of Aragon, and opposed the divorce of Henry VIII. from her, thereby incurring the displeasure of the King; and when in 1531 the claim of spiritual supremacy was broached for the King, Fisher refused to acknowledge it. Three years later he refused to take the oath of allegiance, and was committed to the Tower, his bishopric being declared vacant. Soon after he was beheaded upon the charge of denying the King's supremacy. Fisher wrote several controversial works, sermons, and devotional treatises. A copious *Biography* of him appeared in 1854. One of his sermons, preached in 1509, was in honor of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII., in which he gives a picture of a pious lady of high rank.

THE PIOUS COUNTESS OF RICHMOND.

Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all of them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great weight of herself as any person might, keeping alway her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might: eschewing banquets, rere-suppers, juiceries betwixt meals. As for fasting, for age and feebleness, albeit she were not bound, yet those days that by the Church were appointed, she kept them diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent throughout, that she restrained her appetite till one meal of fish on the day; besides her other peculiar fasts of devotion, as St. Anthony, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Catherine, with other; and throughout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes wearing, she had her shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health, every week she failed not certain days to wear, sometime the one, sometime the other, that full often her skin, as I heard her say, was pierced therewith. . . . In prayer, every day at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of Our Lady; then she came into her closet, where then with her chaplain she said also matins of the day; and after that daily heard four or five masses upon her knees; so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which of the eating-day was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting-day eleven. After dinner full truly she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-songs before supper, both of the day and of Our Lady, beside many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year; and at night before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupy her devotions. No marvel, through all this long time her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful that many times it caused in her back pain and disease. And yet, nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the crown of Our Lady, which after the man-

ner of Rome containeth sixty and three aves, and at every ave to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. Wherefore divers she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness of, which here before have heard her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the year, lightly every third day. Can also record the same those that were present at any time when she was houshilde, [received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper] which was full nigh a dozen times every year, what floods of tears there issued forth of her eyes!